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The Australian

February 1, 1967
Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

10c

New Guinea, 23c
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Meet Penelope — page 2

READ
PHYLLIS
DILLER'S
KILLING

"HOUSEHOLD HINTS"

KNIT A
3-PIECE
FOR BABY

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 2/3 or 23c; New Zealand, 1/4; Malaysia, 60c (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

FEBRUARY 1, 1967

Vol. 34, No. 36

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OUR COVER

- Natalie Wood in a scene from "Penelope," her latest—and 40th—film. As with most of her films, the critics panned it and the public loved it, paying a record \$129,000 to see it in four days when it opened in New York.
- Natalie plays a banker's wife whose hobby is larceny. Her role is sweetened by an Edith Head wardrobe valued at \$250,000. An MGM release, the film is based on a novel by E. V. Cunningham, which we published as a serial in April, 1966.
- There's romance in Natalie's personal life, too. Previously married to actor Robert Wagner (they were divorced in 1962), she has been escorted everywhere by Richard Gregson, a British theatrical agent and author. Aged 36, the father of three, he is in the process of divorce from his English wife.

"I didn't wheel myself. Friends gave me a push!"

— writes a remarkable woman who took her motto from Cervantes: "The road is better than the inn"

• "If you knock that microphone, I'll box your ears," the man in charge had said to Lena when she had practised pushing my wheelchair across the stage.



• Graduation day for Valda Pinder, with her mother, Mrs. A. Pinder, of Bendigo, Vic.

It wasn't easy to control the chair with my weight in it and the stage sloped at a rather steep angle.

"I hope it doesn't get away from her," I thought, "or I'll not only hit the microphone, I'll roll right off the edge and into the audience!"

Everything had been so carefully planned that December day in 1965. I could see the chalk-mark the man had made on the carpet to show Lena where to turn the chair safely. I hoped nothing would go wrong now.

I was alone on the stage, waiting and watching as the hall gradually filled with people.

Did they wonder what I was doing there? How I wished the graduation ceremony would begin!

The University of Melbourne's Wilson Hall is a starkly modern building. Rather cold, I'd always thought.

But that day, with the sunlight streaming through the great glass wall on one side and the color of the dresses of the women in the crowd, it had an atmosphere of warmth and gaiety.

I could hear the buzz of excited whispering and I knew that down there, somewhere in that sea of faces, were my parents.

What could they be thinking, I wondered? Perhaps they were remembering the long road we had travelled together. Which milestones would stand out for them?

Perhaps 1940, the year I was born? But it was 1944 before the doctors could identify the sparrow-in-the-works. I had myositis osi-

ficans, an extremely rare bone and muscle disorder.

They were very sorry, they said, but there was no known treatment for the condition and it would be progressive.

How much my parents must have suffered for me when I was quite unaware of it, as I blithely went off to school, tagged after my older sister, and tried the games children usually play. In spite of my stiffened spine and permanently bent elbows, I learnt to ride a bicycle and found an unorthodox but effective way to swim.

We had never given up hope that something could be done for me and we kept trying. The first failure was surgery. Instead of arresting the condition (as we hoped), it caused an acceleration.

Other treatments had no effect whatever. Slowly but

surgery. But soon afterward, we knew!

My face began to swell and my jaws became so painful I couldn't open my mouth. Frantically I tried to force my fingers between my teeth. I nearly broke the skin, and I couldn't stop the jaws from closing tighter and tighter, until they locked.

It was like a nightmare. Though people assured me I could live on liquids, I wondered if they really believed it. I was afraid I'd starve to death.

The pain gradually eased and the swelling left my face, but the jaws remained fixed. As usual, abnormal bone tissue had set up; this time in the "hinge" between upper and lower jaws, so that the movement was restricted to about one-sixteenth of an inch.

And there aren't many

By VALDA PINDER

surely my legs began to stiffen.

We needed a car then, so my parents bought an old one. My mother soon learnt to drive and every day she took me to school.

There was one milestone we reached when I was about 12 and I know that neither my parents nor I will ever forget it.

The day I went to the dentist to have several back teeth extracted, we didn't realise that we were making a terrible mistake. Seven years had passed since the unsuccessful attempt to free my stiffened shoulders by surgery, and it simply didn't occur to us that teeth extractions were also a form of

things you can bite in that range. However, I soon learnt that I could eat various sorts of foods that were smooth-textured or would reduce to a paste. Also, I found that I could speak quite clearly through my teeth, and that life goes on.

Nothing else was ever quite as shattering. My legs, my arms, my hips slowly became more rigid. Somehow that didn't seem so bad, and we never doubted that I'd live through it.

With the patient co-operation of my teachers, I got through secondary school. When the time came for my final examinations, I could no longer walk the distance into the examination hall, so I had to have a wheelchair.

That was a great milestone for me because it made life easier. Although I couldn't propel the chair myself and had to rely on others, I still found it much easier to get about and I was delighted to go into theatres and shops again.

Suddenly a voice brought me back to reality. A man with a movie-camera had come up on to the stage.

"I'm from Channel X," he said. "I'd like to get a few shots of you waiting here, if you don't mind. Just keep reading your program."

I had the strange feeling that it wasn't real. Could I be dreaming? No. There was my name on the program.

Was it really five years ago that I'd decided I wanted to do a university course, and I could do it at home (100 miles away from the university)?

I'd learnt to type with my one free hand, and I felt sure that Philosophy and English Literature could be studied quite satisfactorily by correspondence. For the time being I refused to worry about other problems like limited finance or whether I'd be able to last the distance physically.

I'd always been stirred by these words of Cervantes, "The road is better than the inn," so I decided that even a couple of steps up the road would be well worth the effort.

I used to go to Melbourne occasionally, by ambulance, and stay for a week or two at a special hostel for the handicapped.

My mother was able to have a complete rest and I had a change of scenery.

I was there when first term was beginning at the university and a friend had a bright idea:

"While you're in Melbourne you could attend lectures!"

"Oh, no," I said. "I can cope with books and papers, but all those students. Just the thought of them makes me want to hide."

"Nonsense! You'll feel at home in no time," she said.

"I'll take you there and you'll see."

I saw there was no escape—and I also saw how foolish my ideas had been. The students accepted me with enthusiasm and understanding.

That spur-of-the-moment visit was such a success we wanted to make it a regular thing so I could attend lectures for a couple of weeks each term. But it was only through a remarkably helpful society that I was able to do it.

The Victorian Society for Crippled Children and Adults does a tremendous amount of good work, which includes running the hostel (at which I stayed) and providing special transport for the handicapped (which took me to and from the university).

At the university, the students took over. They wheeled me to classes, to the library, to lectures; they took me to lunch and wrote lecture-notes for me.

Often one student would be with me most of the day, but at other times I used to "hitch-hike." I'd ask if anyone was going my way.

There's no surer method of making friends than asking for help. That way I met visiting students from Asia and the United States, relatives and friends of other friends.

Another voice interrupted my reverie. It was Lena, the young girl who was to wheel me.

"It won't be long now," she whispered as she sat down beside me. "All the others are lining up outside. They'll come into the hall in a procession any minute. How do you feel? Are you excited?"

Continued on page 7

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VIDAL SASOON PROPOSED AT A HEALTH FARM



VIDAL SASOON and his fiancée, Canadian actress Beverly Adams. They will visit Australia as part of a grand world tour.

ROMANCE has altered Vidal Sassoon's plans to visit Australia. He announced his engagement to film star Beverly Adams after a whirlwind courtship and said: "We will go to Australia together, of course, when her film commitments and my new salons allow time for fitting in the visit."

"It will be part of a grand-scale tour, now that I am getting married to Beverly."

Vidal (pronounced Veedal) and Beverly first met in London when the young Canadian girl went to his salon in Bond Street to have her hair done.

Then they met again socially and went out together.

When Beverly left London for a continental tour to promote the film "Murders' Row," in which she appears with Dean Martin (it is her fifth film), she rang Vidal every day, by arrangement.

"You see I couldn't ring her,

as she was travelling all the time," he explained, anxious not to create any impression that Beverly had been chasing him. "So I sweated it out by the telephone, here in London."

Beverly returned to London to catch a plane home to spend Christmas with her family, but Mrs. Gerard Austin, wife of Sassoon's co-director, persuaded her to stay in England.

Mrs. Austin is former Dior model Carol Dumont, and she is well known in Australia. She took part in parades in 1959 and has been on the covers of magazines all over the world.

"We thought Beverly should stay in London a little longer," she told me. "We could see Vidal was falling hopelessly in love with her, and given a little time, well, you know how it is."

"I was delighted Beverly was staying in London for Christmas," said Vidal. "But I'm a crank, if you like, about health

and believe in these health farms.

"I was booked into Greysheet Hall on Boxing Day to get over the Christmas festivities, have a rest, and limber up."

"I asked Beverly if she would book at the same place," he said.

A health farm was quite a novelty to the young actress, and

**By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff**

postponing her departure once again she booked in at Greysheet.

"We were looking at television, watching a program on China, sipping a glass of lemon juice apiece, when I plucked up courage and said: 'You wouldn't marry me, by any chance, Beverly?' I kept my eyes firmly on the screen."

"Imagine how delighted I was when she said, 'I thought you would never ask me.'"

Vidal Sassoon is 39 years old. Beverly is 21. But neither feels there is any important difference in their ages.

"Vidal is such a young person," said Beverly. "So brilliant, so with it. It is hard to realise he is a day over thirty."

Beverly Adams needed no introduction to Vidal Sassoon's friends. She was already well known as an actress.

And before the brisk courtship and brief engagement were over she had mastered a good deal of the cockney rhyming slang that is currently the "in" language.

Vidal said: "In no time Beverly was calling for a sherbet—rhyming slang for sherbet dab, a cab, and going into the Columbia Studios and asking for Beechams (Beechams pills for stills)."

Beverly said: "Loverly bit of Tom," and pointed to her engagement ring (tomfoolery for jewellery).

She was soon going up the apples (apples and pears for stairs) and asking him to use his loaf (loaf of bread for head).

His friends call her Sirs (Sirs and Madams, Beverly Adams).

Beverly Adams is now in Hollywood. She returns to London early in February for their wedding in March.

Beverly and Vidal plan their marriage with both careers continuing, and making London their base.

"At 21 it would be foolish for Beverly to give up," said Vidal. "But when we have kids she will rest a while."

Beverly, like Vidal, is looking forward enormously to visiting Australia.

"Carol has filled her with enthusiasm," said Vidal, "just as Nicole Bedford (wife of the Duke of Bedford) did me. Nicole was flipped about it," he said.

PHYLLIS DILLER'S "HOUSEKEEPING HINTS"

● Until she was 37, Phyllis ("Killer") Diller was an overworked housewife with five children struggling on a small income.

Some years ago, her husband (she is now divorced) persuaded her to audition at a San Francisco nightclub, and today she is one of America's highest-paid comedienne. Now 48, with bleached silver hair brushed up into a "haystack" and two detachable front teeth, she is a bizarre figure, on and off stage.

She is familiar to many Australians through guest appearances in U.S. television variety programs. Here are excerpts from her humorous book, "Phyllis Diller's Housekeeping Hints."



● Phyllis Diller (right) with film and TV star Ann Sothern.

I AM an immaculate housekeeper. I'm clean, but the house is a mess. I'm such a lousy housekeeper even the white pages of my telephone book are yellow.

I know people who are so clean you can eat off their floors. You can't eat off my table. Fang, my husband, says the only thing domestic about me is that I was born in this country.

Some women have qualities that take away the need for being a domestic expert, but, unfortunately, I do not. When I stand next to Jayne Mansfield, I feel like a cake with the baking powder left out.

Besides this, I live next door to Mrs. Clean, who bleaches her snow. She's got dust cloths for her dust cloths. Everything at her house folds up and puts away.

She has a folding ping-pong table that has folding ping-pong balls. She polishes her furniture so much you can see your face in it. (Now why ever would I want to do that?)

She is so anxious to get back to doing housework, when she goes out she wears white rubber gloves. But I can create the illusion of being a good housekeeper without the drudgery, and have perfected the following plan of attack:

When buying a new house

When buying a new house, there are really only three things worth remembering:

Buy the biggest house you can find so that when your children are older and your husband or some other idiot says, "Why don't you get a job and help with college expenses?" you can say, "With this house?" Don't bring up the fact that 29 of the 32 rooms are permanently closed.

Buy the house far enough away from school so that your kids can't come home for lunch.

Always buy a house with a fireplace, even if you live in the middle of the desert. Dirt can always be blamed on a faulty flue.

Exercise your right not to exercise

There is only one sure way to get your house cleaned every day — have a party every night. On a morning you just can't get started, phone the doctor to make a house call. In about 40 minutes you'll have everything cleaned up. Then call him back and tell him not to come.

About cleaning

To get a baking-dish clean, send something like baked apples in it to a neighbor. Neighbors always return pans spotless, and you won't have to use a blow torch on it like you usually do.

Keep at least one window-pane clean to check the weather. Once when I didn't do this, I sent the kids off with umbrellas for six weeks straight.

Don't dust cupboard shelves. Then you can fit things where they belong on the spots where there's no dust. Instead of washing the light fixtures, use stronger bulbs. In three years I've gone from 25 watts to a thousand.

If somebody — like a husband — tells you to get busy, say, "All right, if you want that bare, clean, sterile look." Often say, "I let my family live in our house." Use the words "casual," "comfortable," "informal" a lot. Our house has gone past the "lived in" look. It has more a "no survivors" look.

When a guest can't control himself and finally comments on how terrible your place looks, these replies will help you out:

In the summer, blame dust on open windows; in winter, on the fireplace.

If someone points out a cobweb, quickly say, "Oh, you mean William's science project . . ."

On insects

What real home is without insects? Don't worry about insects on your plants unless you have artificial plants. If you are out and see a cockroach, say something like, "Now what do you suppose that insect is?" Never be able to identify it.

Dishonesty is the best policy

Blame a lot of things on the previous owners of the house, even if you've lived there for 25 years.

Get a dog. Dog owners are not expected to have orderly houses. Even if the lazy mutt hasn't moved for years, people will blame all the tossed rugs and beat-up furniture on his playfulness.

If a man will emphasise every point by pounding his fists on the furniture, lead him to a hard chair instead of a dusty settee.

If summer has passed and you didn't get around to storing the winter clothes, use strong-smelling moth spray when you start wearing them again.

Beauty and the beast

If you've a face like mine (diary type — a line a day), clean the mirrors often. I don't panic easily, but dusty wrinkles? To get that beauty rest that will keep you as lovely as I am, try the following tricks:

If you want to rest and still look busy, sit and fold diapers. I sat and folded diapers for three years after the last kid was trained.

When you want to read, sit in front of a bookcase with a dust cloth in your hands and books spread all over.

Get a decent-looking housecoat so you can occasionally pretend the latch slipped behind you and you're locked out, forced to spend eight hours basking in the sun on a chaise-longue.

Washing, ironing

Never wash on Monday. Why pick a day when you're sure your whites will be compared to somebody else's?

If you have already made the mistake of installing a laundry, here are tips to get you out of it quickly:

Scorch white shirts in front so your husband will insist they be sent to the laundry. Scorch marks on the back aren't a guarantee, as he may just leave his jacket on.

Buy your husband a sun lamp. Shirts look whiter on a man with a tan.

The hostess with the leastest

YOU know they're good sports or they wouldn't have accepted your invitation in the first place.

Try to be gracious, but you have to watch what you say. Once I said, "I love to cook for friends," and someone answered, "If this is the way you cook for friends, I'd hate to see how you cook for enemies." Another time I asked, "Dessert now?" They said, "No, we'll stick it out."

But no matter what is said, it is important for the hostess to be gay and at ease. To help attain this status, the following points should help:

Dial M for Messy

A little intentional sloppiness can cover up weeks of not cleaning your house. Try:

Placing a tipped-over flower-pot in view. Any dirt within 50 ft. can be blamed on this.

Buy an easel and leave it lying in a conspicuous place — much will be forgiven if people think you are an artist. Invariably a guest will ask to use the phone, so never have it in your ever-messy kitchen. Have one put on the front porch.

Choose a checked or striped wallpaper. People will be halfway home before they are able to focus.

Discuss religion and politics at a dinner party so people get into heated arguments and don't notice what they're eating. They may also think the arguing caused their indigestion.

The uninvited

No home should be without these basic rules for entertaining unexpected guests:

If somebody calls and says he'll be right over, throw everything down the clothes chute, including the kids.

Put a chain across the driveway so people don't drive up to the back door and come into the house through your ever-messy kitchen.

If Mrs. Clean catches you in your dressing-gown at 11 a.m. you have two choices — either grab a bar of soap and drape a bath towel over your arm, or wrap a woollen sock around your throat. With the latter, she may even be so sympathetic she'll go home and send you some home-made soup you can serve the kids for lunch.

What etiquette books don't tell you

Volunteer to go around on charity drives. It will make you feel good. You're bound to find somebody in a worse mess than you are. Try to go around collecting at 8 a.m.

No matter what anybody drops behind the couch, don't let them retrieve it, whether it's a watch or a diamond ring. Offer to replace it — what's money compared to your ruined reputation?



● "Discuss religion and politics at a dinner party so people get into heated arguments and don't know what they're eating."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

Dedicated, says the zany American comedienne, to all the ladies who would rather skip the housework

When a moth flies out of the oven

If you cook like I do, the best thing I can tell you is not to be sensitive. When Fang passes my gravy, he says, "One lump or two?"

Once I sent a treat to the Scouts and the leader awarded a merit badge to anyone who could eat it.

My coffee is so bad my guests frequently say, "I'll take cream and sugar, but skip the coffee." Once I said to Fang, "Notice how I captured that flavor." He said, "If I were you, I'd let it loose."

These are my tips on being a success in the kitchen: Don't spend too much time planning meals. You don't want a charge of premeditation.

Try to talk people out of eating. Say to your husband, "All right, if you want that sluggish, groggy feeling a big breakfast gives you . . ."

Never serve meals on time. I've found that the starving eat anything.

Use small plates and give little servings. It helps your morale if everything is cleaned up. I serve my meals on coasters.

Serve coffee early in the meal and very hot. If a guest burns his tongue, he won't be able to taste anything.

Pick up a cookbook at a rummage sale, so you have one that looks used.

Wear glasses when you're taking something out of the oven. They will steam up and you'll have a few minutes to brace yourself.

Do not taste food while you're cooking. You may lose your nerve to serve it.

Replace the labels on bought pickles with your own, writing a month and year. Be sure to use the month women ordinarily put up pickles.

When a recipe says, "Wash fowl," don't use the dishwasher. If your husband says, "I want you to be an old-fashioned housewife, and you can start by dressing a chicken for Sunday dinner," you know he has to be kidding. I tried and it took me three weeks to make the blouse.

You may not know it, but sticky tape holds a meat loaf together beautifully. I always use it if I'm out of band-aids or rubber bands. Before I did this I could never slice a meat loaf—it exploded.

Never have a benchtop built according to your specifications. Always be able to complain it's too high or too low.

No chapter of kitchen hints would be complete without a word about appliances, so:

Realise it's time to defrost the refrigerator when you see frost on the outside.

Having a dishwasher can be an educational experience. They really do a better job than you do. I thought I had milk glass and found out I had crystal.



● "If Mrs. Clean catches you in your dressing-gown at 11 a.m., drape a towel over your arm."

Money-savers

NO book on household hints would be complete without a word on the nauseating subject of budgeting, so to collect the most expert tips I could, I observed the master miser, Fang.

When we were married, he moved me into a house so rundown that once when I left a box of clothing on the front porch for a charity, they took the house, too.

Despite the fact that he doesn't make much, I feel he is a little too thrifty. What other family uses a Bible from the library?

Most men realise that money talks. Fang doesn't let money even whisper. Nothing slows down his money-saving approach. When we have guests, he puts a cherry in a glass of beer and calls it a Manhattan. We have pay TV. When visitors watch television, Fang passes the hat.

The roof leaked over our bedroom. When I told Fang to take care of it, he bought me a pair of all-weather pyjamas.

Nobody knows how to save money on vacation as well as Fang. Last year he bought me the book "Hawaii" and gave me some seasick pills.

The joys of motherhood

AH! The magic of childhood! But it doesn't work. I can't make them disappear. I do wear dark glasses in the house hoping they won't recognise me.

To show how wild they are, my eight-year-old bought a bicycle with money he had saved by not smoking. I got one of them a pair of elevator shoes and sent him to school a year early.

None of my kids were drop-outs, but they caused several drop-outs among the teachers. They are so hard to live with our next-door neighbors were ready to sell. Well, in fact, they were ready to give.

Mrs. Clean has the nerve to say things like, "Children grow up too fast." I keep asking mine, "Why can't you be like other kids and grow up too fast?"

One day she said, "If they make you so nervous, why did you have so many?" I told her I had them before I knew poodles were going to become so popular. Once she looked at my five and said sweetly, "You're so lucky. How I'd love just one of those." I said, "Frankly, that's what I would have settled for, too."

That not being the case, however, here are some hints on how to live through it:

The first rule to remember is, it's the soap that floats, not the baby.

Don't feel you have to give him a bath every day. He won't tell anybody.

In praise of violence

All children need discipline occasionally. I always say people should raise their kids like they make bread — punch them down after the first rising. Also:

Always stick to your guns. I would recommend a Winchester and a Colt .45.

Fine your kids a cent for every fight they have. (I did this once and by night-time their bicycles had second mortgages.)

Don't have your children obey you because they fear you. It's all right to try, but it won't work.

Explain to your children they have to behave better. They are making it so difficult for you to complain about other people's children.

Make your teenagers show some respect. Try to have them ask for permission before they say, "Are you ever dumb?"

Never approach your child with your fingers extended. Make a fist and have a calm, reassuring tone of voice.

The snake-pit revisited

To live to old age (the time when it's more of a thrill to hear your kids come up the front steps than go down them), I have developed the following suggestions for survival:

Hang your kids' pyjamas in sight. It keeps your spirits up through the day.

Run the vacuum often. Not to clean — to drown out the kids.

Make a rule the only time the kids can run in the house is when they're on their way out. And if they write their names in the dust on the furniture, don't let them put the year.

Remember, your sales resistance is lower with a salesman who comes right after the kids have gone to school. When you find out he isn't one of the kids who missed the bus, you're so happy you'll buy anything.

Tell your kids' teachers you strongly believe the best punishment is having them stay after school.

The Phyllis Diller Housekeeping Test

Q: If your kids are driving you crazy, should you take a drink or a tranquilliser?

A: Tranquilliser. Remember, when you get to the parents' meeting, nobody is going to say, "Madam, I smell tranquillisers on your breath."

Q: Why should you go to parents' meetings: (1) to improve the school system, (2) to get acquainted with the teachers, (3) to meet parents of your kids' friends, (4) all of the above?

A: None of the above. The reason for going to parents' meetings is that with any luck you may get them to lengthen the school day.

Q: What do you do if you are too lazy to clean under the bed?

A: Use bedspreads that touch the floor. There was a time I didn't do this, and one day a guest said to me, "Imagine! Dust ruffles made of dust!"

Q: How can you tell when your husband's shirts need replacing?

A: When you can't tell where the iron stops and the shirt starts, they're too grey.

Q: When things are really bad, what's the best explanation?

A: Never try to explain the mess. Just buy a couple of get-well cards and place them on the mantel. People will assume you've been sick and unable to clean.

Q: How can you decide on the best location in which to buy a house?

A: For women of our type there are several good rules of thumb: (1) Never buy in a neighborhood where the upstairs windows are shining. (2) Avoid neighborhoods where you see washing on the lines at 7 a.m. on Monday. (3) A vicinity in which you see a woman hanging laundry after dark will probably be acceptable.

Q: If someone phones and hints for an invitation to come over, what can you do?

A: Feign a cold. Blow into a corner by the phone. The dust will produce coughing, and perhaps even a sneeze.

Q: If it's almost time for your husband to come home and you've spent the day eating sweets and reading the latest novel, what do you do?

A: Tie yourself to a kitchen chair and tell him you were playing cowboys and Indians with the kids.

● Condensed from the book "Phyllis Diller's Housekeeping Hints," published by Doubleday and Company Inc., New York.



● "Realise it's time to defrost the refrigerator when you see frost on the outside."



AUSTRALIA: BIG SKY COUNTRY!

SURFERS
AYERS ROCK
SNOWY MTS.
TASMANIA
BARRIER REEF
PAPUA/NEW GUINEA
GOLD COAST
THE ALICE
CAIRNS
THE ORD
DARWIN
LORD HOWE IS.
MILDURA
PERTH
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Robert Morley's richly vowelled verbal pomposity would be infuriating if you didn't know that he knew it was expected of him.

THE SOUND OF MORLEY

By MICHAEL UTTING in London



● ROBERT MORLEY, who is due to arrive in Sydney on January 31.

I SHALL keep open house in Australia," said Robert Morley. "That means I will have a few people to lunch — and possibly even to tea."

In fact, the last time the 8-year-old actor kept open house in Sydney one night, it became a gigantic fireworks party for 100 that kept half Rose Bay out of bed.

That was 16 years ago, when he toured Australia and New Zealand with the play "Edward, My Son" — most of which he wrote.

Now he plans to open at Sydney's Phillip Theatre

on February 4 for a month, and then go to Melbourne for a fortnight.

Morley intends calling his show "The Sound Of Morley — a One-man Band," a collection of monologue brie-a-brac which he enjoys displaying immensely.

"You could call it an entertainment for sophisticated audiences," he said. "There will even be matinees for sophisticated children and housewives."

"Last time I was in Australia I tried to avoid matinees, because I wanted to go to the races. This time I will do both."

"You see, I will be getting all the money that comes in."

Last time I got a fixed fee for the tour.

"I used to be devil-may-care then, but I've become acquisitive in my old age."

"I've even bought a race-horse — Greek Skittle. It's a beautiful little three-year-old and has already won three valuable races for me. I am sure it would have won the Derby last year if I had entered it."

"It's always in the fray, which is more than you can say for me," he added.

This was Morley being abnormally modest. He is currently working on two films and has just finished a third, bringing his total film roles to almost 60.

"I expect they have built a few new petrol stations and things in Australia since I was there last, but I am just the same as I always was — impossible," he said.

Then, fingering his terrace of chins and shifting his bulk so that it almost eclipsed his chair in his London office, Morley looked up at the 6ft-high portrait of himself and added: "Impossible, only with a little extra weight."

"But I think Sydney must be as impossible as it always was, too. And as for those taxi-drivers! No, no . . . I mustn't say another word about them, because this time I am taking my rose-colored glasses all the way."

When Morley is in Australia he will celebrate 40 years in professional show business. His first part was as a pirate in "Treasure Island."

He is constantly in demand for films and stage work, but he does little on television. He believes it means working too hard to be on view too short a time.

But he is a fanatical television viewer. There are four sets in his Berkshire house, which he first saw one morning in 1940, bought in the afternoon, and moved into a week later. It was there that his daughter and two sons were raised.

Now he likes seeing as

much of the world as possible.

"That's why I want to go to Australia again. I crave for the weather, swimming, and applause—which sounds much more gracious than money."

"But, really, I do like Australia so very much. I remember that I once said that Australia was empty and featureless like a newspaper that had been entirely censored. I think that is the charm of Australia."

"This time I want to see much more of the place. I want to keep on driving till I get to that rock — Ayers Rock."

"Is it still there?" he asked,

Continued from page 2

I felt better now that I had someone to talk to.

"How did you manage to do a French major?" Lena asked. "I didn't think external students were allowed to do it."

She was right; as a rule, they weren't. I had been disappointed when I learnt that I could do French only as a single subject. I wanted it for a major, or at least sub-major, in my course. However, I did the single subject. Then I decided to make some inquiries, tentative inquiries, I thought.

"I don't know if the regulation can be altered," the lecturer said, "but I'll go and find out for you."

In a few minutes he returned, wheeled me to another room, and left me with the professor in charge of the French department. Would I please tell him why I wanted to do more French? Such instant service took my breath away. I'd had no time

to prepare my "speech," but my love of the subject must have conquered my fears—and the professor was sympathetic. So English became a sub-major, Philosophy was one major, and for the other I had French.

I typed all my work at home and did my examinations there, too, under special supervision. Even for the oral tests, the French examiners decided that I needn't come to them; they'd come to me.

I feared those tests because I thought my style of French-through-the-teeth might not be acceptable. Now, I wonder if that's the way the French do it, because I was never corrected for not opening my mouth . . . nevertheless, I can still put my foot in it—in both languages!

Those five years had gone in a flash. I'd won a scholar-

ship, completed ten subjects for a Bachelor of Arts degree, and there I was in Wilson Hall watching the procession move slowly down the aisle.

The Chancellor, very dignified in his black gown with gold trimmings, the Governor with his smartly uniformed aide, the professors and doctors in multicolored robes and quaint headgear took their places on the stage.

Wheeled forward

One by one the names were called and each person had to go up on to the stage and walk across to the Chancellor, who conferred the degree.

Our turn soon came: "Valda Mary Pinder!"

Lena wheeled me forward, then round in front of him. It wasn't far to go. We

turned right on the chalk-mark—and made it safely.

As the applause rang out, I thought of all the people to whom I owed a debt I could never repay—all those who had made that day possible. So many wonderful, generous people: my friends.

Memories flashed through my mind. I thought of the cheerful man at the library who always got up to open the door for us ("I only do this for the good-looking ones," he used to say), the French lecturer who moved his classes to a room I could come to more easily, the lecturers in Philosophy who had come all the way to Bendigo to visit me; and all the students who had given me their time and friendship.

I felt, somehow, that the ceremony wasn't so much a prize-giving as a kind of launching. When an astronaut is launched he is the

centre of attention. He is the one who goes up—but not under his own steam.

The knowledge, hard work, and perseverance of a great many people are required first to set up the necessary conditions and supply the power that enables him to fly.

Though a handicapped person may have the desire and the will to try, he can do only what society will let him. If the doors are barred—and you are helpless—you can't force your way in. You can only hope to persuade somebody to open the doors for you.

As long as there are people with enough generosity and courage to take a chance, to open the doors and encourage handicapped people, then for us—like the astronauts—the sky is no limit.

It takes nerve and a sense

of humor, and how lucky I am to have a mother with plenty of both! Looking after me all these years has been by no means an easy task.

My health still varies and my problems have not diminished. I can never adequately tell how much I owe to her, but in my memory of that graduation day the applause rings out especially for her.

Now the day has passed. We've celebrated at the inn . . . Now the road beckons me on again, to teach, to study some more. Whatever the future brings, I know I shall meet it with more understanding and tackle it with more zest because I didn't wheel myself; my friends gave me a push!

Footnote: This year Valda Pinder begins an external course for a Diploma of Education through the University of New England. She writes, "I'm looking forward to it, as it will be quite an adventure."

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ASTHMA LED HIM TO A CAREER "BEYOND WILDEST DREAMS"

By
GLORIA NEWTON

HERE I was leading an ordinary every-day existence when suddenly I found myself catapulted into a different world—something beyond my wildest dreams.

"I often wonder what I would be doing now if I hadn't suffered from asthma."

Raymond Myers, the exuberant 28-year-old Sydney baritone, who has given some impressive performances during his three years overseas, had just returned home for a rest and study.

He had sung in Italy, England, Ireland, won the gold medal Verdi Award at the Teatro Regio di Parma in Italy (the first non-Italian to win it), and just before he left London he recorded "Faust" with Joan Sutherland.

On his way home he stopped off in New York and auditioned for, and won, the lead role in the opera "The Servant of Two Masters," which will have its premiere at the New York Metropolitan Opera House in March.

Speaking of leading roles, asthma played one in Raymond's life. If he hadn't suffered from it he probably would never have known he had a magnificent voice.

Always interested in music ("I was brought up in a musical atmosphere"), he once played the organ in a weekly teenage radio show and was the chairman of the Young Musicians' Group.

At 22 he was married, living in his own home, working for a health insurance firm and interested in music; but his asthma, which he had had since he was three, was getting progressively worse.

To get breath

"I wouldn't say I was the worst asthmatic in the world," he said, "but the time had come when I knew I would have to do something about it, and I was prepared to do anything to get some relief."

Hearing that breathing exercises were having good results with his complaint, he approached the well-known singing teacher Florence Taylor and asked her if she would teach him singing.

"It didn't occur to me at all that I would be a singer. I was thinking only that the breathing exercises associated with the lessons could prove good physiotherapy for me."

"The only time I ever tried to sing at home the family would tell me to shut



● Sydney baritone Raymond Myers, home after three years abroad, has a leading operatic role at the New York Metropolitan Opera House in March.

up and stop making a frightful noise.

"At that first lesson when I opened my mouth and out came this voice, Florence became so excited she nearly fell off the chair. As for me, I got the surprise of my life."

"I had the advantage of being able to read music, so all I really had to learn was the notes of the songs. In three months I won the bass baritone championship in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod."

"Florence worked terribly hard with me. She taught me a style and way of singing that even with all my travels I have never thought of singing any other way. I have never had another teacher."

"Eighteen months after I started learning I won the N.S.W. section of the ABC Concerto and Vocal, six months later the Sydney Opera House Aria contest, the Shell Aria contest, and the Sun Aria in Melbourne."

"I was earning sufficient from my singing to keep myself and my wife, and the money I won I put aside for my overseas trip."

Then, in 1963, he sold his house, and with his wife, Dorothy, went to England, where they bought a home in a London suburb.

"Today, I speak Italian fluently."

"Most of the time I spent shuttling backward and forward from England and Italy, where I had concert and opera engagements, broadcasts, and recording work."

"I see quite a lot of Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonyng. They are exceedingly kind and helpful to the Australian artists in London."

"My future? Well, at the moment I am waiting for the script of 'The Servant of Two Masters' to arrive, and I'll study it here until I leave for New York in February."

"Then back to London, where I have been asked to do a Festival with the world-famous harpist Marissa Robels, to commemorate the Battle of Hastings. My accompanist, Donald Hollier, also a Sydney boy, is writing special songs for the occasion for harp and voice."

Covent Garden

"At the moment my agent is negotiating with Covent Garden for a performance of 'La Boheme,' and next May I will record Haydn's 'Creation' for Decca records with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the Vienna Opera House."

"The Sydney Opera House? I think it is going to be one of the most magnificent buildings in the world, and it is getting terrific publicity in England and Europe."

"And, because the world's eyes are going to be focused on its opening, I hope that happens with a first-rate company of Australians."

"Asthma? Wouldn't know what it felt like. I haven't had an attack since I started singing."



● Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonyng. According to singer Raymond Myers, they are exceedingly kind to Australian artists in London.

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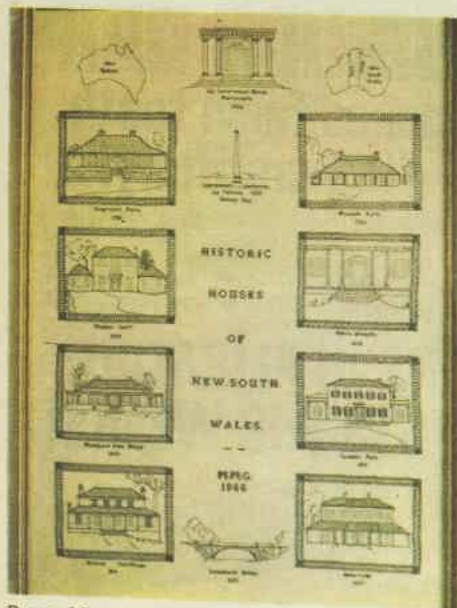


TABLE MATS in Assisi work. Edging is Spanish "black" (but worked in red). Cloth beneath is Danish pull-thread.



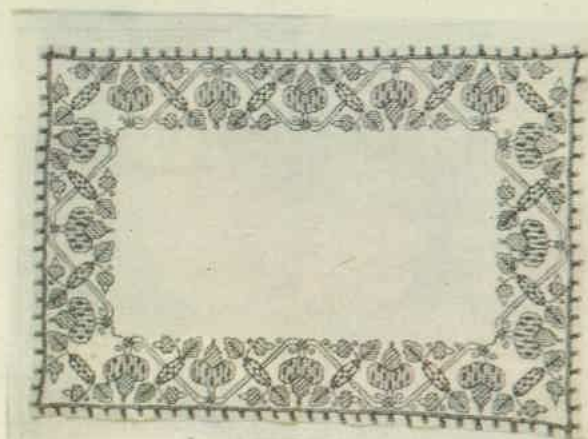
TEACLOTH in Assisi work on Italian altar-cloth linen. Design-wise, a Chinese dragon teams happily with a gargoyle.

WALL-HANGING in Spanish "black" work depicts historic houses of N.S.W. The effect is like a fine drawing.



A TIME TO RELAX, to sew, to dream a little. Above, 82-year-old Lady Goldfinch embroiders a beautiful yellow rose on the silk bedspread she is making for a four-poster bed in historic Grossman House at Maitland, N.S.W.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg



TRAYCLOTH embroidered in Spanish "black" work, which was introduced to England by Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's first wife. Some portraits of the king show him wearing garments embroidered with "black" work.

EMBROIDERED HEIRLOOMS

● The fine needlework pictured on these pages was all done by Lady Goldfinch, now 82.

A COOL drawing-room furnished with cedar and chintz; drifts of fragrance from an old-fashioned garden; and a gracious lady embroidering old-fashioned flowers—roses, pinks, daisies, tulips—on masses of delicate blue silk to make a cover for a four-poster bed.

No—it's not a scene from long ago when ladies filled in the long hours stitching family heirlooms. The time is 1967, the place a pleasant house on Sydney's North Shore, and the embroiderer, 82-year-old Lady Goldfinch, widow of Sir Philip Goldfinch, KBE.

Lady Goldfinch hopes to complete the bedspread, made from seven yards of Thai silk, by Easter. It will then go on a four-poster bed in the 100-year-old Grossman House at Maitland, N.S.W., which the Hunter River Regional Trust has acquired for a folk museum.

"The motifs," she said, "are from *Flowers in English Embroidery*, a booklet published by London's South Kensington Museum. The stitches are traditional—buttonholing, stem and chain, satin, fly and feather; but I designed the bedspread."

Lady Goldfinch spends about three hours a day with her embroidery. "But sometimes up to five hours," she said, "if I'm eager to finish a piece. I'm 82, you know, so this could be my swansong."

"I don't care for parties and bridge and that sort of thing. For one thing, I'm getting deaf—a lot of chatter confuses me—and also I can't be bothered with gossiping or people talking about their operations."

"Embroidery is so much more restful, and it's a wonderfully rewarding hobby."

The bedspread is only one of the many exquisite articles made by Lady Goldfinch. They range from glory-boxes of hand-worked linen for her two daughters to tapestry chair seats ("I've made 14"), and the petit-point evening bags she gave to her five granddaughters at Christmas.

A member of the Embroiderers' Guild of New South Wales, she gave a one-woman exhibition of her work last year, and she has won several prizes in competitions.

Having won a prize at the 1965 Royal Easter Show for a linen cloth worked in Danish pull-thread ("You pull the thread

toward you and then away. It gives the effect of drawn-thread work without pulling out a single thread"), Lady Goldfinch used the money to buy some English and American books on traditional embroidery.

An illustration in one inspired her to embroider a family tree, now the prized possession of her daughter, Mrs. Derek Mendl, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

Lady Goldfinch is a descendant of Governor King, who, as a young lieutenant, came to Australia in 1788 with Captain Arthur Phillip in the *Sirius*.

She embroidered the names of Lieutenant King and his wife, Anna Josepha Coombe, at the foot of the tree. At the left is the *Sirius*.

"I obtained a print of the *Sirius* from the Mitchell Library," she said, "and then made a line drawing."

"Mrs. Oppen, the president of the Embroiderers' Guild, and her husband helped me. Being a sailor, he made sure I got the rigging right."

"I'd have liked to have had the old family home at Cobbitty at the right of the centre panel, but it was sold years ago. So I substituted St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, where my daughter Helen was married."

Another piece of work which also bids fair to become a family heirloom is the tablecloth Lady Goldfinch made for her other daughter, Mrs. J. M. Mannix, of Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Embroidered on white linen in Spanish or "black" work (introduced into England by Catherine of Aragon), the cloth depicts old houses and a church in this historic area.

Great patience was needed, but Lady Goldfinch has just that. She made the "Hunter's Hill" cloth twice.

"The original one was stolen," she explained. "I was taking it to Mrs. Oppen, who wished to show it to some interested people, and I put it, with two other parcels, on the kiosk counter at the station while I bought a magazine. Someone picked up the parcel containing the cloth."

"I was very upset. It had taken me six months to do. But I felt I had to make another one, because my daughter loved it so much. Her friends lived in some of the houses, and the church, the Hunter's Hill Congregational, had special associations."

"People sometimes ask why I didn't choose the much older Church of England to which my daughter belongs. There are two reasons—the shape of the Congregational Church suited my design better, and, more important, when her son was extremely ill several years ago (he was only five) she used to slip across the road to the Congregational to pray for his recovery."

Another example of Lady Goldfinch's original design in "black" work is a large wall-hanging which depicts eight "Historic

By ENNIS HONEY

Houses of New South Wales." It includes Elizabeth Farm and Experiment Farm, two of the earliest examples. (See picture.)

She intends to enter it in the 1967 Royal Easter Show.

Lady Goldfinch's interest in embroidery began in her girlhood years at Camden.

"There were five of us, one boy and four girls."

"We girls were educated at home by governesses—and Mother, who loved sewing. She taught us to make dollies and tablecloths and things for church bazaars. We made bobbin lace for the pillow-shams, which were fashionable in those days, and lace collars and cuffs."

"Irish lace was fun, too. The designs were already traced on waxed paper. After we had worked them we tore off the paper."

"Then, when I became engaged I made most of my trousseau. In those days a girl was expected to have a dozen of everything and hand-embroidered underclothes."

"But the materials, French silks and satins, for instance, were lovely, and very

cheap compared with today's prices. Mother was so pleased she gave me a sewing-machine."

When Lady Goldfinch is worried she doesn't mope. She starts a new embroidery project such as the beautiful sampler pictured below.

She began it during World War II when she was living in boarding-houses and feeling depressed, and finished it in 1953.

"Planning the sampler and then embroidering it took me out of myself."

"It's not just the stitching, but the research and delving into history which makes embroidery so interesting for me."

A visitor who admired it introduced Lady Goldfinch to the Embroiderers' Guild of New South Wales, which she joined.

"Once a month I attend a class conducted by Miss Field, one of the members, in her home at St. Ives."

"Miss Field and Mrs. Wilson, another member, have taught me such a lot, how to do the 'black' work, for instance, and Assisi work."

Assisi work is so-called because of the medieval gargoyle motifs, based on the carved gargoyles on a church in Assisi, Italy.

Among the pieces she has made is a tea-cloth of fine linen in two pastel shades (illustrated far left).

"You'll notice I embroidered a Chinese dragon in one square," she said. "He gets along very well with the gargoyles, don't you think?"

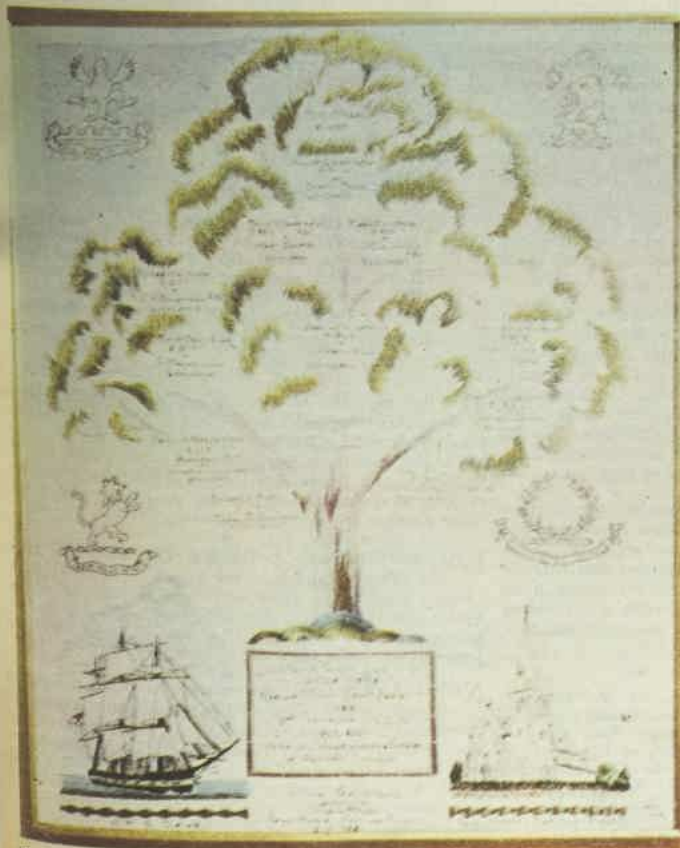
The delicate work has not affected Lady Goldfinch's eyesight. She uses glasses only for reading and, of course, for embroidery.

"Occasionally I use this little magnifying glass which clips on to my thumb. On a trip to England in 1930 a fellow-passenger gave it to me. The clip, I think, came from one of those small lampshades we used on dining-room tables years ago."

"Sometimes, too, I use a desk lamp with a magnifying glass attached. My grandson, who is very interested in my work, found it in a secondhand shop."

She smiled when I asked what her next embroidery project would be.

"I always say each piece might be my swansong, but who knows? That four-poster bed in Grossman House should have hangings. When I've finished the bedspread, perhaps I'll tackle the hangings."



FAMILY TREE embroidered by Lady Goldfinch for her daughter, Mrs. Derek Mendl, Newcastle, N.S.W., who, through both mother and father, is descended from the third Governor of N.S.W., Philip Gidley King. The *Sirius*, on which King came to Australia, and St. Mark's Church, where Mrs. Mendl was married, are both shown.

SAMPLER (right), embroidered by Lady Goldfinch over a period of 12 years, is similar to samplers worked by girls and women 100 or more years ago. Her own and her children's names are in brown, her grandchildren's in blue. Years in which sampler was begun and finished also appear.





AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Griffith at the reception at the Australia Hotel which followed their marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral with their attendants, Miss Ann Magennis (left) and Mrs. John Sedgwick. The bride was Miss Caroline Magennis, daughter of Mrs. Julian Magennis, of "Ulundi," Bugaldie, and of the late Mr. Magennis. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. G. Griffith, of Sussex, England, and Mr. B. Griffith, also of Sussex.

ABOVE: Mr. Denis Lynch, vice-president of the United Nations Set, with Miss Anita Armstrong (left) and committee member Miss Susan Nash at the wine-tasting which the United Nations Set held at McWilliams Wine Cellars. The evening, which was the first money-raising function of the year, will raise funds for UNICEF. Guests tasted three white wines with their main course and later three reds.



ENGAGED. Miss Patricia Giles and Mr. David Llewellyn, who recently announced their engagement, are planning to marry in the first week of April. Miss Giles is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Giles, of Fairlight. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Llewellyn, of Wagga.

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

CHATTING with Kathryn and John Klem when they returned from their honeymoon, I was amused to hear of the high-spirited way in which the male guests at their wedding reception (former Hawkesbury Agricultural College friends of John) speeded them on the way at the end of the evening. Chanting the rousing college cry, they carried Kathryn and John down two flights of stairs and deposited them in their waiting car.

SOUNDS like a really delightful little cottage that newlyweds Berwyn and Bren Claridge have chosen as their home at Paddington. The unconventional lounge-room features very old church pews (instead of lounge-chairs), which have been cut to fit into the walls. Another item of interest is the stable-door-cum-bar between the kitchen and dining-room. Both Berwyn and Bren are ardent antique collectors and are very excited about the prospect of hunting for furniture to renovate for the cottage.

I WAS interested to hear of a novel "exchange" holiday arranged for their sons by a Sydney family and a New Zealand family. Clive Hayes, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes, of Bellevue Hill, is spending a holiday with Dr. and Mrs. Graham Somerville and their son, Nigel, at their home at Tauranga. When the next school holidays come round, Nigel will come to Sydney to spend them with the Hayes family.

AN attractive young face we will probably be seeing a lot of is that of Dominique Jouve, daughter of the Secretary-General of New Caledonia, who arrived in Australia on January 7 to live with the French Consul-General, Mr. Armand Gandon, and Mrs. Gandon while she goes to university here. Taking her place with Dominique's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jouve, is the Gandons' elder daughter, Ann Claire, who leaves shortly for Noumea to complete her final year of high school.

MRS. DOUGLAS DUNDAS, who recently returned from a three-week holiday on the Woronora River, told me that she and her husband can't wait to get back. They have a weekender down there with a garden that literally "runs away" when they are absent, so the entire three weeks was spent tending the terrace garden and building rockeries. The view is fabulous, she says, and makes a pleasant background to wedding.

AT LEFT: Former King's School friends Mr. Ian Beattie (at left) and Mr. Bruce Hayman announced their engagements at the same time. Ian, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Beattie, of Elanora Heights, will marry Miss Denise Rourke (at left), eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rourke, of Cheltenham. Bruce, the son of Mrs. B. M. Hayman, of Newport, and of the late Colonel G. G. Hayman, will marry Miss Geyse Scarborough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scarborough, of Launceston.



AT REVEUE. Mrs. J. Binder (left) and Miss Eileen McLeod with Mr. Frank Lannit, bass drummer of the Sydney Thistle Highland Pipe Band, which played at the Tartan Night which the Stage Club held at their theatre to raise funds for the Actors' Benevolent Society.

BY the way, one of the reasons Mrs. Dundas returned from her hard-working holiday was to help plan the year's program for the Art Gallery Society. She is a member of the committee, but couldn't say very much about the coming events except that there will be "one or two very exciting overseas visitors on the program." We'll hear more about it in the next few weeks.

EXCITED bride-to-be Jennifer Lawrance will marry Dr. Terry Vandeleur on March 7 at St. Ignace's Chapel, Riverview. They only became engaged on New Year's Day, so Jennifer has been very busy with wedding arrangements. Judith McGloskey and Jennifer's sister Jemina will attend her.

NEW YEAR'S EVE was certainly a popular night for engagements. Elizabeth Pixley and Robin Brown also announced their engagement on that night and celebrated with a family dinner. Robin is a Melbournean, and after their marriage on April 22 at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, they will return to Melbourne to make their home. Elizabeth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Pixley, will hold the wedding reception at their home at Woollahra.

—By Mollie Lyons



FALSE EYELASHES ARE PART OF HER CAR RALLY KIT



ROSEMARY SMITH, rally driver, dress designer, and girl-about-Europe, outside the house (above) she has converted and decorated near Dublin. At right, she is with her mother in the living-room of the house.

● Rosemary Smith, at 28 one of the world's top women rally drivers, is not only one of the most attractive girls ever to don a racing helmet, but also one of the best paid and most professional.

ROSEMARY, who will visit Australia this year for the Chrysler-Rootes organisation, has also made good at another profession—dress designing.

This colleen from Dublin is a combination of brains and beauty, with a charm only the Irish can produce. She lives in two worlds—the rally driver and the home-loving Irish girl who adores her family and friends and hates to be away from them.

At the moment her dress designing is taking second place to her driving (she's sold the boutique she started at 19), but she plans a big return to the world of fashion when her rallying days are over.

Rosemary is one of the only two women (the other is Pat Moss-Carlsson) ever to win an international rally outright—she drove her Hillman Imp to first place in the tough Tulip Rally in 1965. She has carried off the Coupe Des Dames in nearly every major rally in Europe. She has driven in rallies from Greece to Canada, from Scotland to East Africa, and has earned a reputation as a versatile, experienced, and brave driver capable of coping with the toughest of conditions.

But at the same time she's as elegant in the driving seat as she is walking into the fashionable salons of London, Paris, Rome, and New York.

I've seen her step from the driving seat of a rally car

after nights without sleep and a gruelling run of several thousand miles looking neat and trim in white slacks, her hair done immaculately under her helmet as though she'd just come from her bedroom mirror.

Rosemary claims it's all psychology. "As a woman driver I need a psychological boost to compete with the men, who, let's face it, regard rallying as a tough sport and a man's province."

"Many times I've said that my most important aid to rally driving is my false eyelashes. Believe me, this is quite true. Firstly, they make me very conscious of my eyelids, and the feel of the lashes helps me keep them open. And keeping my eyes open is tremendously hard when I've been driving day and night."

"Also it makes me feel good to know that I look well groomed."

"I cannot stand the popular image of a woman rally driver as a tousled figure in baggy trousers, dirty shoes, and with grimy fingernails."

"I always take several outfits with me on a rally and change as often as I can."

"I wouldn't leave my make-up off if I was at home or if I was out with friends—so why leave it off during a rally?"

Rosemary has a typically Irish gift of the gab (and I say that as a compliment, not in the derogatory sense).

She's just the girl to give talks to anyone from school-girls to debating societies and she'll open a garage with the

professionalism of the film star.

All this makes her in big demand by her employers, Rootes. For wherever Rosemary goes she attracts attention—in or out of a rally car.

When the news leaked out she was to go to Australia, Rosemary was back in Ireland with her parents looking forward to Christmas. A few minutes' conversation with her on the phone and Rosemary had convinced me that if I wanted pictures of her, only a few days in Dublin would be available. Apart from a few publicity engagements she was also down to go to France, with her co-

By HAROLD DVORETSKY,
in London

driver and navigator, Valerie Morley, for the Monte Carlo Rally in mid-January.

"Anyway," Rosemary cajoled, "you've always expressed an interest in my converted cottage—best you come and see it."

She met me in her country house attire—colorful, slim-fitting bright tartan slacks and a jumper—and showed me around the house.

The "cottage" (from a couple of rooms without sanitation or a bathroom) has now become a delightfully modern home with three bedrooms, a big kitchen-cum-family-dining-room with garages, grounds, and gardens to match.

Would this be her home

for all time? I asked. "Heavens, no," said Rosemary. "When I get married (she's been engaged five times) I'll build a house for myself and let my parents have the cottage."

Rosemary's start in rallying was accidental. She'd

she decided would be just the place to set up a boutique.

She started the shop with just £60 savings and employed two girls on machines. Eventually she had ten working for her.

Her coats, made from thick tartan rugs, using the fringe as collar decoration, became fashionable the world over. Orders came from Canada and England. She was well on the way to big success in the design world.

Then fate took a hand. The wife of ex-Monte Carlo rally winner Frank Bigger wanted to enter a small club event and asked Rosemary to join her as navigator. This led to another event, and then another.

She was doing extraordinarily well in some of Europe's toughest rallies, but she preferred her fashion work and did not take the rallying seriously until late in 1961. After a good showing in the RAC rally in England, Rootes offered her a job as a member of their official team. She was to be a No. 1 driver, with her own car.

"I was staggered. I just couldn't refuse," she said.

Since then Rosemary has gone from strength to strength, and her outright win in the Tulip Rally in 1965 put her among the greats of women drivers.

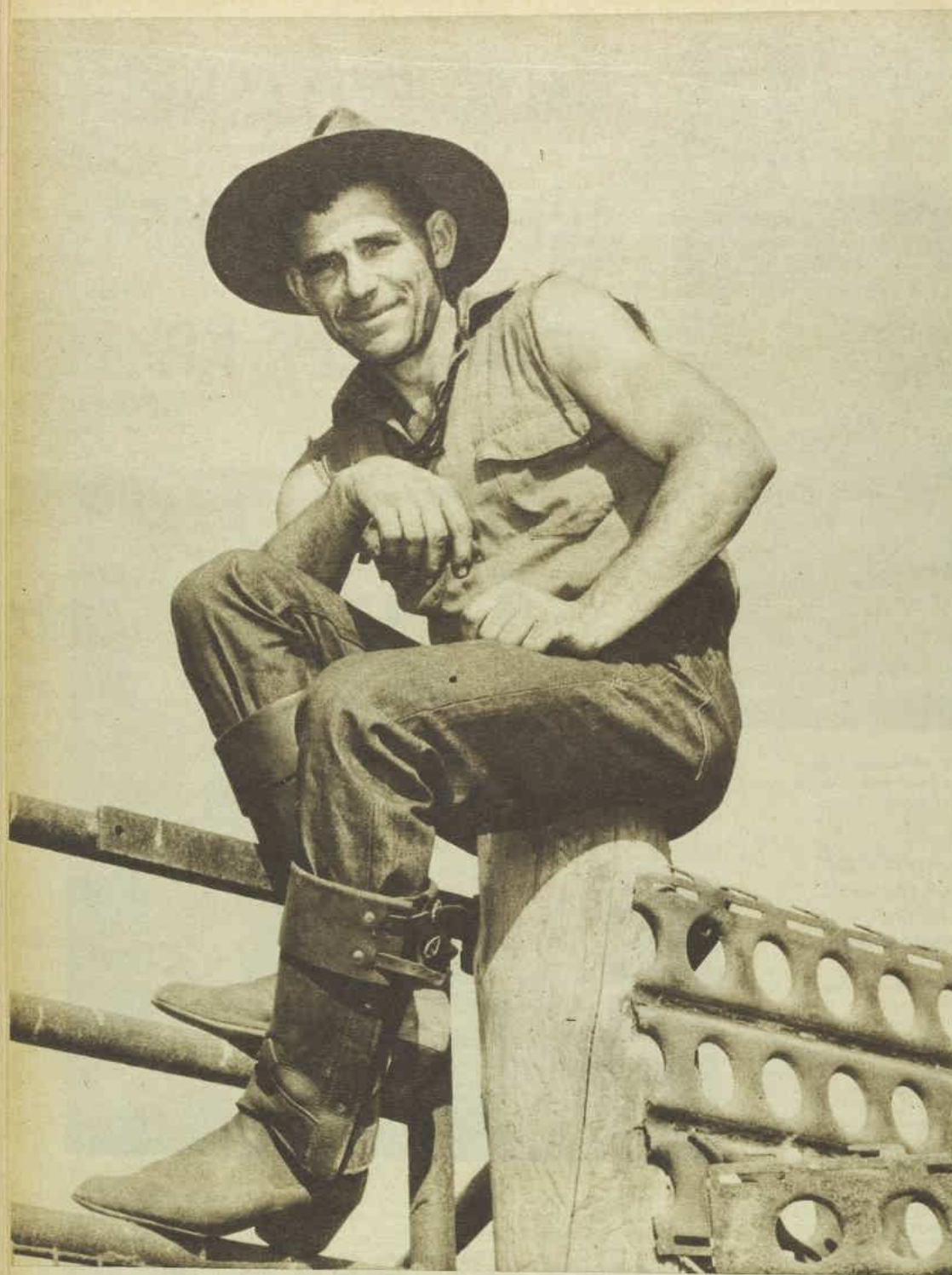
The demands on her time for talks, for personal appearances, testing cars, and going over rally routes leave her little time to get back to Dublin and her parents. She sold the boutique and now advises on design for a few outside firms.

A new set of rally clothes suitable for skiing and outdoors will be launched soon.

Rosemary is very matter-of-fact about her future. She wants to marry—"when the right bloke comes along"—meanwhile, she's investing her money and looking forward to opening another boutique.

Of Australia? She hadn't really ever thought about it. Her mother's brother, Peter Kavanagh, is living in Australia. "I haven't seen him or his wife since they left Ireland 15 years ago," said Rosemary. "I do hope we'll see something of each other when I'm there."





● His hands are as gnarled as a mallee tree, his jaw is square, his face a leathery tan beneath a broad-brimmed hat. He is the picture of an Australian cowboy, as tough as the toughest in the north-west. He is, in fact, a man of the cloth — Brother Dominic, a 35-year-old Spaniard of the Roman Catholic Benedictine Order at Kalumburu Mission on the northern tip of Western Australia. Also at Kalumburu is Malcolm McGowan, a teacher on a two-year posting from the Department of Education. With him is his wife and their four young sons. They are so fond of the place that the children say they don't want to go back to "Australia!"

THE COWBOY OF KALUMBURU

● Brother Dominic has taken on the role of a cowboy at the Kalumburu Mission. He is an expert horseman, spends days in the saddle rounding up the 6000 head of cattle.

Story by
DON SHEPHERD
Pictures by
MICHAEL BAKER

OFFICIALLY, Brother Dominic is the mission's mechanic, but he is more often called the cowboy of Kalumburu.

In recent years, Kalumburu has entered the cattle industry and is now running 6000 head. Where you see cattle in the area you'll probably see Brother Dominic.

Born and raised in Burgos, Spain, he went to Kalumburu, W.A., in 1953 to work as a missionary. Until then he couldn't ride a horse.

Now, with a dozen or so native stockmen to help him, he goes out for months at a time into some of Australia's loneliest country, brand-

ing and driving across the 1½-million acres of the mission's pastoral lease.

On such a journey, every day is spent in the saddle, with nights beside a campfire sleeping on the ground.

Many of the cattle rounded up are "scrubbers" — wild from their years in the bush. Brother Dominic thinks little of running down a steer at full gallop, leaping from his horse to flick the beast by the tail, and pin it to the ground in a swirling flurry of dust.

Kalumburu is on the banks of the King Edward River, an almost impossible 500 road miles

from Wyndham, a little over 100 miles by air.

A supply aircraft goes there once a month. Heavy stores are brought in by barge from coastal shipping. The mission — with three fathers, two brothers, and three nuns — cares for 210 aborigines.

Of these, 41 are school-age children. Life has been far from dull for their teacher, Malcolm McGowan, 28, who has just completed his first year at Kalumburu.

With him is his wife, Faye, and their four sons, Geoff, 6, Ross, 5, Peter, 4, and Robbie, 2.

When he first came to the school, Malcolm

McGowan took his 41 pupils to the banks of the King Edward River. He wanted to show them the fury of a northern river in the full flood of the wet season.

The river did not disappoint him. It was at its gouging, swirling, muddy best. To the teacher it was an almost frightening sight as it swept a belt of debris to the sea.

The children were most impressed. Immediately they threw off their clothes and jumped into the water.

No teacher of St. Trinians ever witnessed a more alarming sight. Almost the whole school

— first grade to teenagers — hurled themselves into the boiling river.

It was Mr. McGowan's introduction to the spirit of the Kalumburu school. Later, when he called the roll, everybody was present. All had managed to grab a branch as they were swept past the riverbank, somewhere downstream.

Mr. and Mrs. McGowan and family are at the school for a two-year posting. They are so fond of the place that they are considering applying for a longer term. Their children say they don't want to go back to Australia!

There is a disarming

charm about Kalumburu. Possibly there is no other place in Australia where the aboriginal, in contact with white people, remains so free from social barriers.

When the Spanish Benedictine monks went to settle in this remote area 58 years ago, the natives were almost extinct because of their tradition that the old bucks take all the young girls for brides, and because of ceremonies that rendered the males infertile.

When the monks first arrived they thought the tribe had hidden its babies. Only two could



● Teacher Malcolm McGowan with his wife, Faye, and some of his pupils on the banks of a quiet river pool. He is showing the native children at Kalumburu the accuracy of the rifle. The mission cares for 210 aborigines, including 41 school-age children.



● Above left: Aerial view of the Kalumburu Mission, on the extreme northern tip of Western Australia, shows the gardens that make it almost self-supporting.

● Above: Brother Dominic with his native stockmen cross a river during a droving expedition. Sometimes they are away from the mission area for many months.

be found; one of them is still living at the mission.

Today, the mission is a garden in the wilderness. The younger natives are given simple homes to raise their families. They are educated and taught useful occupations.

The older natives, however, remain unchanged. Many attempts have been made to upgrade them, but they don't want to change to modern ways.

They have been given huts, but they sit in them only when the rains are at their heaviest. They have been given beds and mattresses, but they prop them up as windbreaks and sleep in the dust

beside their fires, as their forefathers have done throughout the ages.

The old men often go "walkabout" on sweeping journeys into the bush. As soon as they leave the mission area they dispose of the clothes they have been given. Clothes are a discomfort.

The older natives never wash. Their skins are coated with grease, mud, and fire ash.

"To wash them is to kill them," said Father Sanz, the Father Superior at the mission, who has been there 27 years. He said there had been some near disasters when earlier missionaries and doctors attempted to "clean up"

the old aborigines. Their coating of fats and filth is their barrier against the elements.

When Malcolm McGowan first went to Kalumburu he had fears that he or his family might be speared. Many of the natives presented a formidable sight as they wandered around, sometimes wearing no more than a lap-lap, with their spears and woomeras.

It was only a first impression. They treat Mr. McGowan as a brother. They have no trace of savagery, and most are educated.

But even the most sophisticated retains his tribal love of the hunt.

Teacher McGowan becomes very much the pupil on hunting trips.

The lean and muscular Kalumburu natives are deadly with rifle and spear. We saw a couple of them spear a dozen 7-10lb. needle fish in about two hours. They bring back crocodiles, kangaroos, or perhaps a giant barrumundi — they rarely return empty-handed.

During the war years, Kalumburu was one of Australia's most forward bomber bases. The Japanese bombed it heavily on September 27, 1943. The mission was almost destroyed with 68 bomb strikes.



● Above: Malcolm McGowan's children swim with their aboriginal classmates in the King Edward River. It is a raging, horrifying torrent during the wet season.

Television

SKELTON —ONE OF THE GREAT CLOWNS

RED SKELTON is a famous comedian and TV perennial. Year after year he goes on making people all over the world laugh.

Nothing would infuriate Red more than that adjective "famous." He knows he is famous, but his request (his instruction to those who take his orders) is that no superlatives or adjectives precede his name.

His favorite introduction is: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Red Skelton, one of America's clowns."

If you're a cynic it's easy to sneer at such an attitude and say it's a type of reverse snobbery, but people who know Skelton and work with him say this instruction stems from his humility.

Why he has humility I wouldn't know — he should be unbearably conceited, for he holds something of a showbusiness record — he has just finished his 15th consecutive season on American TV.

Skelton says viewers see something of themselves in his show.

"The pantomime in the silent spot which closes the show appeals to most people," he said. "Others prefer the opening monologue, in which we try to deal humorously with everyday institutions."

Weekly exposure on international TV has a way of shrinking people's talents, but not so Skelton. After all these years he remains one of the great clowns.

— NAN MUSGROVE



RED SKELTON, above, as one of his most popular characters, *Sheriff Dead Eye*. At left, as he looks in real life. Red Skelton's new season's shows will be seen soon on the Channel 9 network throughout Australia.

● "Science '67," TCN9's 7.30 a.m. telecast of the Tenth Anniversary Summer Science School at the Sydney University, brings a new breakfast food — lectures on Project Apollo, America's manned space flight to the moon.

By NAN MUSGROVE



PROFESSOR Julius Sumner Miller entertains the Lyndon B. Johnson Scholarship students from America during the morning-tea break at the Sydney University with the Case of the Candle.

WHY IT IS SO WITH U.S. SCIENCE STUDENTS

DON'T let the involved technicalities of lectures on Project Apollo frighten you from the television set.

Dr. George E. Mueller, for instance, who is Associate Administrator for Manned Space Flight at NASA, lectures in a way that non-scientific viewers like me can appreciate.

Dr. Mueller (pronounced Miller) made me neglect my breakfast tray and later miss buses as he talked about this fascinating subject.

But even more interesting than the professors are the young people who have won scholarships to attend the school. There are 150 of them, mostly from Australia.

This year, for the first time, there are ten American students.

The students, Australian and American, whom I met at morning tea, were overwhelming.

I was frankly appalled as I looked back to the days when I was their age and having fun was of paramount importance.

Having fun is still important to them, but their responsibilities to the world at large, to themselves, and to their parents are taken so earnestly, so seriously that it underlines the fecklessness of the good old days.

They are a strange mixture of adult thinking, honesty, and occasional outbreaks of adolescent giggles. Both nationalities seemed much the same except that, on average, the Americans were more articulate.

The Americans are exceptionally mature, well-

adjusted kids. All of them have wide interests.

Debbie Stark, from Kentucky, for instance, a dark-eyed girl of 18, flies Cessna 150s and 172s. She has been flying since she was 14½.

In her 18 years she has also had time to win honors for science projects, served as a teacher's aide, won a State mathematics contest.

When I met them the American students were being entertained by the



Nancy Shoemaker

mercurial Professor Julius Sumner Miller, who was urging them to find out "Why is it so?"

Professor Sumner Miller, back in Australia for the Science School, is one of the lecturers they were all looking forward to hearing. I managed to lure three of the girls away from him to find out why it is so with them.

They are three very interesting young women: Ellen Gesmer, 16, of New Highlands, Massachusetts, Nancy Shoemaker, 17, Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and Cathy O'Rourke, 16, of Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Here are some of their views:

ON AUSTRALIAN BOYS: Tongue in cheek, they said they were essentially the same as the American variety.

"We notice nothing very different about them," Ellen said. "They are perhaps a bit shy."

Cathy didn't agree. She thought some of them were not very shy — but obviously the three of them had looked the field over thoroughly.

DATING: Ellen, a natural spokeswoman, said dating habits vary a great deal throughout the States.

"I am dating a number of boys," she said. "I think regular dating is dull."

For dates, their favorite outings were movies, roller-skating, parties, and "sometimes a coffee house with folk-singers."

Nancy and Cathy both date regularly, which means they go steady. They say it is not dull, that the advantages of dating regularly outweigh the dullness.

According to Cathy, dating regularly doesn't always settle one down. "I have never dated one boy regularly for more than three months so far," she said.

SCHOOL UNIFORMS: "At home we don't wear uniforms to school," Cathy said, "and I'm glad."

Nancy said it would save the daily chore of making a choice of what to wear, but she preferred that to uniforms.

I told them most Australians regarded uniforms as a leveller and garments that cut out competition among girls whose families had differing income levels.

Ellen thought that was rather bad thinking.

"If students are socially conscious about clothes and are forced to wear uniforms," she said, "they will find other status symbols to fulfill their need."

"On the other hand, if they don't care about clothes it doesn't matter what they wear. It is all in the mind."

MINI-SKIRTS: All three thought they were ugly, and said they were forbidden at the schools they attended. They don't wear them out

of school. Cathy and Ellen wore skirts that tipped their knees; Nancy wore hers a little longer.

WOMAN'S WORK: Ellen hopes to specialise in math (American students say "math," not "maths") or something allied to it, which she says could be philosophy.

At present, when she is not studying, she works as a model in a local department store. She ranks second in her class, is editor of the school paper, has a deep interest in international relations.

Cathy, romantic-looking with long blond hair, wants to work in math, too, although she may change her mind, as she hasn't yet had great experience with "heavy science," and she may prefer that.

On the side Cathy is a concert pianist and said to be the most gifted and brilliant student ever to graduate from Los Alamos High School.

Nancy, 17, says flatly she wants to "teach math." She works with underprivileged youth in her spare time and is co-sports editor of her school paper. She is said to



Ellen Gesmer

"have demonstrated aptitude and achievement in science of the highest order."

I wondered whether woman's work, the cleaning, cooking, baby-minding chores, played any part in their lives. It does. They all do their share of household jobs.

Cathy would rather "bake" than any other household job. Translated this means cooking cakes and biscuits rather than meals.

Nancy likes cooking.

Busy Ellen says she can produce a meal. "There's always frozen steak and vegetables round when you need it," she said.

"They think our food is good, different. Our fruit is great." Apricots seem to get top rating and Nancy had had "apricot pie," obviously a novelty, the night before.

The American boys were equally impressive, perhaps a little more serious.

Randy Hudson, 17, was typical of them.

Randy, from Tampa, Florida, is the eldest of a family of four. He is looking forward very much to seeing his father when they stop over in Hong Kong on the way home.

His father, a chief sergeant in Vietnam, will be on leave there when they arrive.

Randy finds it "just fantastic being in touch with the world-famous scientists who are lecturing at the school."

"Generally you learn from other men the things these famous scientists have discovered. We are learning it from them. It is a great privilege," he said.

"I am quite fascinated with the field (Project Apollo). It is my hope that perhaps I can combine my interest in math with my interest in space."

Randy would like to be one of the first men on the moon. "I don't think it is frightening at all," he said. "It is a great adventure."

Later, trying to get a line on these remarkable young people, I talked to Dr. Keith Kelso; he and Mrs. Kelson are the American students' travelling escorts.

Dr. Kelso is Associate Deputy Director of the U.S. National Science Foundation.

"These young people are very mature, well-rounded personalities, very intellectual," he said.

"I see no great difference between them and their Australian colleagues at the Summer School."

"They were chosen from the 2,500,000 students in their final year in high school in America. This is a considerable field to draw on. They are ten of the best."

"We wanted to bring a cross-section of personality

types, but they also had to qualify intellectually to handle the material at the school.

"I think we have managed to do this. They are a very charming group of children."

"I will tell you an anecdote that I think typifies the thinking of the group."

"At Honolulu, where we changed planes, one of the boys told me he was worried about the weight of the books in his luggage. He wanted to know what he could carry on the plane as hand luggage."

"I told him that it was a rule that was open to inter-



Cathy O'Rourke

pretation — a reasonable number of books for the ten-hour flight to Sydney.

"Oh, I'm right, then," he said, "I have only eight."

"I was appalled, but the boy was quite serious. He thought eight books would be designated as a reasonable number for the flight."

"They find their real pleasure in learning—it is not work to them. They have extremely inquisitive minds."

Don't miss taking a good look at these students enjoying their learning at the Summer Science School.

● Telecasts of the Summer Science School continue daily Mondays to Fridays at 7.30 a.m. till February 3. They will be repeated from that date on Sundays, starting on February 5, at 10 a.m., every week for 20 weeks.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when I asked her what the word bigamist meant, "It means a man who is married to two women at the same time, although there are men who say they have one wife too many, and they are not bigamists." There are people who tell you that a bigamist is one who makes the same mistake twice, but I think mother's moral is the best explanation.

MOMMA'S MORAL: "A bigamist is a man who is married to a beautiful woman—and a good cook."



It's a dirty world

Your children play in a dirty world.
Mum, it's up to you to **protect every little cut and scratch against dirt and germs.**
So don't take chances with infection;
protect every little hurt with the best
protecting bandage in the world.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

His spelling was incredible!

MY husband endowed me with a surname which is quite common, but is spelt in an unusual way. The variations in spelling given us have been many, so we now always spell out our name after saying it. This met with moderate success until my husband was buying a lottery ticket. After he had said, and painstakingly spelled our name, the girl looked at him incredulously and asked, "Are you sure?"

\$2 to Mrs. G.M. (name supplied), Holland Park, Qld.

Transistor music not her type

I OFFERED to buy my grandmother, a radio serial fan, a transistor for her birthday, as her old mantel model radio was beyond repair. "Oh, that wouldn't be any use to me," she said, "I don't like pop music." That's all she thought they played!

\$2 to Mrs. Suzanne Austin, Gladesville, N.S.W.

Truth can be surprising

IT is very easy to advise young parents to tell the truth when their children ask difficult questions. I had determined to do this, but was hardly prepared when, after her first day at school, my daughter asked, "Mummy, where did I come from?" I had gulped and begun to speak when she said, "My new friend came from Townsville. I came from Melbourne, didn't I?"

\$2 to "Far North" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

Psychiatrist instead of pill

IT is my belief that to every two general practitioners there should be one psychiatrist. About 75 percent of physical illness is caused through mental anxiety and frustrations commonly diagnosed as "nerves." To be able to release bottled-up emotions to a sympathetic and understanding listener would do more good than all the pills and sedations in the world.

\$2 to "Jeanie" (name supplied), St. John's Wood, Qld.

Casual look was deceptive

OFTEN I have envied my young unmarried sister the hours she spends on her appearance. Or I did until last week. After two hours of fussing, she made her entrance in mod gear. "Oh, good," her steady remarked, "I'm glad you're in casual gear. I thought you might have gone to a lot of trouble."

\$2 to "Hurried" (name supplied), Goulburn, N.S.W.

Time for "few words" only

MANY elderly people complain that young people won't spare time to stop and have a chat. I feel sure that young people would stop and "have a few words" if they could be sure of not being detained too long. Young folk, unlike the elderly, have only limited time to spend talking, because they have so many activities and never enough time.

\$2 to Miss G. Hogan, Oxley, Qld.

MORTGAGE HOME, AND ENJOY A TRIP?

• Readers for and against

IN many cases, "Thoughtful," it is neither wrong nor dangerous to mortgage one's assets for a trip that could otherwise never be afforded. A widow on a pension, I spent years paying off my home, and only my daughter will reap the final benefit. For her 21st birthday, and with her full approval, I took out a fixed mortgage on our home, and together we had a heavenly trip. It has given us both a lovely memory of a wonderful holiday together, and fulfilled a dream in my life. The mortgage will be renewed as necessary — I am not trying to pay it off. The interest is less than \$6 weekly, about the same amount I used to pay to the bank. I couldn't rent even a room for that. I have no other debts. My daughter as simply had a slice of her inheritance in advance.

\$2 to "Amron" (name supplied), Mosman, N.S.W.

MY husband worked hard and saved for 25 years, looking forward to going back to England for a trip. Then he became ill, and after 18 months of illness he died. He, too, could have mortgaged his home while he was still in good health, and enjoyed the one thing he longed for. But his principles would not let him.

\$2 to "Too Late" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

AFTER recently losing my father, I have started living for the present. He worked very hard all his life to have something saved for his retirement, and then died at 56 before he could enjoy the fruits of his labor. So I say enjoy life now, it's

so short. A mortgage is a debt that will be paid off in time, but the cost of a trip most probably would never have been saved.

\$2 to Mrs. Helen Rose, Northwood, N.S.W.

SURELY, if it is possible to pay off an emergency mortgage, it is also possible to pay off a pleasure mortgage. In this affluent society we often see quite elderly people travelling abroad simply to use up surplus savings. No doubt they enjoy their jaunt, but how much more pleasurable it would be if they had the energy of their youth.

\$2 to "Phillipa" (name supplied), Castle Hill, N.S.W.

• Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column on his return.



And humans, too?

• At Coral Cables, Florida, U.S.A., all cats have to wear bells in order to warn and protect birds.

He who would bell a cat
To save a bird
Is, to the thoughtful eye,
A mite absurd,
Unless, consistently,
He carries through
With deep concern for life
His point of view.
He feeds the cat, of course,
But not on meat,
And for himself, as well,
He will not eat
Fish, flesh, or fowl, oh, no!
And then, besides,
He'd ban, in house and grounds,
Insecticides,
Thus keeping conscience clear,
No stain at all —
But what of bigger birds
Who prey on small?

— Dorothy Drain

Neat trick

QUITE accidentally I came upon a trick I think well worth passing on. Most people find it very difficult to deal successfully with a child who throws a tantrum. When my son was small I made the discovery after he had thrown himself on the floor in a rage. Watching him, I said something to myself in commiseration, and must have said it very forcibly, because he stopped to ask what I had said, having noticed my lips moving. It was simply a matter of his curiosity getting the better of him, as I found on later occasions.

\$2 to "Temper-tamer" (name supplied), Chermside, Qld.



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Refills 59c
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Nails split or break because the living tissue at their base is under-nourished. To nourish your nails, each night massage NAILOID cream into the cuticles — especially below the half moons. NAILOID contains the food your nails need to grow on. Day by day you'll thrill to see them growing stronger... smoother... lovelier. Stain-free too. After 3 months 10 completely new healthy nails will have grown. With NAILOID you'll be proud of your nails for life. Won't affect nail varnish. For toe-nails, too.

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N. Guinea	\$4.35	\$8.70
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Bris. Dam	\$5.25	\$10.50
Foreign	\$6.35	\$12.70



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1967-02-01

Page 20

Missing Page



SUMMER SAVOURY PLATTER

Here's what you need:

- 8 oz. cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons chutney
- 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger
- 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 2 teaspoons desiccated coconut
- 1 cup finely chopped Mixed Fruit
- 1 cup finely chopped stoned Prunes

Here's what you do:

Soften the cream cheese by heating then blend in the remaining ingredients, adding a little milk if necessary to make a soft consistency.

Spoon into a dip bowl and place on a tray surrounded by small savoury cracker biscuits, potato chips, Raisins, Prunes wrapped in bacon, radishes, spring onions and your other favourite tid-bits.



FRUIT AMBROSIA

Here's what you need:

- 2 cups water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup each Sultanas, Raisins, Currants
- 1 cup orange sections
- 1 cup each seedless grapes, banana slices, melon balls

- 4 cuminquats
- 1 dessertspoon almond slivers
- Shredded orange rind
- Toasted shredded coconut

Here's what you do:

Bring the water and sugar to the boil; add the orange juice and cook for 5 minutes. Cool the syrup slightly then add the Sultanas, Raisins and Currants. Add the remaining various fruits and almonds and toss lightly together.

Place the fruit mixture into a glass bowl and top with the orange rind and the toasted coconut. Serve very cold.



RICE CREAMS

Here's what you need:

- Left-over cold creamed rice
- Sultanas
- Ginger nut biscuit crumbs
- Apple puree
- Peach slices

Here's what you do:

Stir the Sultanas into the rice and place a little in the bottom of a serving dish or glass. Add a layer of biscuit crumbs, apple puree and peach slices followed by another rice layer until all are used.



GRAPEFRUIT SURPRISE

Here's what you need:

- Grapefruit
- Sugar
- Mandarin segments
- Prunes

Here's what you do:

Cut the grapefruit into halves and carefully cut around each segment of pulp.

Snip the centre pith and remove.

Lightly sprinkle with sugar and arrange mandarin segments on the grapefruit.

Remove stones from the Prunes and stuff with your favourite cherry, nut and cream cheese filling.

Then place in centre of grapefruit.

Serve chilled.



SANTA CLARA SALAD

Here's what you need:

- For each serve:
- Crisp lettuce leaves
- Pineapple ring
- 3 Prunes
- Cream cheese
- Preserved ginger
- Gherkin, olives or peppers

Here's what you do:

Arrange the lettuce leaves on an individual serving dish.

Place the pineapple ring in the centre and top with three Prunes which have been stoned and stuffed with a mixture of softened cream cheese and thin slices of preserved ginger.

Garnish with gherkin, olives or thin strips of pepper.



BREAKFAST IDEAS

Here's what you do:

Top corn cereal with a generous serve of apple puree, pinch cinnamon and a spoonful of Sultanas.

Add crushed pineapple, sprinkled with Currants to warm cooked crushed oats, top with brown sugar and a dollop of cream.

For each serve arrange sections of a peeled orange and top with a stoned prune stuffed with pineapple.

Slice some peaches and bananas and toss with Sultanas. Cover with peach juice. Mix together compote slices of apples with Raisins and serve in apple cider.

Write for Summer Recipe Book: Sue Murray, 24 Jeffcott St., West Melbourne, Vic.

SULTANAS RAISINS CURRANTS

Eat them for Food Value
Buy them for Good Value





● Caroline Styles by day . . .

COMPACT

FICTION— NOT FACT!

● "All along, down along, out along lea" — we're sadly disillusioned. It appears Tom Pearce, the grey mare, and Uncle Tom Cobby and all never lived in Widecombe. They were just visiting its fair.

Widecombe, in the heart of Dartmoor, England, is an ordinary village, and only on the map because of the song about its fair, which has been held on the second Tuesday in September for as long as anyone can remember.

Not that the inhabitants are complaining. The song has brought their village world-wide fame and prosperity, and tourists from the four corners of the earth go there looking for the quaint characters mentioned in "Widecombe Fair."

Without Uncle Tom Cobby, Widecombe would be just an obscure little village in Devon. Who would want to go there if it weren't for him? Who would want to buy a souvenir, or stop for tea?

The oddest thing of all is that the popular version of the song wasn't composed in Devon at all. It came from the neighboring county of Somerset — in fact, the "all along, down along, out along lea" is a Somerset idiom.

Widecombe's good fortune as a result of the song no doubt caused a few bubbles among the folks up in Somerset, where the cider apples grow.

Shark forgot how to bite



Did you know that mauve was the first synthetic dye? It was "discovered" in 1856 by a London chemistry student who was trying to make quinine — normally obtained from the bark of the cinchona tree — from coal tar. Instead, he produced a black substance which, he found, turned violet when distilled with alcohol, and colored cotton.

● Ron Cox feeds 6ft. shark.

AT the new Marineland of Australia on the Queensland Gold Coast, a rare bow-mouth shark caused a lot of concern by not eating for the first two weeks it was on display in the ocean tank.

Former diving champion Ron Cox had to place food in the mouth of the 6ft. fish to remind it how to eat.

It worked. These days the shark is really making up for the meals it missed.

EX-HARTNELL MODEL STARTED AT THE TOP

CLOTHES certainly haven't gone to Miss Caroline Styles' head, despite the fact that she worked for top London couturier Norman Hartnell for two years.

Caroline, of Henley, N.S.W., returned from London recently after Hartnell was forced to dismiss three of his four house models because of Britain's economic squeeze.

"His clothes were beautiful," Caroline said, "and I would have loved to own some of them, but I'm afraid I'm a bit too practical."

"My mother makes my clothes, you see, and with the money I could spend on one Hartnell gown she could buy the fabric to make several."

Royal audience

Mrs. Styles was a dress-maker before her marriage, Caroline explained, but since then has designed and made clothes only for her family. Her husband died shortly before her daughter was due to leave for England, so she decided to go, too.

"Mummy loved the excitement, because she was travelling all the time," Caroline said. "I think she is going to find it harder to settle down than I am."

"My Norman Hartnell job was really the only thing that kept me in London. After I left I was quite keen to get home."

"I loved my work and met some famous people. I was presented to the Queen and most of the members of the royal family, except

the Queen Mother, and I also met Britt Eklund, the wife of Peter Sellers."

Caroline said that the models were usually presented to members of the royal family before the showing commenced, and were expected to curtsy at their first entry.

"When the Duchess of Kent came to a private showing," she said, "I was not presented to her. I recognised her, but thought perhaps she might have been someone who had been to the salon before."

"It wasn't until someone addressed her as 'Your Highness' that I realised who she was — and I had not curtsied."

"I think she was quite pleased to meet someone who did not recognise her, though."

Caroline started work at the Hartnell salon with no previous modelling experience.

"Mummy always wanted me to be a model, but my father didn't approve. He thought I should do something more useful. I think he would have approved of Hartnell, though."

It was Mrs. Styles who persuaded Caroline to inquire about a position at the Hartnell salon soon after they arrived in London, because she knew that they liked tall girls. (Caroline is 5ft. 10in.)

"In fact, the first thing they asked me was, 'How tall are you?'" Caroline said.

Although she is a trained schoolteacher and has also done secretarial work, Caroline said that she would like to continue her modelling career in Australia.



. . . and by night.

Australia billed for 'mini-kilt' act

■ Remember our COMPACT look at the mini-kilt in *The Australian Women's Weekly* on January 11?

Well, the "Thighland fling" craze isn't confined to Scotland. It is catching on all over Europe, the United States, and Scandinavia, and this winter Australia will get into the act.

The mini-kilt is exactly 18in. long. This should please the Scots, renowned for their thriftiness, as the traditional kilt took 9 yards of material, reached the top of the kneecaps, and just touched the floor when the wearer kneeled.

Colors are also bright and bold, and on the international scene the plum color of the ancient Culloden tartan is going very well.

If you feel the mini-kilt is just a wee bit daring, there is an interesting alternative. The same Scottish firm, which had its exports boosted 100 percent by the mini-kilt, is exporting tartan knickerbockers (very like the plus-fours that used to be worn by men) for young ladies.

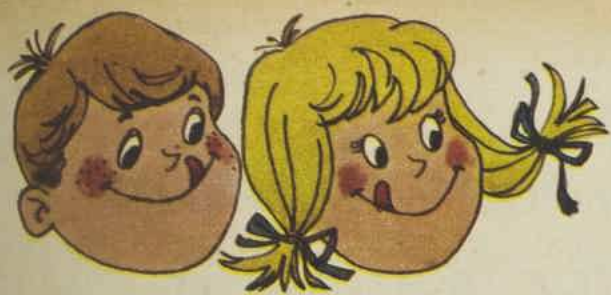
American retailers, importing the knickerbockers, specified that they should reach just below the knee and be tied with long laces down to the calves.

They should also have a couple of baggy pockets large enough to hold a bottle of whisky, a haggis, or a grouse. (What would any self-respecting young lady be doing carrying these items around?)

The mini-kilt will be the strongest skirt story this year, according to Mrs. Mary Padoussi, head buyer for the teen-to-20s department of one of Melbourne's largest department stores.

The kilts will be made in Australia and a little more conservative in length than those being exported by Scotland. They are to be 21in. long — to start with, anyway!

However, colors could shock the conservative Scots. Bright purples, hot pinks, and the plum and raspberry shades are to be featured.



We love Sandwiches!

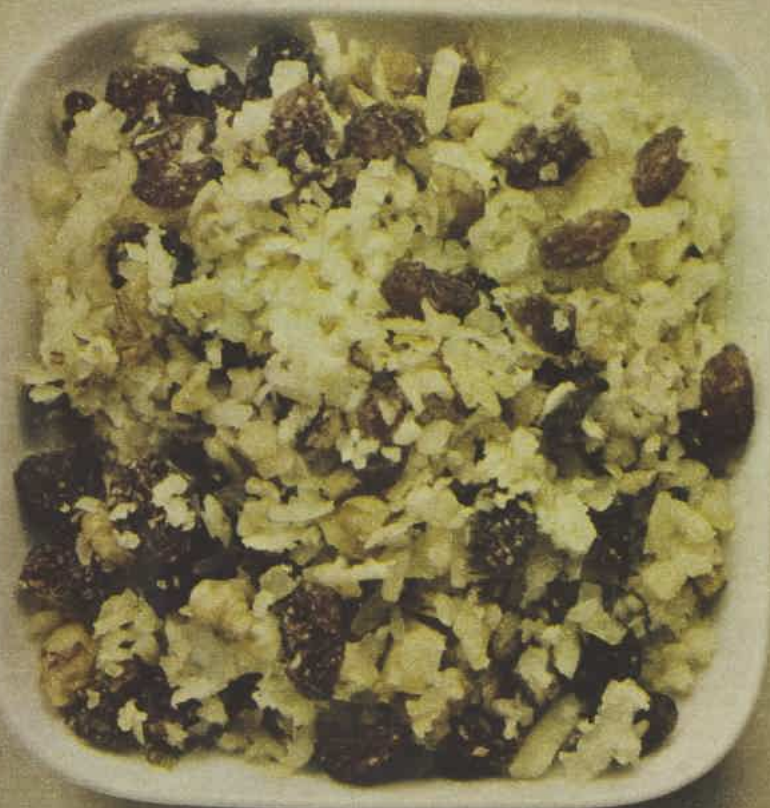
Mum gives us different sandwiches every day - and they're easy to make!

Mothers! Save time and solve your school lunch problems by using Cheesy Butter Spread, Creamy Butter and protein-rich Australian Cheddar cheese are ideal partners. In one speedy action apply both filling and spread. Add variety and colour by adding other ingredients of your choice. Here are a few suggestions—use your ingenuity to make up delicious sandwiches to appeal to all the family.

Mothers who plan ahead—make basic mixture for four days by combining:
4 oz. softened butter,
12 oz. grated Australian Cheddar cheese,
a little mayonnaise to give spreading consistency.
Store Cheesy Butter Spread in covered container in the refrigerator. Each day use $\frac{1}{4}$ of the mixture and add one of the following combinations of ingredients:

- | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|--|
| 1 oz. chopped raisins | 1 oz. diced cooked ham | 1 carrot (grated) |
| 1 oz. sultanas | 1 tomato (chopped) | 1 stick celery (chopped) |
| 1 oz. chopped walnuts | 1 spring onion (chopped) | 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper (or 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin). |

Cheesy Butter Spread provides 16 hearty sandwich fillings.



Discover Australian Cheese



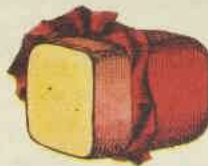
AUSTRALIAN PROCESSED
CHEDDAR

Processed Cheddar is made from a blend of natural Cheddars of different maturities by a heat treatment process. Uniform mild flavour. Widely popular in cooking, sandwiches and savouries.



AUSTRALIAN
EDAM

This is a firm, smooth cheese with a mild flavour. Australian Edam is ideal in dips, appetisers and sandwiches, and its bright red rind looks exciting on your cheese platter.



AUSTRALIAN
TAFFEL

Australian Taffel has a firm, rather resilient texture, and a delicate flavour. Excellent in sandwiches, and widely enjoyed in salads, with crisp crackers, or as a dessert with fresh fruit.



AUSTRALIAN
CHEDDAR

Natural Cheddar is a firm, smooth cheese with a variety of flavours from mild to sharp. Extremely versatile, it is much enjoyed in appetisers, dips, sandwiches, sauces and in many cooked recipes.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

*At last
A wickedly glamorous make-up
that is also good for your skin*



PURE MAGIC

medicated fashion make-up by **MAX FACTOR**

New Pure Magic fools the eye with the sleekest, smartest kind of coverage. It slips on like a smooth new complexion, clearing blemishes from sight instantly. Pure Magic is your fashionable everything: foundation... matte finish... and all-day medication that makes every tomorrow clearer. It shelters you with an antiseptic that helps stop bacteria spread, so often the cause of skin problems.



PURE MAGIC Medicated Pressed Powder
and base; for natural-looking coverage.
Puffs on in seconds, medicates all day. Perfect
for touch-up, too. Mirrored compact, \$1.25.

Puff on the Compact Powder... or stroke on the Liquid Make-up. Either way the effect is luscious, naturally flawless. No layered look, no compromise colours... 4 perfect shades. Your make-up stays as fresh as it starts, never streaks or cakes or changes colour... and no one would ever know it was medicated. Pure Magic covers the problem so beautifully! Look for the Pure Magic leaflet at any cosmetic counter.

PURE MAGIC Medicated Liquid Make-up
gives a soft dewy finish while it
treats your skin. Flows on easily with
fingertip application. \$1.25.

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BLACK IS BACK



● Castillo's fluid-line sheath of fragile black lace (above). Dress has a floating back panel trimmed with a wide ruffle.



● Black glitter is seen in a short-cut sheath (right). For right, wide velvet pants, worn with a black embroidered top.



● Guy Laroche chose heavy black lace for the long-sleeved tunic dress above. The dress is finished high at the back with a large bow.

● On the brink of autumn, there is a black revival in fashion. After five, black is fragile and pretty; on the home front, it's dramatic. I find black a refreshing contrast to the flowery cottons and op-art colors that heeded the call of summer.

—BETTY KEEP



NORFOLK ISLAND, which was settled by Philip Gidley King in February, 1788.

• A weekly series by Bill Beatty

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

ON JANUARY 29

1840 Death of Simeon Lord. Only 17 years after his arrival in the colony as a convict on a stealing offence, Lord had amassed a fortune through shrewd deals. Once in court, when Lord, in his role of magistrate, abused a woman who was facing a charge, she answered him: "You are a great man now, Mr. Lord, but remember you came to the colony in the same situation as I did." He married a convict and by her had six sons and two daughters.

1935 Death in Cabarita Park, Concord, N.S.W., of the famous sculler William Beach. Beach won the Australian championship in 1884. Going to England, he defeated five of the world's best oarsmen. Before he retired he had rowed unbeaten for the world's championship seven times.

JANUARY 30

1931 Death Certificate issued and registered at Alice Springs of Henry Lewis Lasseter. Despite this, there is no positive proof of the date of death of this lone roamer who claimed to have discovered a rich gold-bearing reef in the arid region centring on the Petermann Range, near the border of Central and Western Australia. In 1930 an expedition with Lasseter as guide went in search of the alleged reef. Dissension occurred in the party and Lasseter went on alone. Bushmen reported having found and buried his body and brought back his diaries.

Page 26

1761 Birth of Lachlan Macquarie, Governor of New South Wales.

Macquarie was chosen as Governor after the Bligh troubles, arriving in Port Jackson in December, 1809. Thence began the work of a great builder. He was Sydney's first town planner, dividing it into five districts. Macquarie refused to acknowledge any principle which denied to ex-convicts the right to reinstate themselves in society.

JANUARY 31

1880 First issue of the Sydney "Bulletin," founded by J. F. Archibald and John Haynes.

1788 Philip Gidley King appointed superintendent and commandant of the settlement to be established at Norfolk Island. Two weeks later he embarked at Sydney with 23 persons, including nine male and six female convicts, for the island. By 1793, due to his care, the settlement (increased to 1000) was independent of grain supplies from Sydney.

FEBRUARY 1

1788 Work begun on a hospital building in the Sydney Settlement.

1762 Birth of William Balmain, who was in the First Fleet as an assistant surgeon. When Governor Phillip was speared at Manly Cove by a frightened aboriginal, Balmain removed the spear, projecting at both ends through the shoulder, dressed the wound, and probably saved Phillip's life. He received free land grants comprising 425

acres at Field of Mars, 270 acres at Windsor, and 550 acres of what is now the suburb of Balmain. The latter he sold to another surgeon and trader for five shillings.

FEBRUARY 2

1829 Charles Sturt discovered the Darling River. The expedition, consisting of Sturt, Hume, and 11 other men, left Wellington in November, 1828. They followed the Macquarie, Bogan, and Castlereagh Rivers and discovered the Darling.

1907 The Carnarvon Castle, on a voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne, caught on fire. The crew left her in two boats when 850 miles south-west of Cape Leeuwin, Western Australia. After 24 days in the boats they arrived at Fremantle. Two men died at sea and one after arrival.

FEBRUARY 3

1840 Arrival in Sydney of HMS Buffalo from Quebec, via Hobart Town, with 58 Canadian convicts, having landed 83 other Canadians in Van Diemen's Land.

The Sydney batch, all French-Canadians, included two surgeons, two lawyers, merchants, clerks, tradesmen, and farmers. Those landed at Hobart were British-Canadians, but all were political prisoners who had not taken kindly to British rule in their homeland. This resulted in the Papineau Rebellion. The Sydney prisoners got tickets-of-leave one year after their arrival. Immediately they applied them-

selves to charitable and community work. After five and a half more years all returned to Canada except Joseph Marceau, who settled in Dapto, N.S.W.

1881 Death of John Gould, the distinguished ornithologist. He arrived in Tasmania in 1838, spent several months there and travelled extensively in Australia.

FEBRUARY 4

1697 Dutch voyager Willem de Vlamingh landed on Dirk Hartog Island, W.A. 40 years after another Dutch mariner, Dirk Hartog, had landed on the island which now bears his name. There, at a spot later named Cape Inscription, he erected a plate and fixed to it a plate carrying an inscription commemorating his visit. De Vlamingh replaced the plate with another commemorating the Hartog visit and his own. The Hartog plate is in the Amsterdam Museum.

1892 Strahan-Zeehan Railway, Tasmania, completed. Travelling across fast-running rivers and over precipitous rocky gorges, the forest country along Tasmania's wild west coast, the line presented formidable difficulties. The track was often too steep for packhorses, so 800 men had to fight their way through this wild terrain carrying picks and shovels and dynamite on their backs. They built 16 bridges, a quarter-mile tunnel, and laid the tracks up and down peaks in three years at a cost of \$740,000.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 1, 1954

By minding a neighbor's toddler, by sewing, selling flowers, making preserves, and doing a spot of bartering, a stay-at-home mother-of-three has found...

Ways to

MAKE (AND SAVE) MONEY AT HOME

AFTER many months of family illness, with its accompanying doctor's and chemist's bills, the need for me to help in the battle to make ends meet seemed more pressing than ever.

I don't belong to the army of working mothers who enjoy going out to work. I am one of the old-fashioned types who enjoy being at home with my husband and three children. I tallied up our expenses to see if we could economise.

Outside of payments for insurances and fares, we have only the usual bills—gas, electricity, and food. I have learned that you can rarely economise on food bills.

Unless Beverley, 7, has plenty of orange juice and high-protein foods she has outbreaks of skin sores that mean more doctor's visits, and tiny tubes of expensive ointments. It is cheaper to buy oranges all the year round, whatever the price.

Likewise, I always seem to need three dozen eggs a week, and plenty of milk. Philip, 5, and Michael, 2½, drink several glasses a day, and if it helps to keep them well, then it's worth while.

Clothing costs are small. I make all the children's clothes—pants, shirts, pyjamas, singlets, panties, even underpants. I sew my own house shifts and underclothes, and have even tackled Father's shirts and pyjamas. I felt I had reached the limit in this field, short of hand-weaving our own fabrics.

Minding Donald

My first job came unexpectedly when a friend asked me to mind her 2½-year-old son while she was working. This meant Donald would be with us from soon after 8.30 each morning till after five at night. I was to provide his midday meal and put him to sleep when he needed it.

My two elder children leave for school at 8.30 each morning, so things worked out well. I would wave them off to the bus stop, and then Michael and I would await Donald's arrival. He soon settled into a routine. He and Michael played so strenuously each morning that I usually prepared an early

lunch and put both boys to bed for an hour or two.

Mostly they slept, and I caught up on my stack of ironing or mending. Then suddenly they would both be awake and ready for more play before the children came home from school.

I must say it took time, energy, and patience, but we all enjoyed having Donald in our home, and each night when his mother came to fetch him the

were accepted and helped reduce our scrimping.

I made dried flower arrangements, and sold flowers from our own garden. I now have wreath bases and cellulose paper, so that the next time I need a floral tribute I shall do it myself.

There is always something in the garden, and while not actually making money, at least I can save some small expense. My husband and I do the

plenty for ourselves, and sent boxes of bottled goods to our families, too.

This effort meant I always had on hand extra bottles of preserves to donate to school and church fetes and stalls, when asked.

Throughout the year I have bought only four tins of fruit, having had plenty of bottled things to last us.

My next effort was a money-saver. We decided to try our hand at redecorating our own bedroom.

By reshuffling all the beds, we managed to clear the room completely. We rolled up the floor coverings and stripped off the picture railing and skirting boards. Then the real work began.

Each morning when the children went off to school (and while husband slept) I would wet the walls and scrape, scrape, scrape till all the peeling paint was off the walls.

Each afternoon John would do an hour or two before going off to work.

On his days off, we worked together and soon had the walls and ceiling bare and clean. John sealed and painted the ceiling, and then sealed the walls ready for wallpaper.

Now I lie in bed at night looking at beautiful rose-sprigged walls and gleaming white paintwork. Pink nylon curtains and white plastic blinds complete the picture.

gardening ourselves, and as we don't own a mower yet (we hire one when we can't stand the grass any longer), money recouped from cut flowers helps to cover mowing expenses and superphosphates.

Another means of saving became available last year with the gift of a bottling outfit. Throughout the year I bottled buckets of pears, plums, and apples from our own garden... also made plum sauce, plum jam, apple jelly, quince jelly (from flowering japonicas), and crab-apple jelly.

When tomatoes were cheap I bought up big and bottled tomato pulp, which we used in cooking right through the year. We also made dozens of bottles of tomato chumney and green tomato pickles. We had

whole family would line up to wave goodbye.

I wouldn't advise anyone to tackle minding anyone else's small children five days a week for less than ten or twelve dollars, depending on their age and the amount of work and time involved. It is a big tie and a big responsibility.

I had arranged to mind Donald for five months, and when this contract ended my husband changed his work to night shift. This meant that it was no longer practical to mind other children in our home. It was hard enough to keep our own Michael quiet for Daddy to get to sleep each day.

My next effort at making money was sometimes fruitful, sometimes not, but I enjoyed trying. I began writing stories for magazines. Occasionally one would be accepted and a cheque would arrive.

I think my husband, John, was just as delighted as I was every time mother "got into print," especially when a picture he had taken to illustrate an article of mine was printed, too.

Friends would ask when I found time to write, with three small children and a husband on shiftwork. All through winter, when the day's work was finished I would tuck the children into bed, and settle down before our big log fire with my typewriter.

One particular story I felt sure was good I sent off confidently. After three months of silence I felt sure it must have been accepted, and had even argued playfully with my husband about what WE would spend MY big cheque on when it came.

Alas, my story was returned, but other pieces

By DOROTHY JAGGER

Or, let the Taxation Dept. do the saving for you

● A Queensland family decided to budget by paying higher tax instalments—and had a holiday on the refund.

WE have just arrived back from a wonderful holiday which up till a year ago would have been impossible.

It happened like this. We had just received our income tax cheque, and I said, "If it were only bigger, we could go for a good holiday!"

My husband then came up with this bright idea: he could make arrangements at his work to have tax deductions taken as for

a single man, so that when our cheque came at the end of the year it would be bigger and we could have our holiday. We decided to give it a go.

The first few paydays I wished, oh, how I wished, we had never had the idea.

But in no time I found how interesting it was trying out new recipes and making cheaper cuts of meat into appetising and varied meals.

I soon found my family were taking a new interest in their food. I often heard,

"Gee, I wonder what's for dinner today!"

Discussing ways to economise seems to bring the family closer together.

It is wonderful what you can do without, and not miss, when you haven't the money in your purse to pay for it. I realise now how much I used to waste.

With so much to hold one's interest, the financial year went quickly.

When our tax cheque came, what a thrill it was to prepare for and have our holiday. We are doing the same this year.

New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

If your child is irritable...

Try this for overnight recovery

When kiddies grumble and squabble, wise mothers suspect childhood constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep your children regular. But, when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes, given at bedtime, work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy.

Only 35 cents (3/6).

Amazing American Discovery STOP STOOP

Improve your posture—whether sitting or standing—with straight shoulders, a full chest. Put an end to sagging shoulders. Whimper-light Posturex is worn under clothing, can't be seen and is completely comfortable. For men, women or children. Enclose cheque or money order for \$7.95 to Dept. P.W. 51, 123 Mail Order House, 123 Regent Street, Sydney.

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

Old-fashioned breakfast? Hardly.
 Yet we give Weet-Bix all the old-fashioned virtues. It's the one breakfast with the whole grain goodness of the natural wheat. The real thing. And we give you good old-fashioned value in Weet-Bix. 48 generous-sized biscuits in every large pack. Weight for weight, money for money, no other breakfast matches Weet-Bix for value. Or goodness.



AT HOME . . .

with Margaret Sydney

● Very, very slowly peace is returning to this household. The new dog is beginning to be able to live with the cats, the cats are beginning to accept the vague possibility that some time in the remote future they'll be able to live with the dog.

OUR cats get on well with dogs, having had one around all their lives. So they didn't particularly mind the new fellow when we brought him home.

Obviously they thought him a visitor, and since we quite often have unwelcome visitors (unwelcome to them), they just kept out of his way, as they always do with human, canine, or feline guests they don't want to know.

Then it began to dawn on them that he was a fixture—getting attention from their people, food from their refrigerator, blocking up doorways that had always been perfectly safe, making favorite sleeping places insecure.

Actually, though the cats won't accept this view, the dog is angelically good. He doesn't chase them . . . well, he has blotted his copybook a couple of times but only in the most lolling, non-dangerous way.

Battle was finally joined between Melissande and the dog on the morning of his third day here. We had all been careful about preventing head-on confrontations, making sure that the cats had bolt-holes and couldn't find themselves cornered.

But on this morning Melly decided to go out of the kitchen at the moment he decided to come in. I was on the far side of the room, with Melly between me and the dog, so I couldn't do anything without causing the sort of scuffle we'd been trying to avoid.

Someone had to retreat. And it had to be the dog—or goodbye to any hope of harmony. Melly seemed to know this.

She is the smallest of our cats, weighing a shade over 7lb. and measuring 8in. at the shoulder. The dog weighs 50lb., stands 24in. at the shoulder, and, rigid with excitement, was looking down at her from a height of at least 3ft. Melly began to swear at him in ferocious, gutter Siamese. The dog let out an ear-shattering bark.

Melly flinched but didn't turn. Slowly she began to advance on him, uttering unprintable curses. He didn't see any reason to be afraid of such a tiny cat, and stood his ground while seven pounds of dynamite came steadily on until it was right under his muzzle.

Now he begs Melly to be nice to him

THE dog barked again, and Melly slashed at his legs with an armed forepaw. She missed, simply because he jumped backward like greased lightning.

She began the slow creep up on him again, and he began to retreat slowly in front of her. Then he whined, and Melly knew he was in the bag.

As soon as he whined she walked past him, jumped on to a bit of furniture of convenient height, and started washing herself as though she hadn't had a bath for a month.

She hasn't had any more trouble with him. She just has to utter a threat or two and he sits down, wags his tail, and begs her to be nice.

Plum was the next to take up the fight. As soon as he discovered his mother had conquered the dog, he thought he'd give it a try, too. He's a much bigger cat, a raucously affectionate creature who talks his head off as long as anyone will spare him a word.

The oddest effect of the dog's advent was the change in Plum's voice. He talked just as much, because he can't stop talking, but he talked in a whisper—a little kitten's voice instead of his usual roar—like a small child trying to talk to its mother without drawing itself to the attention of some frightening stranger.

Now Plum, profiting by his mother's example, has learnt that you're safe if you stand your ground and make rude and menacing noises. He can get himself safely in and out of rooms where the dog is; he can even sit on some TV watcher's knee with the dog lying at the watcher's feet.

It's not a restful way of watching TV, because if the dog moves a muscle his medal rattles, and if his medal rattles, Plum thinks he's up to something and starts shouting warnings and threats. But we expect Plum, within the next couple of days, to ratify the armistice Melly has signed.

Kay's cat Vanessa is going to take longer. She's the greatest dog-lover of our cats, but she's also the most timid, and she made the mistake of twice turning her back when he galumphed up to her, and allowing herself to be chased out of the house.

She was never going to come inside again!

IN true Siamese fashion, she started to exaggerate what had happened: the dog was a murderer, he'd very nearly killed her, nobody loved her, and she was never, never going to come back into the house again.

I decided firmer measures were necessary with her if she was not to become a pathetic, displaced person.

I shut all the doors and windows in one room, collected her from where she was hiding in the garden, and shut her, the dog, and myself in the closed room for a getting-to-know-you session.

The pup got bored and went to sleep, I got bored and started reading a book, and Vanessa sat watching him with unblinking eyes, not moving a muscle or making a sound.

After a while I added Melly to the collection, on the theory that two sore-heads are better than one. Melly looked the situation over, decided that since Vanessa was frightened, the dog must have been misbehaving, and biffed him a couple of times just for the heck of it.

This gave Vanessa enough confidence to begin to spit and rumble at him, too, though not convincingly enough to do much good if Melly and Plum hadn't done a lot of initial work on him.

The only cat he hasn't tangled with yet is Mike's cat Bobo. She is purest alley, sanguine, independent, and devil-may-care. She's looked him over, disapproved, and, I think, avoided ever letting him see her. She'll make her own terms in her own good time.

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Lemon-flavored dessert wins \$10

CONSOLATION prize of \$2 has been awarded to a Queensland reader for delicious butterscotch tart filling.

LEMON APPLE TART

6oz. short crust pastry
2 eggs
2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 large apple
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Roll out pastry on lightly floured board and use to line 8in. pie plate.

Beat eggs; add melted butter, sugar, and lemon juice. Mix well. Turn into prepared pastry-case. Grate peeled apple and sprinkle over egg mixture. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

Bake in hot oven ten minutes; reduce heat to very moderate, continue cooking further 45 to 50 minutes until egg mixture is set.

Serve hot or cold, with cream or ice-cream.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. P. Barrett, 279 Vermont Road, Launceston, Tas.

BUTTERSCOTCH TART FILLING

1 egg-yolk
3 tablespoons plain flour
1 tablespoon honey
3 tablespoons water
pinch salt

1 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place all ingredients, except butter, into saucepan. Beat well, add butter, then stir over gentle heat until thickened. Cool.

Use as tart filling or pour over ice-cream.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Cullen, Oakes Street, Childers, Qld.

FEATURE FOR FEATURE

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Hints from our readers

Cooking tips to save you time and effort each win a prize of \$2.

MAKE enough pastry at one time for 2, 3, or more pies. Roll out and line into required number of pie dishes. Pull a plastic bag over each dish, fold ends under and store in the refrigerator (not in the freezer). The uncooked pie cases will keep up to three weeks. — Mrs. B. E. White, 204 Hawkin Drive, St. Lucia, Qld.

This ice-cream sweet for a party looks elaborate but is simple to make: Soften a half-gallon tin of ice-cream. Chop up into very small pieces a packet (or two, if desired) of mini-cream biscuits, stir into the softened ice-cream and set in two loaf tins. When really firm, turn out, cut in slices, decorate with chocolate topping. — Mrs. P. Tozer, 45 Bedford Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

A delicious cucumber sauce that will improve any type of fish. Grate a medium-sized cucumber, drain, then season the pulp with salt, pepper, and two teaspoons vinegar. — Mrs. Brenda Williams, 15 Macalister St., Ipswich, Qld.

Pastry, bread, cakes all keep well when frozen. To thaw pastry, take out of plastic bag, place in refrigerator overnight for use next morning. Remove bread at least four hours before required. When defrosting cakes, wrap in a clean tea towel to prevent condensation. — Mrs. I. Raymond, 373 Kensington Road, Kensington Gardens, S.A.

To make a plum jam tart a special treat, before baking, sprinkle about 2 tablespoons currants over the jam, then top with a really generous sprinkle of coconut. Bake in usual manner. — Mrs. E. J. Pengelly, 57 Melbourne Rd., Norlane, Geelong, Vic.

Save time and trouble when making grape jam: First squeeze out pulp and seeds from skins into preserving pan, reserving skins. Bring pulp to the boil and boil quickly until seeds come away freely (about 10 minutes). Pour into colander and strain on to grape skins. Return to pan and boil as for other jams. — Miss J. Fauchon, Valla Rd., Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

Juice left over from canned fruit can be used up as follows: 1. Save juice until you have 1 pint, add 3 teaspoons gelatine and some food coloring to make a nutritious jelly. 2. Simply chop up fresh fruit and place in the juice; this makes a delightful fruit salad and no sugar is needed because juice is sufficiently sweet. — Mrs. E. Pearce, "Major's Point," Quandialla, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

COOKING WITH HERBS AND SPICES

FROM OUR
LEILA
HOWARD
TEST
KITCHEN

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 1, 1967

COOKING WITH HERBS AND SPICES — Page 1

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HERBS

BALM

BALM, or lemon balm as it is frequently called, is not widely used in the kitchen, although it can be added to salads, mushrooms dishes, and sweet jellies. The crushed leaves give off a pleasant lemon scent, and a few, added to a teapot with tealeaves, will produce a refreshing drink. Balm is an important ingredient in potpourri, where its tang helps to offset the sweetness of the flower scents.

Variegated balm is another variety of the plant, but is grown more for ornamental than practical purposes.

BASIL

THERE are more than 40 varieties of this sharp, piquant herb, but the best known are the sweet, bush, and purple basil. Purple basil has deep purple-greenish leaves; its flavor is inferior to the bush and sweet types. Sweet basil is particularly suitable for drying and therefore the easiest to obtain in dried form.

Basil is traditionally teamed with tomatoes, but its flavor also adds interest to pasta dishes, and combines well with rice, liver, kidneys, and fish. Try a little in omelets and with scrambled eggs; if available, use the chopped fresh leaves sprinkled on a green salad. Generally, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of dried basil with eggs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon in a meat recipe is quite sufficient.

ITALIAN STYLE CHICKEN

1 roasting chicken (about 3lb.)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried basil
2 tablespoons olive or salad oil	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1oz. butter	1 clove crushed garlic
4 rashers bacon	salt and pepper
3 tomatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
1 teaspoon chopped fresh basil or	

Joint the chicken. Heat the oil and butter in large frying-pan, brown chicken pieces on all sides. Transfer to baking dish, place a small piece of bacon on each joint, top with thick slice of tomato, sprinkle over herbs and garlic; season. Brush with the fat and oil in which the chicken was sautéed, pour over wine. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 30 minutes or until chicken is tender, basting joints occasionally. Remove any excess fat.

BRAISED BEEF WITH HERBS

2lb. round steak	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried basil
seasoned flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried oregano
2 tablespoons oil	1 crushed clove garlic
1 finely chopped onion	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms
1 cup stock	salt and pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine	
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped fresh basil or	

Cut meat into 1in. cubes, toss in seasoned flour. Heat oil in saucepan, add onion, cook over gentle heat until transparent; remove. Add meat to saucepan, brown on all sides; return onion to pan. Add herbs, garlic, stock, and wine. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, and simmer, covered, for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Add mushrooms and skinned and chopped tomatoes. Continue to cook gently, covered, 30 minutes. Taste and correct seasoning, if necessary.

BAYLEAVES

THE bay tree is a member of the laurel family. Planted in a pot and clipped to a pleasing shape, this tree can be both attractive and useful. Bayleaves are always an ingredient of bouquet garni; they can also be used by themselves to enhance the flavor of soups, stews, stock, fish, meat, and poultry; an old-fashioned flavor for custard can be achieved by the addition of a

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes. Quantities will serve 4 to 6.

bayleaf to the milk. Whether used fresh or dried, bayleaves are strong, and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 leaf is ample in most recipes.

MUSHROOM CREAM SOUP

2oz. butter	3 dessertspoons plain flour
1 finely chopped onion	3 cups chicken stock
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely chopped mushrooms	1 bayleaf
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream	salt and pepper

Heat the butter in saucepan. Add the onion, cook until transparent, stirring occasionally. Add mushrooms, stir over heat 4 to 5 minutes. Draw aside, stir in flour. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes; remove from heat and gradually blend in stock. Add bayleaf and seasoning. Bring to the boil, then simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Remove bayleaf and stir in cream, gently reheat before serving.

RICE PILAF

1 finely chopped onion	salt and pepper
2oz. butter	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken or veal stock
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. long grain rice	1 bayleaf

Heat the butter in saucepan, fry the onion until golden. Stir in well-rinsed rice, salt, pepper, and the bayleaf. Continue stirring until rice is coated with butter. Add stock, cover, and cook 18 minutes or until rice is tender and stock absorbed. Adjust seasoning and remove bayleaf before serving.

A good accompaniment to many egg, fish, meat, poultry, and vegetable dishes.

• Picture on page 1 by staff photographer Bill Payne. Apple Pie recipe, page 7.

BOUQUET GARNI

A **BOUQUET GARNI**, or faggot as it is sometimes called, generally consists of a bayleaf, a sprig of fresh thyme, and several parsley sprigs. These are tied together at the stems with cotton or thin string to make removal easier at the end of cooking time. When dried herbs are used it is best to tie them in a piece of muslin.

Use a bouquet garni to flavor stock, soups, stews, and fish dishes.

VEAL STOCK FOR SOUPS

1 lb. stewing veal	1 bouquet garni
1 peeled onion	salt
1 peeled carrot	4 black peppercorns
1 clove garlic	1½ pints water

Cut veal into small pieces. Place all ingredients in saucepan, bring slowly to the boil; remove scum. Simmer, covered, about 1 hour. Strain through cloth or fine sieve before using.

CHICKEN AND WINE CASSEROLE

1 chicken (about 3 lb.)	12 tiny peeled onions
4 diced bacon rashers	1 lb. sliced mushrooms
2oz. butter	1 dessert spoon chopped parsley
1 cup brandy	1 dessert spoon flour
1 cup red wine	1oz. extra butter
1 bouquet garni	
salt and pepper	

Joint the chicken. Place the diced bacon in saucepan, cook over gentle heat until well crisped; remove from pan, add butter. Brown chicken joints in the hot fat. Return bacon with warmed brandy, ignite. Allow flame to subside, then add wine, bouquet garni, onions, and seasoning to taste. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Add mushrooms and parsley, cook further 10 minutes or until bird is tender. Arrange joints on serving dish. Blend flour with extra butter. Gradually pour sauce on to this mixture,

stirring; return to pan and cook, stirring, until sauce thickens. Adjust seasoning, remove bouquet garni before spooning over chicken.

CHERVIL

CHERVIL has a serrated and fernlike leaf, with a flavor reminiscent of aniseed. It is difficult to obtain fresh, but, fortunately, chervil dries most successfully, retaining both its color and aroma.

Use dried chervil with discretion in soups, stews, sauces, gravies, and with fish and meat. Fresh, the leaves can be chopped and sprinkled fairly liberally on salads and cooked vegetables.

ST. GERMAIN SOUP

6 to 8 spinach leaves	1 teaspoon dried chervil
several lettuce leaves	salt and pepper
1 leek	1 teaspoon sugar
2 cups frozen peas	3oz. butter
1 dessert spoon chopped fresh chervil or	1 pint water
	2 pints chicken or veal stock.

Wash and shred spinach, lettuce leaves, and leek. Place in saucepan with the peas (reserving ½ cup), chervil, salt and pepper, sugar, 2oz. butter, and the water. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 35 to 45 minutes. Pass through sieve or puree in electric blender. Return to clean pan, stir in stock, bring to boil. Cook remaining peas according to directions on packet, drain, and add to soup with remaining butter. Adjust seasoning before serving.

TOMATO AND CUCUMBER SALAD

1 cucumber	3 or 4 tomatoes
DRESSING	
1 tablespoon wine or cider vinegar	1 dessert spoon chopped fresh chervil or
3 tablespoons olive or salad oil	1 teaspoon dried chervil
salt and pepper	



WHERE HERBS GROW IN PROFUSION

ABOVE is a corner of Rosemary Hemphill's well-known herb garden at Somerset Cottage, Dural, N.S.W. She established the garden to show how easy it was to grow fresh herbs, and to encourage an interest in their use. She is the author of two popular books on herb-growing and the use of herbs in cookery. They are "Fragrance and Flavour," and "Spice and Savour" (publishers, Angus and Robertson, Sydney).

● Shown growing in the picture above, between the lavender on the left and the flowering jasmine at the right, are French sorrell, garlic chives, and, round the sundial, thyme.

Dressing: Combine all ingredients, stand 30 minutes.

Peel cucumber and slice thinly, peel and slice tomatoes. Arrange on dish, pour over dressing.

CHIVES

CHIVES are easy to grow. Stemming from a small bulb, this member of the lily family seems to thrive in the garden or in a pot; however, if it is impossible to grow your own, bunches can usually be bought. The onion-like leaves, believed to stimulate the appetite, have a mild onion flavor.

Chopped chives add interest to cream

cheese, scrambled egg, and mashed potato. Try them as a garnish for some soups or sprinkled over a green salad.

CHIVE SALAD DRESSING

1 tablespoon wine vinegar	1 dessert spoon chopped chives
3 tablespoons salad oil	salt and pepper
1 dessert spoon sour cream	squeeze of lemon juice

Put vinegar into bowl with the seasoning and lemon juice. Stir in oil, then add sour cream and beat until smooth. Lastly add chives.

Serve with citrus salad or with cucumbers and tomatoes.

Continued overleaf

HERBS . . . continued

FINES HERBES

THE "fines herbes" are a combination of parsley, chervil, chives, and tarragon. Finely chopped, their most frequent use is in Omelet Fines Herbes, but this combination is also called for in some French recipes for meat, chicken, and fish.

OMELET FINES HERBES

3 eggs
salt and pepper
3 tablespoons water
nut of butter

1 tablespoon combined finely chopped parsley, tarragon, chives, and chervil.

Break eggs into a bowl, add water, seasoning, and half the herbs. Beat lightly with fork until yolks and whites are just combined. Heat the butter in omelet or frying pan, making sure entire surface is lightly coated with melted butter. When on the point of browning, add egg mixture. Using one hand to shake pan, draw cooked mixture from sides to centre of pan with fork, allowing the uncooked egg to take its place. Sprinkle over remaining herbs. When underside is well browned and top barely set, fold omelet in half, transfer to warm plate. Serve immediately.

GARLIC

GARLIC is the bulb of a plant belonging to the lily family. In appearance it resembles an irregular-shaped white onion. This is composed of several "cloves" or segments, each one encased in flaky, white skin. Generally a recipe incorporating garlic will specify one clove to be used, but the strength will depend on the age of the root (young garlic is less pungent than an older bulb) and also the method of cooking.

Garlic is used extensively in Spanish, Italian, and French cooking. It can be added to very many savory dishes, includ-

ing soups, stews, roasts, poultry, steaks, stuffings, salad dressings and salads, pickles, and chutneys.

Before being added to a dish, the garlic clove is peeled, then chopped or crushed. To peel and crush, bring down the flat side of a knife blade sharply on to the clove — the skin can be lifted off quite easily. Add a little salt to the garlic and mash, again using the flat of a knife. Alternatively, peel garlic and crush in a garlic crusher.

AIOLI

4 small cloves garlic
1 teaspoon salt
2 egg-yolks

1 cup olive or salad oil
pepper
juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon

Peel and slice the garlic; mix with salt, crush with flat side of knife blade. Place garlic mixture in small bowl with beaten egg-yolks and a little pepper. Drip the oil from tip of knife on to egg mixture, stirring constantly. When about half the oil has been blended in, the remainder can be added slightly more quickly, but continue to stir continuously. If sauce becomes too thick, add a little warm water. Lastly, stir in lemon juice and adjust seasoning.

Serve with fish.

MARJORAM

THERE are many varieties of marjoram. In addition to oregano (wild marjoram), knotted (or sweet) is the type most widely used in cooking. The plant grows to about 2ft. in height and its grey-green leaves have a spicy, mint flavor. This herb is sometimes included in a bouquet garni.

Use marjoram mixed with other herbs in stuffings, but try it by itself with eggs, beef, pork, lamb, mutton, and in soups, sauces, cheese, and fish dishes. Available in powdered form.

CASSEROLED PORK CHOPS

4 to 6 pork chops
2oz. butter or oil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried marjoram
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried basil

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried thyme
2 finely chopped onions
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apple cider
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
salt and pepper

Trim excess fat from chops. Heat butter or oil in frying pan, brown chops well on both sides, seasoning them with salt and pepper. Arrange in heatproof dish, sprinkle with the herbs. Sauté onions until transparent in remaining fat or oil in frying pan. Add to heatproof dish with cider and water. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven 45 to 60 minutes or until tender.

MINT

FRESH mint can usually be bought, but it is easy to grow in the home garden; it prefers a sunny position. The most common variety, also best for drying, is spearmint, but there are many others.

Cook several sprigs of fresh mint, or a teaspoon of dried mint, with vegetables, especially peas and new potatoes. Serve some in iced tea and summer fruit drinks. Mint sauce or mint jelly is, of course, the traditional accompaniment to roast mutton or lamb.

MINT JELLY

1 dessertspoon gelatine
1 tablespoon cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped mint
green food coloring
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar

Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, mint, and vinegar. Color with few drops of green food coloring. Set aside, stirring occasionally, until mixture is on point of setting. Pour into shallow tin rinsed out with cold water, chill until set. Cut jelly into cubes with sharp knife dipped in hot water and dried. Pile on to dish.

OREGANO

OREGANO, the wild marjoram of Italy and Spain, is prominent in the cooking of these two countries. Available in powdered form, oregano has a strong, pungent flavor and is one of the ingredients in chilli powder.

This herb gives a piquant flavor to such dishes as pizza and chilli con carne, and combines well with tomatoes. Try a little in scrambled eggs and omelets or with pork, veal, beef, and fish dishes; add a pinch to french dressing.

TOMATO SAUCE FOR PASTA

1 tablespoon olive or salad oil
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 crushed cloves garlic
1lb. 12oz. can tomatoes

5oz. can tomato paste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried oregano
pinch dried basil
pepper
1 tablespoon parmesan cheese

Heat oil in saucepan, sauté onion until transparent. Drain tomatoes, reserving liquid from can, and chop finely. Add to saucepan with reserved liquid and remaining ingredients. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes, covered, stirring occasionally. Serve with pasta, especially spaghetti.

PARSLEY

ONE of the most widely used and versatile of all herbs, parsley is rich in vitamin C and also contains iron, calcium, and vitamin A.

Unlike other herbs, which should be used with discretion, a liberal amount of chopped parsley can be added to many kinds of dishes. Use fresh or dried sprigs as a garnish; add chopped or dried parsley to soups, stews, mashed potatoes, egg dishes, dumplings, sauces.

FRIED PARSLEY

fresh parsley sprigs oil for deep frying

Choose good-sized sprigs of parsley. Wash and dry thoroughly. (If the parsley is at all damp, the hot oil will splutter.) Place sprigs in frying-basket, lower slowly into hot oil. When sizzling noise from parsley ceases, remove basket and drain parsley on absorbent paper. If parsley is fried too long it will lose its color.

Serve as a garnish with grilled or fried fish.

PARSLEY RICE

(Picture on page 9)

1½ cups long-grain rice ½ cup chopped parsley
3 cups boiling water ½ cup chopped shallots
2 sliced sticks celery 1oz. butter
salt and pepper

Add ½ teaspoon salt and the well-rinsed rice to boiling water. Cook 12 to 15 minutes, or until water is almost absorbed. Stir in celery, parsley, and shallots. Cover, cook very gently 5 minutes, or until water is completely absorbed. Stir in butter and season to taste.

POT-HERBS

IN cooking terminology pot-herbs are plants, such as celery and watercress, which can be used either as vegetables or flavoring agents.

The plants, usually referred to as herbs, become pot-herbs when grown in small pots.

ROSEMARY

THE variety of rosemary generally cultivated today grows to about 3ft. in height and is a straight-branched bush with grey-green, spiny leaves. It is the leaves that are used in cooking — either fresh or dried and crumbled.

Rosemary has a slight pine flavor that is

particularly good with lamb, but it can also be combined with chicken, veal, and pork, in soups, sauces, stuffings, or chopped and scattered on salads. Try a little in minestrone or pea soup. Rosemary can often be substituted for thyme in a recipe.

LIMA BEANS WITH ROSEMARY

½lb. lima beans 1 teaspoon rosemary
boiling water salt
2oz. butter

Wash beans, place in bowl. Cover with cold water and soak overnight; drain. Cook in boiling water until tender (about 2 hours). Drain, toss in butter and rosemary; add salt to taste.

This is a good accompaniment to almost any meat dish.

SAGE

THERE are many varieties of this particularly pungent herb, but the grey-leaved type with purple flowers is the most popular and is available whole, crushed, or ground.

Use as a seasoning for rissoles, meat loaves, cheese, and egg dishes or with fish — and, of course, in sage and onion stuffing. Try rubbing a joint with sage before roasting — but remember its strength, so use sparingly.

BACON HAMBURGERS

1½lb. minced steak ½ teaspoon pepper
1 beaten egg 1 teaspoon sage
1 finely chopped onion 6 bacon rashers
oil for frying
1 teaspoon salt

Heat some oil in frying pan, saute onion until transparent. Combine drained onion with steak and seasonings. Bind with beaten egg. Form into 6 thick rounds. Remove rind from bacon, wrap one rasher round outside of each portion. Secure with cocktail sticks; chill until firm. Grill slowly until brown on both sides and cooked through.

SAVORY

THE two best known types of savory are the annual summer and perennial winter varieties — they are similar in flavor and resemble a mild form of sage. Winter savory makes an attractive hedge to a herb garden.

Traditionally associated with beans, savory can be used also with lamb, pork, and veal, or combined with other herbs in stuffings, omelets, and salads. It is available in dried, powdered form.

TARRAGON

THERE are two varieties of tarragon — French and Russian — but the French, with its superior flavor, is used most in cooking.

Tarragon is an essential ingredient in bearnaise sauce. Its sharp taste blends well with fish and shellfish; for an interesting result, try a little in a chicken stuffing. Mayonnaise, hollandaise sauce, and french dressing benefit from a pinch of tarragon and, fresh and chopped, it is delicious sprinkled over salads.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

3 sprigs fresh tarragon or ¼ cup wine or cider vinegar
1 teaspoon dried tarragon ½ cup white wine
3 sprigs chervil or 3 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon dried chervil 1 tablespoon water
½lb. unsalted butter
1 teaspoon grated onion salt
pinch cayenne

If fresh herbs are used, remove leaves from stems and reserve. Chop stalks, place in saucepan with onion, peppercorns, vinegar, and wine. If dried herbs are used, place in saucepan with the ingredients as given above. Bring to boil, cook until almost all liquid has evaporated.

Place this reduction in top of double boiler with the water and beaten egg-yolks. Stir constantly over hot, but not

boiling, water until mixture thickens and resembles custard. Stir in softened butter a very little at a time and stir until mixture thickens again before each further addition. Strain through fine sieve. Season sparingly to taste with salt and cayenne.

If fresh herbs are used, chop reserved leaves and add to sauce.

THYME

OF the many varieties of thyme, lemon-scented and garden thyme are the best known and most often used in the kitchen — both are available in dried-leaf form.

A sprig of thyme is one of the bouquet garni ingredients. Use it also to season meats, soups, stuffings and forcemeat, and vegetables — especially aubergines (egg-plants), mushrooms, onions, beetroot, zucchini, and marrows.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2oz. butter salt and pepper
1oz. plain flour 6 egg-whites
½ pint milk fine white bread-crumbs
5 egg-yolks
4oz. grated cheddar cheese ½ teaspoon dried thyme

Butter souffle dish, dust out with bread-crumbs. If dish is small, wrap piece of buttered greaseproof paper round sides, extending about 3in. above top of dish.

Melt butter in saucepan, remove from heat, blend in flour. Return and cook, stirring, until mixture looks bubbly. Gradually add milk, stir over gentle heat until boiling point is reached; simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Mix little sauce with beaten egg-yolks, return to pan with the grated cheese and the thyme. Cook, stirring, until cheese melts. Do not allow to boil. Season to taste, allow to cool slightly. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Fold gently into cheese mixture. Spoon into prepared dish, bake in moderately slow oven 40 to 45 minutes or until top is golden. Serve immediately.



PAPRIKA CHICKEN is cooked with a rich savory sauce, and served with parsley-flecked noodles. See *Paprika* section, page 10.

ALLSPICE

ALLSPICE (also known as Jamaican Pepper) is the dried fruit of the pimento tree—and no relation to the pepper of that name. It is so named because of its resemblance to the combined flavors of nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon. Available whole or ground, allspice is used for pickling, fruit preserving, soups, gravies, cakes, puddings, boiled meats.

SWEDISH POT ROAST

3oz. butter
2 sliced carrots
3lb. topside

3 finely chopped onions
1 tablespoon treacle

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon whole allspice
1 bayleaf

1 dessert spoon wine vinegar
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cream
salt and pepper

Heat the butter in large saucepan, saute onions and carrots until golden; remove. Add meat, brown well on all sides. Return onions and carrots to pan with treacle, brandy, water, allspice, bayleaf, seasoning, and vinegar. Bring to boil, cover, simmer $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until meat is tender. Transfer meat to serving dish. Blend flour with cream; add a little of the gravy, mix well, return to saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until sauce thickens, simmer 3 minutes; do not boil. Remove bayleaf, adjust seasoning, spoon over meat.

SPICES

APPLE-RAISIN PUDDING

1 large can pie apple
1 cup sponge cake crumbs
2oz. marzipan meal
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground allspice
2oz. raisins
1oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

Grease heatproof dish, place half the cake crumbs in base. Combine marzipan meal, sugar, allspice, and raisins. Arrange this mixture in alternate layers with the apple and dots of butter. Pour over water, top with remaining cake crumbs. Bake in moderately slow oven 20 minutes. Serve hot, with whipped cream.

CHEESE STRAWS

2 cups plain flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
pinch mustard
good pinch cayenne
1 teaspoon baking powder

4oz. butter or substitute
2oz. grated cheese
1-3rd cup water (approx.)

Sift flour, salt, cayenne, mustard, and baking powder. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to rather dry dough with water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness; cut into straw shapes. Place on greased oven slides, bake in moderately hot oven approximately 10 minutes.

If desired, biscuits can be glazed with beaten egg-yolk before baking to give a golden glaze. Small circle shapes can also be cut from the pastry and baked as above. Tuck some cheese straws inside the circles for attractive serving.

Makes approximately 4 dozen.

CAYENNE

CAYENNE pepper is made from the ground, brilliant red, whole pods of the chilli or capsicum. The plant is ornamental, and is grown in many parts of the world, but chiefly in the East Indies and Africa. Depending on its country of origin, cayenne varies in pungency, but all types are very hot and should be used with discretion. It is an important ingredient in curry powder.

Add a little cayenne to meat, fish, and egg dishes, to savory batters, sauces, and salad dressings, in cheese dishes and with shellfish.

MACARONI SALAD BOWL

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups macaroni
boiling salted water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sharp cheese
2 sliced sticks celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ red pepper

$\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
salt
cayenne pepper
chopped parsley

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Cut cheese into small cubes. Remove seeds and pith from peppers. Blanch in boiling water 3 or 4 minutes; drain and chop. Combine macaroni, cheese, celery, and peppers in bowl. Toss in mayonnaise, season to taste with salt and a very little cayenne. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CINNAMON

THE cinnamon tree is an evergreen laurel. The thin bark is peeled from the tree and rolled into sticks as it dries, forming stick cinnamon. True cinnamon grows in Ceylon and India; cassia, a member of the same family, comes from South-East Asia, and is almost identical in flavor. The Saigon variety is recognised as being the best-quality ground cinnamon.

Cinnamon has a mellow, slightly sweet flavor that blends with both sweet and savory foods. When a recipe calls for stick cinnamon, it will usually give the amount to be used in inches, for example, "a 2in. stick cinnamon."

Use ground cinnamon in cakes, milk, and fruit puddings or with grilled or stewed meats. Add a cinnamon stick to hot drinks such as mulled wine, use in pickles and chutneys with boiled meats and when stewing fruits.

CINNAMON COFFEE CAKE

1 egg
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ cup milk
2½ cups plain flour

2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
8oz. melted butter or substitute

TOPPING

2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts

Beat egg until fluffy, stir in sugar gradually, then add cinnamon. Heat milk to lukewarm, add to egg and sugar mixture alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, add cooled melted butter; beat batter until well blended. Turn into greased 9in. square cake tin; smooth top. Sprinkle over combined topping ingredients. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Turn out on to cake cooler.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON CAKE

(Picture on pages 8, 9)

1 cup plain flour
½ cup castor sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
1/3rd cup oil
1 egg-yolk

3oz. sweet sherry
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup desiccated coconut
1 cup egg-whites (about 3 or 4)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

DECORATION

sifted icing sugar
whipped cream
strawberries

Sift flour twice, then sift again with ½ cup sugar, the baking powder, cinnamon, and salt into large bowl. Make well in centre, add oil, beaten egg-yolk, sherry, and vanilla; beat to smooth batter. Stir in coconut. Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until soft peaks form, gradually beat in remaining sugar and continue beating until stiff. Pour batter slowly over beaten egg-whites, gently folding in with rubber scraper or large metal spoon. Pour mixture into lightly oiled 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderately slow oven 70 to 75

minutes. When done, cake will spring back when lightly touched with finger. Remove from oven, stand in tin until cold. Turn out gently. Dust top with sifted icing sugar. Decorate with border of whipped cream and strawberries.

CHICKEN AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

1 chicken (about 3lb.)
1 large can tomatoes
2in. stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup water
salt and pepper
seasoned flour
2 tablespoons oil

Cut the chicken into joints, toss in seasoned flour. Heat the oil in large frying pan, brown chicken joints well on all sides. Transfer to saucepan, add tomatoes, cinnamon, lemon juice, and water. Cover, simmer over gentle heat 3 to 4 hours. Adjust seasoning and remove cinnamon stick before serving.

CLOVES

CLOVES are the buds of an evergreen tree. Used extensively in cookery, they are available whole or ground. Their penetrating, aromatic flavor makes careful use essential—2 or 3 cloves are generally sufficient for most dishes.

Use cloves in some soups, with eggs, fish, meat, stuffings, sauces and gravies, pickles and chutneys. Try a clove-studded orange added to boiling ham or bacon, and an onion stuck with cloves, cooked with boiled chicken. A traditional use is in apple pie; ground cloves are added to cakes and biscuits.

APPLE PIE

(Picture on page 1)

16oz. shortcrust pastry
4 to 6 large tart apples
juice ½ lemon
½ cup white sugar
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon plain flour
5 cloves
grated rind ½ lemon
little milk
egg-white for glazing

Peel and core apples, slice thinly. Place in bowl with lemon juice, cover with cold water. Combine sugars, flour, cloves, and lemon rind. Roll out just over half the pastry on lightly floured board, line 10in. pie dish. Sprinkle a little sugar mixture over base, arrange layer of drained apple slices over, sprinkle with more sugar mixture. Continue in layers until all apples and sugar have been used.

Roll out remaining pastry, brush edges of pie with milk, cover with pastry. Trim and decorate edges. Cut slits in top, brush with lightly beaten egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, continue baking further 40 minutes or until apple is tender and pastry browned.

SPICED TEA

(Picture on page 8)

3 pints boiling water
6 whole cloves
small piece stick cinnamon
1½ tablespoons tea
juice 1½ oranges
juice ½ lemon
½ cup sugar
orange and lemon slices

Pour boiling water over cloves, cinnamon, and tea. Steep 5 minutes; strain. Place fruit juices in small saucepan with sugar, stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved; strain. Add to tea mixture. Serve iced, with orange and lemon slices.

GINGER

GINGER, the root of the plant, can be obtained in four different forms—green (fresh root); ground (dried and powdered root); preserved (cooked in syrup and bottled); crystallised (cooked, drained, and rolled in sugar).

Green ginger is used with savory foods (if substituting ground ginger, use only ½ amount specified for green ginger in recipe). Ground ginger is used in savory and sweet recipes. Preserved and crystallised gingers are interchangeable in recipes, but if no sugar is used in the recipe, rinse sugar coating off the crystallised ginger.

CHINESE ROAST PORK

6 chopped shallots
2 crushed cloves
4 thin slices green ginger
few drops chilli sauce
3 tablespoons dry sherry
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons honey
2lb. pork fillet

Combine shallots, garlic, ginger, chilli sauce, sherry, soy sauce, and half the honey. Marinate pork in this mixture 1 hour, turning occasionally. Remove pork from marinade, place in baking dish. Brush with remaining honey, roast in moderate oven 1½ hours or until tender, basting occasionally. Serve hot or cold.

SOFT GINGERBREAD

(Picture on page 8)

1 cup treacle
1 dessertspoon bicarbonate of soda
4oz. melted butter or substitute
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 eggs
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons ground ginger
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon cocoa
2oz. sultanas
3 cups plain flour

LEMON ICING

½lb. icing sugar
½oz. butter
lemon juice

Heat treacle gently; add bicarbonate of soda, beat into treacle until it froths. Beat sugar, eggs, and milk well, stir into treacle mixture with the melted butter. Sift flour, spices, and cocoa, stir into liquid mixture with sultanas. Pour into well-greased 9in. cake tin, the base of which has been lined with greased greaseproof paper. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour 15 minutes or until done when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes in tin, turn out on to cake cooler. When cold, ice with lemon icing.

Lemon Icing: Sift icing sugar into basin. Add butter and sufficient lemon juice to make spreading consistency. Beat well, until smooth.

Continued on page 10

SPICY DISHES



SOFT GINGERBREAD, topped with lemon icing. See recipe on page 7.



SPICED ICED TEA, flavored with cloves, makes a refreshing drink for all the family. See page 7.





PRAWN CURRY (see page 14) is surrounded with Parsley Rice (see page 5).

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON CAKE is spiced with cinnamon, topped with cream. See page 7.

SPICES . . . concluded

MACE

MACE, the fleshy covering of nutmeg, with a similar but stronger flavor, is available in "blade" and powdered form, although blade mace is more difficult to obtain. Use it in preserving, flavoring fish, fish sauces, and stuffings. Try a pinch of mace on grilled lamb or veal chops. A little added to whipped cream makes an interesting variation—so does a pinch in pie pastry.

MIXED SPICE

MIXED spice, as the name implies, is a blend of certain spices in finely ground form. Generally these will be caraway, allspice, coriander, cumin, nutmeg, and ginger, but other spices, such as cinnamon, may be included.

Mixed spice is used in cakes, puddings, and with fruit.

NUTMEG

FROM the same tree as mace, nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit; available in whole nut and ground form, the nuts should be grated before use. One nutmeg will generally produce 3 teaspoonfuls when grated, but, for full flavor, prepare only as much as needed at the time, then store remainder of nut until required again.

Although generally included in sweet recipes, nutmeg is also used with meats and poultry, such as chicken, and in sauces.

Page 10—COOKING WITH HERBS AND SPICES

BLACKCURRANT CHEESE SLICE NUTMEG CRUST

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain sweet biscuit crumbs $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
4oz. melted butter

FILLING

blackcurrant jam 1 dessert spoon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon plain flour 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg 3 separated eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt 1 cup sour cream
12oz. cream cheese 3oz. sugar

Nutmeg Crust: Place biscuit crumbs and nutmeg in basin, stir in melted butter. Fill into base of lamington tin, previously lined with strips of greased greaseproof paper. Spread crust with layer of jam.

Filling: Blend brown sugar, sifted flour, nutmeg, salt, and cream cheese. Add grated lemon rind and lemon juice. Beat in egg-yolks and sour cream, beat until smooth. Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, gradually beat in sugar; fold into cheese mixture. Spoon over crumb crust, smooth surface. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, reduce heat to moderately slow, bake further 30 minutes. Turn oven off, leave slice in oven until cool. When quite cold, dust top with icing sugar, cut into slices.

Any berry or apricot jam can be used in place of blackcurrant, if desired.

PAPRIKA

BEST quality paprika is made from the dried, ground pods of a variety of sweet red pepper or capsicum: a cheaper quality is made from the seeds themselves. Has a mild, slightly sweet flavor.

Paprika brightens otherwise insipid-looking dishes when used as a garnish. It can be mixed with breadcrumbs to use as topping for dishes such as macaroni au gratin, or used with breadcrumbs for coating chicken joints for frying.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round steak 1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 lb. tomatoes
1 tablespoon bouquet garni
paprika stock
1 lb. sliced onions little sugar
2 to 3oz. butter salt and pepper
1 dessertspoon flour

Cut meat into 1 in. cubes. Heat butter in large saucepan, cook onions over gentle heat until transparent; remove from pan. Add meat, sprinkle in paprika; brown meat on all sides. Stir in flour. Return onions to pan with bouquet garni, sugar, and seasoning. Cover meat with stock, stir in tomato paste. Cover, cook very gently 30 minutes. Add skinned and chopped tomatoes. Cook over gentle heat or in moderate oven 2 to 3 hours. Remove bouquet garni, adjust seasoning, if necessary, before serving.

PAPRIKA CHICKEN

(Picture on page 6)

2oz. butter salt and pepper
2 finely chopped $\frac{1}{2}$ crushed clove onions garlic
1 dessertspoon $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken paprika stock
1 chicken, jointed 1 large ripe tomato (about $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) 1 cup sour cream

Heat butter in saucepan, cook onions until transparent, stirring occasionally; stir in paprika. Add chicken joints, brown well on all sides. Add salt and pepper to taste, crushed garlic and stock. Peel and chop tomato, add to saucepan. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until chicken is tender. Remove joints from saucepan, keep warm. Remove excess fat from gravy. Slowly add sour cream to saucepan, adjust seasoning. Return chicken joints to pan, reheat very slowly, without allowing it to boil.

PEPPER

BLACK and white pepper both come from the berry of a perennial vine. Black pepper is the whole peppercorn, white the inner seed with black outer covering removed. Whole peppercorns keep their flavor better than ground pepper; grind in a peppermill as needed.

Pepper is almost indispensable in savory cooking. Usually, black is preferable, although it is better to use white in pale-colored foods or cream sauces.

PEPPER STEAK (Picture on page 14)

4 slices fillet or 2oz. butter
rump steak 2 tablespoons
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 tablespoons brandy
coarsely ground $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
black pepper 2 tablespoons cream
corns salt

Press ground peppercorns into both sides of steaks. Heat butter in thick frying-pan and cook steaks on both sides. Remove from pan, keep warm; pour off excess fat, leaving any pieces of pepper in pan. Add brandy and wine and stir over good heat. Draw aside and stir in cream. Season to taste with salt. Pour sauce over steaks and serve.

SAFFRON

SAFFRON is obtained from the dried stigmas of a type of crocus grown in Europe, mostly in Spain. Since it takes 225,000 stigmas to make one pound of saffron, and each one is hand picked, it is not surprising that this is the world's most expensive spice.

Saffron is used widely in Spanish cooking to impart yellow color and subtle flavor; available in stigma or powdered form, it should be used very sparingly.

Steep saffron in a little warm water before use. Meat and poultry dishes generally incorporating rice, fish soups such as bouillabaisse, and some traditional breads and cakes include this spice.

TURMERIC

TURMERIC is the root of a plant of the ginger family. It originated in China and Indonesia, is now produced in India, Haiti, and Jamaica.

Deep yellow in color, it is often a curry ingredient and is used commercially in mustard, curry powder, and some pickles. At home, use it in sauces and dressings, marinades for chicken and shellfish, and in some pickles and chutneys.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1967

Aromatic seeds

ANISE

ANISE is an annual plant growing to 18in. in height and producing flat-topped bunches of white flowers. The seeds and fresh leaves are used in cooking, and its sharp, distinctive aroma is unmistakable in the liqueur Anisette.

If you have anise in the garden, chop the fresh leaves and sprinkle them over salads. Use the seeds as a flavoring with shellfish, meat, and stuffings. In scones, rolls, bread, and biscuits the seeds can be included in the dough or sprinkled on top.

ANISE BISCUITS

2 eggs
5oz. sugar
1 cup plain flour
grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 teaspoon anise seeds

Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy. Fold in sifted flour, grated lemon rind, and anise seeds. Pipe small rounds on to greased baking sheets, spacing them out well. Bake in moderately slow oven 13 to 15 minutes or until golden round edges. Cool on wire rack.

Makes about three dozen.

ANISE PEAR FLAN

4 or 5 large pears
2-3rd cup sugar
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
1 teaspoon anise seeds
1 baked 9in. short-crust pastry case
grated rind 1 lemon
1 tablespoon corn-flour
1 tablespoon extra water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
glace cherries
whipped cream

Peel, core, and slice pears. Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved. Bring to the boil, cook until thin syrup has formed. Reduce heat, add pears, and simmer until tender; cool, remove pears, arrange in pastry case. Add anise seed to syrup, simmer 10 minutes; blend cornflour with extra

water, add to syrup with lemon rind and juice. Stir over heat until sauce thickens, strain, spoon over pears. Decorate with whipped cream and halved glace cherries.

BUTTERED CABBAGE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cabbage
boiling salted water
2oz. butter
1 teaspoon anise seeds

Wash cabbage, removing outer leaves, if necessary, and inner hard core; shred finely. Cook, covered, in a little boiling salted water until barely tender; drain well. Melt butter with anise seeds in rinsed-out saucepan, add cabbage, and toss over low heat a few minutes.

CARAWAY

CARAWAY is the aromatic seed of a biennial member of the parsley family.

Most widely used in seed cake and bread, caraway can be cooked with meat, some vegetables, and cheese. Add a pinch to stews and marinades, sprinkle a little on pork before roasting; use as a flavoring in cheese dishes or crushed with cottage cheese.

CARAWAY CAKE

2oz. butter or substitute
4 tablespoons sugar
grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 lightly beaten egg
pinch salt
1 dessert spoon caraway seeds
1 cup self-raising flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Cream butter and sugar; add lemon rind, then beaten egg a little at a time, beating well between each addition. Fold in caraway seeds and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.



MUSTARD SEED gives extra tang to these tasty Italian Vegetable Pickles (also shown on page 1). See page 13.

VEAL PAPRIKA WITH CARAWAY

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter
3 finely chopped onions
2lb. cubed veal
1 small can tomatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 tablespoon paprika
1 bayleaf
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon caraway seeds
salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sliced mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour
mixed with 1oz. extra butter
chopped parsley

Heat butter in pan, cook onions over low heat until transparent, stirring occasionally. Add veal, brown on all sides; add tomatoes, water, paprika, bayleaf, and caraway seeds; season to taste. Cover, simmer 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; add sliced mushrooms, simmer

further 30 minutes or until veal is tender. Mix a little of the sauce with the flour and butter, return to pan, stir until sauce thickens. Adjust seasoning, remove bayleaf, serve, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

COLESLAW WITH CARAWAY

1 small head white cabbage
1 finely chopped onion
salt and pepper
little grated lemon rind
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon caraway seeds

Remove outer leaves from cabbage, cut into quarters, removing central hard stem. Shred cabbage; stir in chopped onion, seasoning, and lemon rind. Add mayonnaise and caraway seeds. Chill before serving.

Continued overleaf

AROMATIC SEEDS . . . continued

CARDAMOM

CARDAMOM is an Indian native plant used extensively in Indian cookery. Cardamom pods or the whole or ground seeds can be bought in Australia. The off-white pods are about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in length and contain about 12 to 16 seeds. The seeds are very hard, so they should be crushed before use to release their pungent flavor.

Whole cardamom seeds are used in fruit punches, pickles, and marinades. In their ground form they are included in bread and cakes, meat balls, and roast pork. The flavor of cardamom combines very well with coffee and, in its ground form, is a component of curry powder.

COCKTAIL MEAT BALLS

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. minced steak	1 s m a l l finely
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each minced	chopped onion
pork and veal	salt and pepper
1 cup fresh bread-	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar
crumbs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	cardamom
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream	2 to 3oz. extra
1oz. butter	butter

Blend the cream and water, soak the breadcrumbs in this mixture. Heat the butter in frying pan, saute the onion until golden; add to breadcrumbs with beef, pork, and veal, salt, pepper, sugar, and cardamom. Shape into small balls, using wet hands. Heat the extra butter in frying pan, fry the meatballs a few at a time, shaking pan frequently. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot or cold.

CELERY SEED

CELERY seeds do not come from the well-known vegetable, but from a plant related to the parsley family. They are available whole or ground. Sprinkle

whole seeds on herb breads or include in the dough; scatter on canapes; add to marinades for beef or sprinkle on roast veal; include in pickles.

Use ground celery seeds with eggs, cheese, in salads and salad dressings, and with vegetables such as potatoes, aubergines, tomatoes, peppers.

PICKLED SLICED CUCUMBER

6 small cucumbers	1 teaspoon turmeric
3 sliced onions	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup salt	seed
$1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard
1 cup vinegar	seed
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	

Wash cucumbers, slice thinly. Place cucumbers in bowl in layers with onions, sprinkle with salt between layers, add water. Leave to soak 2 hours, then drain. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil. Remove from heat, add vegetables. Return, bring to boil, simmer gently 10 minutes. Fill into hot, sterilised jars to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of top. Seal immediately.

CORIANDER

CORIANDER is available in whole seed or ground form. It is a comparatively mild spice, has a flavor similar to nutmeg. The longer the seeds are kept (they should be stored in a dry place) the more pronounced the flavor becomes. Seeds can be left whole in cooking but it is usual to crush them first.

Use with dried pea and bean soups, spicy sauces, roast or stewed meat, some fish dishes, omelets, baked eggs, and some cakes and pies such as coffee cake, Danish pastries, and apple pie. When using coriander to flavor custards or milk puddings, include a small piece of lemon or orange rind; the two flavors blend well.

PORTUGUESE CASSEROLE

2 or 3 potatoes	salt and pepper
boiling, salted water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground
2 sliced onions	coriander
2oz. butter	1 tablespoon oil
2lb. white fish fillets	2 or 3 sliced
1 clove crushed	tomatoes
garlic	little water
2 tablespoons	melted butter
chopped parsley	

Peel potatoes, cut into fairly thin slices; blanch in boiling, salted water 3 to 4 minutes; drain.

Saute onions in butter until transparent, then place onions in base of greased casserole, arrange fish fillets on top. Sprinkle over garlic, parsley, salt, pepper, coriander, and oil. Cover with tomato slices, arrange potato slices on top. Moisten with little water, cover and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes; remove lid after 30 minutes, brush potato with melted butter.

MUSHROOM SALAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	4 black peppercorns
2 tablespoons lemon	salt
juice	12 coriander seeds
2 tablespoons olive	or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
or salad oil	ground coriander
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. small button
1 bayleaf	mushrooms
small piece celery	extra oil

Place all ingredients, except mushrooms and extra oil, in saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil. Wipe mushrooms, trim stalks. Add to saucepan, simmer 5 minutes. Serve cold as hors-d'oeuvre with a little of the cooking liquid and extra oil.

CUMIN SEED

CUMIN, a low-growing annual from the Mediterranean, is used in Near and Middle Eastern cookery, and is a basic ingredient of curries. The dried ripe fruit

of the plant forms the spice. With its pungent aroma, cumin is used by the Dutch and Swiss to flavor cheese, by the Germans in sauerkraut, and by the Hebrews in unleavened bread. It is available ground or in whole seed form.

Use cumin in rye bread, pickles, chutney, rice, cabbage and bean dishes, with pork and lamb.

POOR MAN'S STEAK

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak	2 peeled and
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lean pork	chopped tomatoes
$1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt	1 crushed clove
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	garlic
oil for frying	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
1 finely chopped	pinch chilli powder
onion	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground
	cumin

Mince pork, combine with steak and seasoning. Form into small flat cakes, fry in hot oil until brown on both sides and cooked through. Drain, keep warm. Heat a little oil in saucepan, saute onion until transparent. Add tomatoes, garlic, water, chilli powder, and cumin; add seasoning to taste. Cover, simmer 10 minutes.

Serve meat cakes with the sauce.

DILL

DILL—a favorite herb in Scandinavian and Russian cooking—has a flavor reminiscent of fennel, but milder. Either chopped, fresh leaves or seeds can be used.

In dill pickles the herb helps to make the cucumber more digestible. Flavors of fish and dill combine well—add a few dill seeds to the poaching liquid. Try the chopped, fresh leaves in salads, dressings, sauces, or with coleslaw. If fresh dill is difficult to obtain, the dried and powdered variety can be used in recipes where the herb is cooked with other ingredients.

CUCUMBER DILL SALAD

1 cucumber
salt and pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
1 dessert spoon warm water

1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill
3 tablespoons wine vinegar

Peel cucumber, slice very thinly; arrange slices on wire rack, sprinkle with salt and allow to drain. Dissolve sugar in warm water, add chopped dill and vinegar; season with pepper, stand about 30 minutes. Arrange cucumber slices on dish, pour over dressing.

FENNEL

PERENNIAL fennel and annual Florence fennel are the two best-known varieties. Seeds of both can be used in cooking, but leaves and stems of Florence fennel have a more pleasant flavor than those of the perennial; leaves, stems, roots, and seeds all have an aniseed taste.

Try the raw stems stuffed with cream cheese and cut into 1in. slices or use to make a delicious salad. Cook the seeds with fish or add to bread and pastries; for a change, use them as a flavoring with apple. Chop the fresh leaves and add to soups and sauces.

FENNEL SALAD

1 fennel root
3 tablespoons salad juice or olive oil

1 tablespoon lemon juice
salt and pepper

Wash fennel root, cut into thin strips. Combine oil and lemon juice, add seasoning to taste. Spoon over fennel and toss well. Refrigerate 2 to 3 hours before serving.

FENUGREEK

FENUGREEK is grown extensively in India, where the leaves are used for fodder. The seeds, which form in long, thin

Pods, are sold in ground form and are a component of curry powder. Fenugreek can be used in some pickles and with dried beans; also in soups and casseroles.

JUNIPER BERRIES

JUNIPER berries are the dried, ripe fruit of a small, evergreen shrub native to Europe and North Africa. Best known as the flavoring in gin, the berries are used in stuffings and marinades for poultry and game and can be added to sauerkraut and coleslaw. In French cooking, they are sometimes included in stews. Due to their pungency, they should be used sparingly—4 to 8 berries, crushed, will generally be sufficient to give the desired flavor.

MUSTARD

THE hardy annual mustard plant will grow in almost any temperate area of the world. There are two main varieties, both native to Europe and producing seeds that vary in strength and flavor. Ready-mixed mustards are becoming more and more popular, and English, French, and German blends are all available in the shops.

Use mustard seed in casseroles, pickles, salads, dressings, and vegetable dishes. Prepared mustards, traditional accompaniment of beef, steak, and ham, can be added to cheese dishes, sauces, and dressings.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

3lb. green tomatoes
2oz. salt
1lb. chopped onions
1 large chopped green apple
1 green pepper
6oz. sugar

1oz. mustard seeds
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon mixed spice
1/2 pint vinegar
1lb. raisins

Chop tomatoes roughly, place in non-metal basin in layers with salt. Next day, place tomatoes with their liquid in large saucepan. Remove seeds from pepper, chop finely; add to tomatoes with all other ingredients except sugar. Bring to boil, cook steadily until vegetables are reduced to soft pulp. Add sugar, continue boiling to chutney consistency (approximately 1 1/2 hours). Bottle into warm jars; seal when cold. Makes 2 pints.

ITALIAN VEGETABLE PICKLES

(Picture on page 11)

1lb. carrots
1lb. parsnips
1lb. small onions
2 red peppers
2 green peppers

1/2 head celery
white wine vinegar
1 tablespoon mustard seeds
1 dessert spoon celery seeds

Scrape carrots, peel onions. Wash peppers, celery, parsnips. Leave onions whole, also carrots if small. If large, cut carrots into 2in. lengths. Cut celery and parsnips into 2in. lengths. Quarter peppers, removing pith and seeds. Place onions, parsnips, and carrots in large saucepan; add sufficient vinegar to cover. Add mustard and celery seeds. Bring to boil, simmer 15 minutes. Add remaining vegetables with vinegar to cover, cook 3 minutes. Fill into hot, dry jars; seal.

POPPY SEEDS

GROWN mainly in Holland, poppy seeds are the non-narcotic seeds of the poppy. They can be used whole or ground. For best flavor bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes, or toast in dry frying pan over low heat. Sprinkle whole on breads, pastries, salads, pasta, baked or grilled fish, buttered new potatoes, and cauliflower. Use ground in cakes or strudel fillings. Purists, however, believe in using poppy seeds only in sweet foods.

NOODLES WITH POPPY SEEDS

1 packet noodles
boiling salted water
1oz. butter

1 tablespoon poppy seeds

Cook noodles until tender in boiling, salted water. Drain. Melt butter in rinsed-out saucepan, add poppy seeds and noodles. Toss well, serve immediately as accompaniment to grills, stews, casseroles.

SESAME SEEDS

SESAME seeds are small, flat, and round—and light brown, high in mineral and protein content. In many parts of the world, oil extracted from the seeds is used for cooking. The faintly nutty flavor of the seeds is brought out by baking 20 minutes in moderate oven.

Sesame seeds are sprinkled on breads, buns, cakes, and pastries. They can also be added to cheese mixtures and fish dishes, sprinkled on canapes, added to salad dressings.

SESAME SEED BARS

1/2 cup plain flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1/2 teaspoon ground allspice
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg

1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 egg
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 1/2oz. butter or substitute
1-3rd cup toasted sesame seeds

Sift flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda, and spices into bowl. Melt butter, allow to cool. Beat egg and sugar thoroughly. Fold in butter alternately with dry ingredients. Grease 8in. square sandwich tin, arrange half sesame seeds in base. Spoon in batter and top with remaining seeds. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, or until done when tested. Cool in tin, then cut into bars.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

Miscellaneous

CAPERS

CAPERS are the unopened buds of a variety of geranium which are dried then pickled in vinegar. They add a sharp and piquant flavor to sauces accompanying boiled meat and fish. Try them also in salads or as a garnish.

CAPER SAUCE

1/2 oz. butter	1/2 teaspoon pre-
1/2 oz. flour	pared mustard
1/2 pint milk or vege-	salt and pepper
table stock	1 to 2 tablespoons
1 teaspoon vinegar	drained capers
1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon cream
chopped parsley	

Melt butter in saucepan, remove from heat, add flour. Cook, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes, then add milk or stock, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, and capers. Stir over moderate heat until boiling point is reached; simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in cream and chopped parsley. Serve with boiled lamb or mutton.

CURRY POWDER

CURRY powder is a blend of at least 6 spices which may include cumin, coriander, fenugreek, turmeric, ginger, pepper, mace, cardamom, and cloves.

In addition to curries, use curry powder with eggs, in marinades, sprinkled on

grilled fish, or to flavor sauces and butters. Amount used will vary according to the brand of curry powder and strength desired. Curry powder should be fried at start of making a curry — this releases its full flavor and also cooks the spices.

PRAWN CURRY

(Picture on page 9)

1 lb. shelled cooked prawns	1 tablespoon curry powder
2 cups chicken stock	pinch cayenne
4 oz. desiccated coconut	1/2 teaspoon salt
3 onions	pinch cinnamon
1 apple	6 peppercorns
4 sticks celery	2 bayleaves
2 tablespoons oil	juice 1/2 lemon
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger	1 tablespoon red currant jelly
1/2 teaspoon turmeric	1 dessert spoon cornflour
3 tomatoes	

Bring stock to boil, pour over coconut, cover, and infuse 15 minutes. Then drain, reserving liquid.

Slice onions and celery, dice apple, cut tomatoes into wedges. Heat oil, fry onions until lightly browned. Add curry powder, spices, salt, peppercorns, and bayleaves; cook, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Add celery, apple, and tomatoes, cook further 5 minutes. Pour on reserved coconut stock. Cover, simmer 45 minutes. Sieve curry sauce, pressing as much of the vegetables through as possible. Add lemon juice and red currant jelly. Blend cornflour with 3 tablespoons cold water, add to sauce. Bring up to the boil, stirring continuously; boil 2 minutes. Add prawns, heat through. Serve with Parsley Rice (page 5).

CURRY BISCUITS

2 oz. grated sharp cheese	1/2 teaspoon curry powder
2 tablespoons milk	2 oz. butter or substitute
pinch cayenne	

READY TO COOK, Pepper Steaks (recipe on page 10) are served with Eastern Sautéed Potatoes (see page 15).

1 cup plain flour	extra grated cheese or finely chopped walnuts
pinch salt	
extra milk	

Cream butter or substitute and cheese until soft, beat in milk. Sift flour with salt, cayenne, and curry powder, add to creamed mixture, and mix to a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll out to 1/4 in. thickness. Cut into rounds with lin. pastry cutter. Brush with milk, sprinkle with finely chopped walnuts or grated cheese. Place on greased baking tray, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Makes 2 dozen.

GARAM MASALA

GARAM MASALA is a combination of ground coriander seeds, cumin seeds, cloves, cinnamon, peppercorns, nutmeg, and cardamom seeds. Unlike curry powder, it should be added to a dish at the end of cooking time so its delicate flavor is retained. The spices included in the mixture and quantities used are variable. Garam Masala is used extensively in Indian cooking.

LAMB CURRY

1 small leg lamb (boned)	1 sliced green pepper
1 oz. ghee or butter	1/2 teaspoon turmeric
1 finely chopped onion	pinch chilli powder
2 crushed cloves	2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon chopped green ginger	3 peeled, chopped tomatoes
	1 teaspoon garam masala

Heat the ghee or butter in saucepan, fry the onion, ginger, and green pepper until onion is tender. Add turmeric, salt, and chilli powder. Cook, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Cut meat into bite-sized pieces, add to pan, stir until browned. Add tomatoes and garlic, cover and cook slowly 1 to 1 1/2 hours, or until meat is tender; stir occasionally. Ten minutes before end of cooking time, stir in garam masala.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 1, 1967



Page 14 — COOKING WITH HERBS AND SPICES

EASTERN SAUTEED POTATOES

(Picture on opposite page)

2lb. tiny new potatoes
3oz. butter or oil
1 finely chopped onion
pinch chilli powder
salt
½ teaspoon turmeric
2 teaspoons garam masala

Scrub potatoes. Heat the butter or oil in saucepan, saute the onion until transparent. Add remaining ingredients except garam masala, and cook, stirring, for 5 minutes. Cover, cook very slowly, shaking pan occasionally, until potatoes are almost tender. Stir in garam masala, continue cooking until potatoes are done.

HORSERADISH

HORSERADISH is the root of a perennial plant, a member of the mustard family. It can be bought in jars, either preserved in vinegar or blended in a creamy sauce.

Horseradish, the traditional accompaniment to roast beef, can be combined with mayonnaise to give a sharp and piquant dressing. The young and tender leaves of the plant can be chopped and used in salads.

BETROOT-HORSERADISH SALAD

1 tablespoon bottled horseradish
¼ tablespoons olive or salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
3 medium-sized cooked beetroot

Combine horseradish, oil, salt, and sugar. Peel and grate cooked beetroot. Add remaining ingredients, mix gently, and chill. Serve with cold boiled beef or chicken.

HORSERADISH CREAM DRESSING

½ cup cream
¼ cup wine vinegar
1½ tablespoons bottled horseradish relish
1 cup salt and pepper
1 finely chopped shallot

Whip cream until stiff, then gradually beat in vinegar. Beat well, then add salt and pepper. Finally, add horseradish and shallot.

Serve as dressing with coleslaw or cold meat salads.

HORSERADISH CREAM RELISH

2 tablespoons grated fresh horseradish
1 tablespoon white vinegar or lemon juice
1 dessertspoon sugar
salt and pepper
prepared mustard
½ cup cream

Combine all ingredients, except cream, adding seasoning and mustard to taste. Whip cream lightly until the whisk leaves slight trail on surface. Fold into horseradish mixture; chill. Serve with hot or cold roast beef.

MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

MONOSODIUM glutamate, or M.S.G. as it is commonly known, is widely used in Chinese cookery. It is the sodium salt of glutamic acid present in nearly all animal and vegetable protein. Half to one teaspoon added to poultry, meats, fish, sauces, gravies, soups, and vegetables will help to bring out the flavor. It should not be added to sweet food, fruits, or dairy products.

VEGETABLES IN WINE

2oz. butter
4 cups thinly sliced cauliflower
1 cup thinly sliced celery
1 finely chopped onion
1 chicken stock cube
½ cup dry white wine
½ teaspoon salt
pinch pepper
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Melt butter in large, heavy frying pan. Add cauliflower, celery, and onion. Combine crumbled stock cube with remaining ingredients; pour over the vegetables. Cook quickly, stirring constantly, over high heat 8 minutes or until vegetables are tender but still crisp.

FRIED RICE WITH HAM

2 beaten eggs
½oz. butter
3 dessertspoons oil
3 sliced shallots
¾lb. cold cooked long-grain rice
1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ cup chopped ham
salt and pepper

Season eggs with salt and pepper. Heat butter in small saucepan; gently scramble eggs.

Heat oil in saucepan. Add shallots, cook quickly, stirring, a few minutes. Add rice, toss so it is coated in oil. Cook 2 to 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add soy sauce, sugar, and monosodium glutamate; then stir in ham and scrambled egg, cutting egg into small pieces. Cook until heated through.

SALT

Salt, or sodium chloride as it is scientifically known, is a mineral mined in many parts of the world; it is also contained naturally in most foods. Salt added to food during cooking will help to bring out the flavor, and will also stimulate the appetite. A certain amount of salt in the diet is essential for health, while too much can be harmful. Salt also acts as a preservative.

SALTY THINS

4oz. self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons water
1oz. butter
extra salt

Sift flour and salt into basin. Place water and butter in small saucepan, heat gently until butter has melted; pour on to flour, mix well. Turn dough on to lightly floured board, roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with 2in. biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking trays. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Sprinkle with extra salt while still hot.

Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

VANILLA

THE vanilla bean is the seed pod of a yellow-flowered orchid native to Central America; the pods are odorless and flavorless. Over a period of six months, they are subjected to alternate heat and darkness to induce fermentation. When almost black in color, the vanilla bean, as we know it, emerges.

Vanilla extract is produced by steeping the cured pods in a mixture of alcohol and water.

Keep a vanilla bean in a jar containing sugar—the flavor is imparted to the sugar to be used in cakes and custards. Heat the whole pod, or a small piece, in milk for any sweet dish requiring these two ingredients. The bean can be washed and dried afterwards to be stored and used again. An alternative method is to split the bean and remove the seeds. Store the bean in a sugar jar and use the seeds—the part with the strongest flavor—for heating with milk.

Vanilla flavor is popular for many sweet recipes, including custards, ice-cream, cakes, puddings, confectionery.

FRENCH ICE-CREAM

2 cups milk
1 cup cream
2in. vanilla bean
6 egg-yolks
1 cup sugar

Split the piece of vanilla bean lengthwise. Place in saucepan with milk and cream, bring to boiling point; remove from heat. Beat egg-yolks with sugar until thick and creamy. Gradually stir in scalded milk. Place in top of double boiler, cook over simmering water and gentle heat until custard thickens slightly; strain, cool. Turn into freezer trays, refrigerate until mixture is beginning to solidify. Stir briskly with fork or beat in electric mixer. Return to freezer, freeze, stirring occasionally, until ice-cream has reached desired consistency.

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● Pin-tucks fill the bodice of Mary Shackman's baby-doll dress, perfect for parties. She likes to hand-print her own fabrics because of the color combinations she can create to suit herself.



● Cut-outs are favorites in Mary's summer wardrobe, and this simple shift features an unusual cut-out neckline. She made a matching clutch bag of the fabric she designed and printed.



● Gay flower design in vivid colors on cotton makes a striking summer dress and matching bag. Mod shoes and earrings are eye-catching finishing touches to all of the young designer's outfits.

For teenagers

ALL THE HUES THAT FIT, SHE PRINTS

MINI, mad, and colorful: That's how young Sydney art teacher Mary Shackman describes the gay cotton shifts she prints, designs, and makes for about \$3 each.

"I'm crazy about color and that's why I like to print my own fabrics," said Mary, 21, who must have one of the gayest summer wardrobes in Sydney. "Orange and pink, green and blue, red and yellow—I like to experiment."

Over the past months Mary's "experiments" have proved profitable.

With another young art teacher, Viki Jennings, 21, Mary sells silk-screened fabrics from their stall at the Paddington, N.S.W., new mod market, Mary Place Bazaar.

"The name's a coincidence," Mary said, "But the place is just what we'd been looking for."

On Friday nights and weekends at the markets, which sell anything from second-hand furs to budgerigars, the girls peddle their fabrics, as well as printed singlets and T-shirts and mad mod caps.

"While we don't make enough to live on, it's a good part-time venture," Mary said.

Mary, a part-time art teacher at Croydon Park Boys' High School, spends at least two days a week designing and printing fabrics at Viki's flat.

"After we've designed and silk-screened the cotton — usually Mexican sailcloth — we have to wrap it in tin foil and bake it in the oven for 15 minutes. It's quite a job really, but we sell it for \$2.50 a yard."

Mary learnt silk-screening during an art course at East Sydney Technical College, and first started selling her fabrics at another market place, Upstairs, last year.

As well as hand-printing fabrics and designing and making her own clothes, Mary renovates furniture, hangs her own paintings, and makes all the furnishings for the terrace house she shares with young friends at Paddington.

But she won't make dresses for anyone else. "I couldn't bear to make up a cute dress—and then have to part with it."

Story: Kerry Yates. Pictures: Keith Barlow

● Colored cottons that she has designed and printed fill Mary Shackman's stall at Mary Place Bazaar, in Paddington, N.S.W. Here she wears one of her motif T-shirts with short, popular-style summer culottes.



Food for thought

I have always firmly believed that the best way to tackle something new is to take a deep breath and try. By doing this I have acquired a taste for such foods as oysters, squid, lobsters, olives, and certain cheeses. They are now among my favorite foods, and, using the same philosophy, I have overcome my childhood dislike of cabbage and spinach. I cannot understand how so many people can be content to eat peanut butter sandwiches all their lives without daring to venture into the exciting world of food inhabited by frogs' legs and snails.

— "GOURMET," Punchbowl, N.S.W.



LETTERS

Teenage critic

TODAY'S teenagers have a lot of worries, even though their parents and other critical adults may not realise it. I would like to suggest that the older generation spare some thought for the way we feel and the stress that we, too, may be under. For a start, we know only too well that it is impossible to get anywhere in this world without education. So, although we may be the type who would normally not stay on at school, we must do so for

our own welfare, and so that we will be able to get somewhere in the future. In my opinion adults are too hasty to criticise. — K. Arnold, Tara, Qld.

Feeling of guilt

WE Australians in our affluent society are ignorant of the problems of people in less wealthy countries, and equally ignorant of the problems of the underprivileged in our own community. I know so little of other people's lives that I cannot even expand my general term "problem." Even more unfortunate is the fact that only on rare occasions do I care enough to want to know. As I lie on my comfortable bed, eating chocolates and listening to the

radio, I do not think I am wrong in saying that we could be much more actively concerned. Is this indifference and lack of knowledge inevitable, or can something be done to stimulate our concern for others? — "Inquisitive," Ivanhoe, Vic.

Wise words

TAKE heed, you young protestors! "Reform should begin at home, and stay there," some wise person once said, while the famous American lawyer Clarence Darrow warned, "At 20 a man is full of fight and hope. He wants to reform the world. When he's 70 he still wants to reform the world, but he knows he can't." — David Guinane, New Town, Tas.

Beauty camp

IF you invite some girlfriends to spend a couple of days with you, and cannot afford outings, turn the visit into a Beauty Camp. No sweets or anything similar are to be eaten, only health foods. You do exercises to help reduce or correct figure problems, experiment with make-up, and set each other's hair in new styles, and give each other manicures. You do not go out unless it is for an energetic walk or swim. This can be a lot of fun, and certainly saves money. — J.D., Charlestown, N.S.W.

OFF-BEAT

• There exists at school today a definite status in belonging to the "in" group. This is considered to be a group apart, consisting of those teenagers who are currently "with it" and follow all the latest trends. In other words, they must be one of the mob. It would benefit all concerned if more emphasis were placed on being individuals, for it takes great courage to go against the "mob" for one's principles. Although tight social groups do not encourage such an attitude, those who retain their independence can still be popular and respected. — "Observer," Curtin, A.C.T.

PARENTS, I am the answer to your prayers. I rise early, attend school with a keenness and enjoyment that have earned me the respect of all teachers. I am an avid reader of the classics and have a profound understanding of opera. I can converse in seven different languages (in moments of extreme agitation, I can "parley" in more), and my knowledge of mathematics is superb. I am extremely refined, especially in the presence of the opposite sex. My friends fondly refer to me as "some sort of a nut," and due to my enigmatic personality, their numbers run into thousands. — "Ray of Sunshine," Toongabbie, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

CLIPPING BARBERS' WINGS

I SEE that John-John Kennedy, six, Jackie's little feller, has been hailed as the new trend-setter for little boys' haircuts.

Moms on New York's fashionable East Side are insisting that their kids get the John-John Cut—a specially designed, long-sideburned, mophead affair.

The whole business is not going smoothly, however.

I hear that John-John is cranky with the barbers.

They have come, one might say, to the parting of the waves.

John-John claims that the barbers have breached confidences by revealing personal details of the Cut.

In effect, John-John says his hairdo was private and barbers should offer other customers the water and not the good oil.

Finally, John-John has taken legal action against the barbers to get them out of his hair.

He has had a crop of lawyers comb reference books.

John-John has taken out an injunction to restrain a barbers' journal, "Lock Magazine," from serialising the story of his haircut.

The upshot is that the barbers will agree not to discuss anything about John-John's hair.

And the "Lock Magazine" story will appear with no reference to hair.

Now, of course, both barber mobs are in more trouble.

Yul Brynner is taking action.

He sees some infringement or other.



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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

"I'M SORRY WE HAVE DRIFTED APART"

"I STAYED briefly in a country town and went out several times with a boy there, who came to visit me after I had returned home. I acted in a most unfriendly manner and he has not visited me since. I would like to see him again — if only to express my regret about the way I had acted toward him. How can I do this? I have written to him but received no reply."

"Regretful," Vic.

● It seems that regrets pave our path through life, and all too often it is IMPOSSIBLE to right any wrong we may have done. It looks as though this may be your story, especially as he hasn't replied to your letter. Have you considered that perhaps you want him now because, deep in your heart, you know you have lost him? A woman — if she is blessed (or cursed!) with true femininity — always hankers for what she cannot have!

"Burden" of gossip

"MANY of my friends at school have boyfriends. As I haven't one, they have been teasing me or talking (in extra-loud voices) about their boyfriends. Before, I could bear this 'burden,' but now my two closest friends have begun to use this form of torture, and I often feel hurt. They ask questions like 'What's wrong with you, deah?' or make exclamations like 'Isn't it a shame! What shall I do?'"

"Selfconscious," N.S.W.

● Next time your so-called girlfriends—they don't sound very friendly to me!—want to know what is wrong with you because you haven't a boyfriend, just smile and reply quietly, "Maybe I'm too choosy!" For that COULD be the reason. You are looking for someone extra-special and will never be satisfied with second best. To some teenagers acquiring a boyfriend is rather like wearing the latest mini-skirt or trouser-suit, and if you are not also in fashion you are a target for jokes. Ignore them, hurtful though they may be—and console yourself with the thought that perhaps tomorrow the boy you have been waiting for will win your heart.

Beauty in brief

STAY FRESH AND COOL

REACH for a good deodorant or anti-perspirant, and use as directed to achieve protection from the heat and humidity of summer.

Today, the use of deodorants and anti-perspirants, like the use of toothpaste, is taken for granted. Personal freshness is as much a necessity in one season as in another, but summer demands a greater vigilance in maintaining it.

Just for the record, a deodorant removes odor which develops after perspiration has occurred. An anti-perspirant closes the pores and prevents perspiration reaching the skin surface.

In order to ensure the best results when using these two preparations, make it a point to blot the underarms with tissue after you bathe and shower.

Your bath towel may leave the areas moist and this will dilute the strength of the deodorant or anti-perspirant, which should be applied immediately.

Finally, choose a suitable cologne, toilet water, or perfume for extra glamor, and your personal grooming will be impeccable.

—Carolyn Earle

The boy next door

"THE boy next door and I always used to fight like cat and dog, but now (since the beginning of last year) he has taken a different attitude toward me. I have gone out with him only a few times and have no interest in him whatsoever, but he is getting quite serious about me. He is jealous if I say that I am going out with another boy, which annoys me greatly. I have told him flatly that I am not interested, but he is still persistent. Please tell me how I can decrease his interest without hurting him too much."

"Desperate," Qld.

Louise HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's ANSWER

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

● While I understand your wish not to hurt this boy too much, I think honesty is really the best policy in this case. After all, if you have never given him cause

to believe he had a chance with you romantically, he has no right to behave as if he owns you—and the sooner you make this clear the better.



Julie Wisdom, top fashion model, says she uses at least fifty to sixty Kleenex tissues a day for her make-up. "Kleenex tissues are best of all" says Julie "because they're really soft — and kind to my skin."

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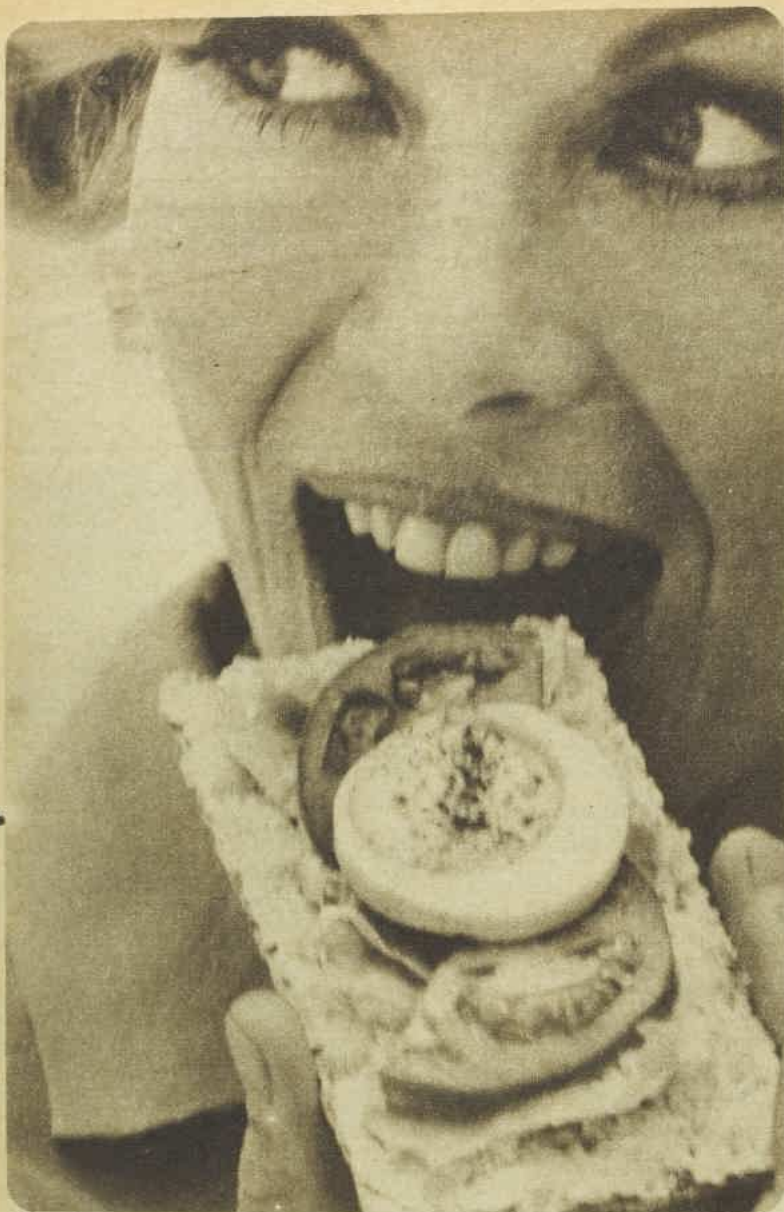
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Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.

After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King

CRISP BREAD



Ry-King from Sweden with flavour!

RK23.5

A SURPRISING TERRACE HOUSE

THIS house is 70 years younger than its stately, terrace-house neighbors at Parkville, a Melbourne suburb — but to look at it you'd never know. It was built three years ago by owner-architects Mr. and Mrs. David Saunders; he is a lecturer at Melbourne University, and they were thrilled to find a vacant site close both to the city and to the university.

"Naturally, being architects, we wanted to build our own home rather than buy an old one," said the Saunders', "but we did not want it to look out of place."

Although they achieved the same urban character as the surrounding terrace homes, by clever designing (the slate roof slopes steeply to match the other houses in back and front, but is split in the middle to allow for extra windows) they receive more fresh air and sunlight than their neighbors.

A high wall round two sides of the property is built of secondhand bricks, and the cast-iron front fence was found in a wrecker's yard after much searching.

The outside of the house is of cement bricks, again in keeping with the neighboring homes, and interior walls are lined with Hawthorn blacks. These handmade bricks get their name from the Melbourne suburb in which they were baked in open clamp kilns, and the diffused streaks of black caused by the iron in the clay used were very popular last century. None have been made since before World War 1, and the Saunders' had another long and tedious trek from one wrecker's yard to another before they had collected enough of them.

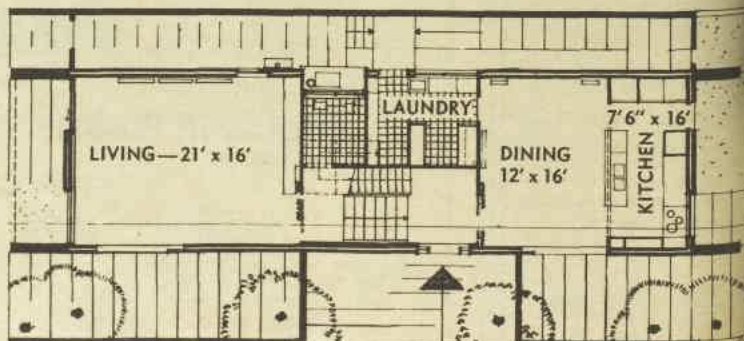
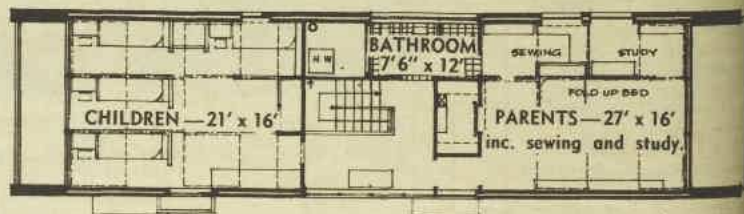
Another aim of the Saunders' was to keep the rooms spacious rather than have a lot of small rooms, which was the vogue in terrace-style houses last century.

The living-room, which is at the back of the house and has access through french windows to the barbecue area, is not only large, but with its unusually high 11ft. 3in. ceiling has an extra feeling of spaciousness.

The land sloped toward the back of the house and, rather than fill this in, the Saunders' took advantage of the split level by lowering the floor of the living-room and connecting it to the hallway by a short flight of steps.

Although the building takes up a great deal of the small (33ft. by 120ft.) block of land, the Saunders' have cleverly utilised the broken-up portions. The house is built well back from the one next door and the garden is built up along the front boundary for privacy. Two brick-paved courtyards, approximately 10ft. wide, are protected by the side brick wall.

The backyard is also surrounded by high walls. This has been planted with tall gum trees and has a paved brick area surrounding a novel brick barbecue — a replica of a Japanese temple and built by Mr. Saunders.



● HOUSE OF THE WEEK



Old bricks were used for the high fence which gives privacy to two tiny courtyards. Only breaks with convention on the outside of the house are the side entrance instead of a front one and the interruption in the sloped slate roof, which allows for extra windows.



Mr. and Mrs. Saunders' bedroom looks like a sitting-room in the daytime. A double bed folds up behind the large expanse of off-white curtaining, which also serves to hide a sewing-room for Mrs. Saunders and a study for her husband.



Earthenware water jars collected on her travels through Yugoslavia, Spain, and Turkey decorate Mrs. Saunders' kitchen. They inspired the main color scheme of natural clay tonings — umber, terracotta, biscuit — in this room.

Story by Patricia Peck
Photographs by Brian Ferguson.

(Advertisement)

To Beautify Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This pink Entration milk, when smoothed on, absorbs excess skin oil and on contact with the moisture drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses greasy patches and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of Entration milk.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 526. — DRESS

Pretty check dress is available cut out to make in pink/white, black/white, or lilac/white dacron/cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 527. — ORGANDIE THROWOVER

Throwover 42in. by 42in., with lace trim supplied, is available traced ready to sew and embroider in white, pink, or lemon organdie. Price is \$1.15 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 528. — BABY'S SLIP

Baby's slip with lace trim supplied is available cut out to make in white or pink plisse. Price is 95 cents plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

527



528



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Only Tek has
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fighting action

Johnson & Johnson

T4632C

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DRESS SENSE

by
BETTY KEEP



3977. — Three-piece outfit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3977. Price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This American-designed, change-about outfit was chosen for a Sydney reader. The ensemble consists of a one-piece dress, overblouse, and jacket.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her request:

"I have been given some beautiful white sharkskin and wish to make a dress and jacket or perhaps dress and coat. I want the pieces to interchange and would like your advice on the style. I will need a pattern."

Illustrated above is the design — an ensemble consisting of a one-piece dress and matching overblouse and jacket. The big collar is part of the dress and can be worn up or down. The ensemble is what American designers call "layer dressing." Under the picture are pattern details.

"What clothes should I take for three months in England during May, June, and July? I will be travelling by air in tourist class. In London, I will be sightseeing, going to theatres and concerts and visiting galleries. I have also planned several short tours."

British taste, apart from way-out mod fashions, is rather simple and, from a tourist point of view, is not dressy or formal. London has chilly days even in summer, but it also can be extremely hot. A group of co-ordinated separates will be practical for sightseeing, walking around galleries, and touring. The separates could be a skirt, top, and cardigan-type jacket — and add a shift to the group.

You also will need a simple black dress for the theatre and concerts. If possible, take a light fur wrap. Another marvellous fashion for London is a light wool coat and silk dress. Best wishes for a pleasant holiday!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

THE POSSIBILITY OF EVIL

By **SHIRLEY
JACKSON**

MISS ADELA STRANGEWORTH came daintily along Main Street on her way to the grocery. The sun was shining, the air was fresh and clear after the night's heavy rain and everything in Miss Strangeworth's little town looked washed and bright. Miss Strangeworth took deep breaths and thought that there was nothing in the world like a fragrant summer day.

She knew everyone in town, of course; she was fond of telling strangers — tourists who sometimes passed through the town and stopped to admire Miss Strangeworth's roses—that she had never spent more than a day outside this town in all her long life. She was seventy-one, Miss Strangeworth told the tourists, with a pretty little dimple showing by her lip, and she sometimes found herself thinking that the town belonged to her.

"My grandfather built the first house on Pleasant Street," she would say, opening her blue eyes wide with the wonder of it. "This house, right here. My family has lived here for better than a hundred years. My grandmother planted these roses, and my mother tended them, just as I do."

"I've watched my town grow; I can remember when Mr. Lewis, sen., opened the grocery store and the year the river flooded out the shanties on the low road, and the excitement when some young folks wanted to move the park over to the space in front of where the new post office is today. They wanted to put up a statue of Ethan Allen"—Miss Strangeworth would frown a little and sound stern—"but it should have been a statue of my grandfather. There wouldn't have been a town here at all if it hadn't been for my grandfather and the lumber mill."

Miss Strangeworth never gave away any of her roses, although the tourists often asked her. The roses belonged on Pleasant Street, and it bothered Miss Strangeworth to think of people wanting to carry them away, to take them into strange towns and down strange streets. When the new minister came, and the ladies were gathering flowers to decorate the church, Miss Strangeworth

The world was full of wickedness, thought Miss Strangeworth, so surely she should suppress it



sent over a great basket of gladioli; when she picked the roses at all, she set them in bowls and vases around the inside of the house her grandfather had built.

Walking down Main Street on a summer morning Miss Strangeworth had to stop every minute or so to say good morning to someone or to ask after someone's health. When she came into the grocery, half a dozen people turned away from the shelves and the counters to wave at her or call out good morning.

"And good morning to you, too, Mr. Lewis," Miss Strangeworth said at last. The Lewis family had been in the town almost as long as the Strangeworths; but the day young Lewis left high school and went to work in the grocery, Miss Strangeworth had stopped calling him Tommy and started calling him Mr. Lewis, and he had stopped calling

her Addie and started calling her Miss Strangeworth.

They had been in high school together, and had gone to picnics together, and to high-school dances and basketball games; but now Mr. Lewis was behind the counter in the grocery, and Miss Strangeworth was living alone in the Strangeworth house on Pleasant Street.

"Good morning," Mr. Lewis said, and added politely, "Lovely day."

"It is a very nice day," Miss Strangeworth said, as though she had only just decided that it would do after all. "I would like a chop, please, Mr. Lewis, a small, lean veal chop. Are those strawberries from Arthur Parker's garden? They're early this year."

"He brought them in this morning," Mr. Lewis said.

"I shall have a box," Miss Strangeworth said. Mr. Lewis looked worried, she thought, and

for a minute she hesitated, but then she decided that he surely could not be worried over the strawberries. He looked very tired indeed. He was usually so chipper, Miss Strangeworth thought, and almost commented, but it was far too personal a subject to be introduced to Mr. Lewis the grocer, so she only said, "And a can of cat food and, I think, a tomato."

Silently, Mr. Lewis assembled her order on the counter and waited.

Miss Strangeworth looked at him curiously and then said, "It's Tuesday, Mr. Lewis. You forgot to remind me."

"Did I? Sorry."

"Imagine your forgetting that I always buy my tea on Tuesday," Miss Strangeworth said gently. "A quarter pound of tea, please, Mr. Lewis."

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**HAVE
YOU
OVERLOOKED
SOMETHING?**

When you've gone to all that trouble to be Miss "well turned out", doesn't it seem a bit silly to cling to bulky, noticeable sanitary pads? Tampax internal sanitary protection is out of sight, out of mind — never interferes — never makes anyone (including you) conscious of its presence. Try it. You'll be delighted. It is available in two absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A World-Agencies Pty. Ltd. Box 3725 G.P.O. Sydney.

(Advertisement)

Stop Summer Wrinkles

Have a complexion of milky loveliness free from summer wrinkles... a chin and neckline that is youthfully smooth and elegant by nightly skin vitalising. Smooth a film of vitalising Ulan night cream over your face and neck, using a gentle upward and outward movement of the fingers. This rich beauty cream will feed nourishing elements into the skin cells to effectively prevent wrinkle-dryness and promote the youthful softness and beauty so necessary to a lovely complexion.

... Margaret Meiril

RIVETS



"Is that all, Miss Strangeworth?"

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Lewis. Such a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Lovely," Mr. Lewis said.

Miss Strangeworth moved slightly to make room for Mrs. Harper at the counter. "Morning, Adela," Mrs. Harper said, and Miss Strangeworth said, "Good morning, Martha."

"Lovely day," Mrs. Harper said, and Miss Strangeworth said, "Yes, lovely," and Mr. Lewis, under Mrs. Harper's glance, nodded.

"Ran out of sugar for my cake frosting," Mrs. Harper explained. Her hand shook slightly as she opened her handbag. Miss Strangeworth wondered, glancing at her quickly, if she had been taking proper care of herself. Martha Harper was not as young

as she used to be, Miss Strangeworth thought. She probably could use a good strong tonic.

"Martha," she said, "you don't look well."

"I'm perfectly all right," Mrs. Harper said shortly. She handed her money to Mr. Lewis, took her change, and her sugar, and went out without speaking again. Looking after her, Miss Strangeworth shook her head slightly. Martha definitely did not look well.

Carrying her little bag of groceries, Miss Strangeworth came out of the store into the bright sunlight and stopped to smile down on the Crane baby. Don and Helen Crane were really the two

most infatuated young parents she had ever known, she thought indulgently, looking at the delicately embroidered baby cap and the lace-edged carriage cover.

"That little girl is going to grow up expecting luxury all her life," she said to Helen Crane.

Helen laughed. "That's the way we want her to feel," she said. "Like a princess."

"A princess can see a lot of trouble sometimes," Miss Strangeworth said drily. "How old is Her Highness now?"

"Six months next Tuesday," Helen Crane said, looking down with rapt wonder at her child. "I've been worrying, though, about

her. Don't you think she ought to move around more? Try to sit up, for instance?"

"For plain and fancy worrying," Miss Strangeworth said, amused, "give me a new mother every time."

"She just seems — slow," Helen Crane said.

"Nonsense. All babies are different. Some of them develop much more quickly than others."

"That's what my mother says," Helen Crane laughed, looking a little bit ashamed.

"I suppose you've got young Don all upset about the fact that his daughter is already six months old and hasn't yet begun to learn to dance?"

"I haven't mentioned it to him. I suppose she's just so precious that I worry about her all the time."

"Well, apologise to her right now," Miss Strangeworth said. "She is probably worrying about why you keep jumping around all the time." Smiling to herself and shaking her old head, she went on down the sunny street, stopping once to ask little Billy Moore why he wasn't out riding in his daddy's shiny new car, and talking for a few minutes outside the library with Miss Chandler, the librarian, about the new novels to be ordered and paid for by the annual library appropriations.

MISS CHANDLER

seemed absentminded and very much as though she were thinking about something else. Miss Strangeworth noticed that Miss Chandler had not taken much trouble with her hair that morning and sighed. Miss Strangeworth hated sloppiness.

Many people seemed disturbed recently, Miss Strangeworth thought. Only yesterday the Stewarts' fifteen-year-old Linda had run crying down her own front walk and all the way to school, not caring who saw her. People around town thought she might have had a fight with the Harris boy, but they showed up together at the soda shop after school as usual, both of them looking grim and bleak. Trouble at home, people concluded, and sighed over the problems of trying to raise kids right these days.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



A cool summer meal needs hot soup

Continental chicken noodle soup

By serving delicious Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup with a cool salad, you add extra flavour, extra goodness to a summer meal. You serve a summer meal that is light but oh, so tasty and satisfying. Satisfying even to the heartiest appetites.

And here are five delicious new soup recipes made with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

GOULASH SOUP. Fry 1 lb. mince steak and 1 chopped onion in saucepan for 3 minutes. Drain off excess fat. Add 1 cup chopped capsicum, 1 dessertspoon paprika. Add 4 cups water, when boiling empty in 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, cook 10 min.

CHILLI SOUP. Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed. Add contents 10 oz. can Chilli Con Carne and cook 5 minutes.

PARMESAN SOUP. Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup with only 3 1/2 cups water, cook 5 minutes. Add 1/2 cup (2 oz.) grated parmesan cheese and 1/2 cup milk blended with 1 level tablespoon cornflour. Reheat, serve with paprika sprinkled on top.

CHICKEN HOTCH-POTCH. Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed with only 3 1/2 cups water. Add 1/2 cup tomato juice or puree, 1 cup chopped cold cooked meat or poultry and 1/2 cup frozen peas. Cook 5 minutes.

SPECIALTY SOUP. Skin and bone 1/2 lb. chicken pieces; cut into small pieces. Fry chicken and 2 oz. chopped bacon in 1 oz. margarine until brown. Add 4 cups water, cook 5 min. Add 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, cook 5 min. Serve soup with spoonful fresh cream and chopped chives if desired.

Twenty more exciting recipes in Continental's new summer recipe leaflet. Free at your store now!



From halfway down the block Miss Strangeworth could catch the heavy scent of her roses, and she moved a little more quickly. The perfume of roses meant home, and home meant the Strangeworth House on Pleasant Street.

Miss Strangeworth stopped at her own front gate, as she always did, and looked with deep pleasure at her house, with the red and pink and white roses massed along the narrow lawn and the rambler going up along the porch; and the neat, the unbelievably trim lines of the house itself, with its slimness and its washed white look. Every window sparkled, every curtain hung stiff and straight, and even the stones of the front walk were swept and clear.

PEOPLE around town wondered how old Miss Strangeworth managed to keep the house looking the way it did, and there was a legend about a tourist once mistaking it for the local museum and going all through the place without finding out about his mistake. But the town was proud of Miss Strangeworth and her roses and her house. They had all grown together.

Miss Strangeworth went up her front steps, unlocked her front door with her key, and went into the kitchen to put away her groceries. She debated about having a cup of tea and then decided that it was too close to midday dinnertime; she would not have the appetite for her little chop if she had tea now.

Instead, she went into the light, lovely sitting-room, which still glowed from the hands of her mother and her grandmother, who had covered the chairs with bright chintz and hung the curtains. All the furniture was spare and shining, and the round-hooked rugs on the floor had been the work of Miss Strangeworth's grandmother and her mother. Miss Strangeworth had put a bowl of her red roses on the low table

before the window, and the room was full of their scent.

Miss Strangeworth went to the narrow desk in the corner and unlocked it with her key. She never knew when she might feel like writing letters, so she kept her notepaper inside and the desk locked. Miss Strangeworth's usual stationery was heavy and cream-colored, with "Strangeworth House" engraved across the top, but, when she felt like writing her other letters, Miss Strangeworth used a pad of various-colored paper bought from the local newspaper shop.

It was almost a town joke, that colored paper, layered in pink and green and blue and yellow; everyone in town bought it and used it for odd, informal notes and shopping lists. It was usual to remark, upon receiving a note written on a blue page, that so-and-so would be needing a new pad soon — and here she was, down to the blue already.

Everyone used the matching envelopes for tucking away recipes, or keeping odd little things in, or even to hold cookies in the school lunchboxes. Mr. Lewis sometimes gave them to the children for carrying home candy.

Although Miss Strangeworth's desk held a trimmed quill pen which had belonged to her grandfather, and a gold-frosted fountain pen which had belonged to her father, Miss Strangeworth always used a dull stub of pencil when she wrote her letters, and she printed them in a childish block print.

After thinking for a minute, although she had been phrasing the letter in the back of her mind all the way home, she wrote on a pink sheet:

"Didn't you ever see an idiot child before? Some people just shouldn't have children, should they?"

She was so pleased with the letter. She was fond of doing things exactly right. When she made a mistake, as she sometimes did, or when the letters were not spaced nicely on the page, she had to take

THE POSSIBILITY OF EVIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

the discarded page to the kitchen stove and burn it at once. Miss Strangeworth never delayed when things had to be done.

After thinking for a minute, she decided that she would like to write another letter, perhaps to go to Mrs. Harper, to follow up the ones she had already mailed. She selected a green sheet this time and wrote quickly:

"Have you found out yet what they were laughing about after you left the bridge club on Thursday? Or is the wife really always the last one to know?"

Miss Strangeworth never

the world, it was Miss Strangeworth's duty to keep her town alert to it.

It was far more sensible for Miss Chandler to wonder what Mr. Shelley's first wife had really died of than to take a chance on not knowing. There were so many wicked people in the world and only one Strangeworth left in the town. Besides, Miss Strangeworth liked writing her letters.

She addressed an envelope to Don Crane after a moment's thought, wondering curiously if he would show the letter to his wife, and using a pink envelope to

a new convertible, but, all at once, she was tired of writing letters. The three she had done would do for one day. She could write more tomorrow; it was not as though they all had to be done at once.

She had been writing her letters — sometimes two or three every day for a week, sometimes no more than one in a month — for the past year. She had never got any answers, of course, because she never signed her name. If she had been asked, she would have said that her name, Adela Strangeworth, a name honored in the town for so many years, did not belong on such trash. The town where she lived had to be kept clean and sweet, but people everywhere were lust-

side, handling the heavy, old silverware and the fine, translucent china. Miss Strangeworth was pleased; she would not have cared to be doing anything else.

People must live graciously, after all, she thought, and sipped her tea. Afterward, when her plate and cup and saucer were washed and dried and put back on to the shelves where they belonged, and her silverware was back in the mahogany silver chest, Miss Strangeworth went up the graceful staircase and into her bedroom, which was the front room overlooking the roses, and had been her mother's and her grandmother's. Their Crown Derby dresser set and furs had been kept there, their fans, and silver-backed brushes and their own bowls of roses; Miss Strangeworth kept a bowl of white roses on the bed table.

She drew the shades, took the rose-satin spread from the bed, slipped out of her dress and her shoes, and lay down tiredly. She knew that no doorbell or phone would ring; no one in town would dare to disturb Miss Strangeworth during her afternoon nap. She slept, deep in the rich smell of roses.

After her nap she worked in her garden for a little while, sparing herself because of the heat; then she came in to her supper. She ate asparagus from her own garden, with sweet-butter sauce and a soft-boiled egg, and, while she had her supper, she listened to a late-evening news broadcast and then to a program of classical music on her small radio.

After her dishes were done and her kitchen set in order, she took up her hat — Miss Strangeworth's hats were proverbial in the town; people believed that she had inherited them from her mother and her grandmother — and, locking the front door of her house behind her, set off on her evening walk, purse under her arm. She nodded to Linda Stewart's father, who was washing his car in the pleasantly cool evening.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



concerned herself with facts; her letters all dealt with the more negotiable stuff of suspicion. Mr. Lewis would never have imagined for a minute that his grandson might be lifting petty cash from the store register if he had not had one of Miss Strangeworth's letters. Miss Chandler, the librarian, and Linda Stewart's parents would have gone unsuspectingly ahead with their lives, never aware of possible evil lurking nearby, if Miss Strangeworth had not sent letters opening their eyes.

Miss Strangeworth would have been genuinely shocked if there had been anything between Linda Stewart and the Harris boy, but, as long as evil existed unchecked in

match the pink paper. Then she addressed a second envelope, green, to Mrs. Harper.

Then an idea came to her and she selected a blue sheet and wrote:

"You never know about doctors. Remember they're only human and need the money like the rest of us. Suppose the knife slipped. Would Doctor Burns get his fee and a little extra from that nephew of yours?"

She addressed the blue envelope to old Mrs. Foster, who was having an operation next month. She had thought of writing one more letter, to the head of the school board, asking how a chemistry teacher like Billy Moore's father could afford

ful and evil and degraded, and needed to be watched; the world was so large, and there was only one Strangeworth left in it.

Miss Strangeworth sighed, locked her desk, and put the letters into her big black leather handbag, to be mailed when she took her evening walk.

She grilled her little chop nicely, and had a sliced tomato and a good cup of tea ready when she sat down to her midday dinner at the table in her dining-room, which could be opened to seat twenty-two, with a second table, if necessary, in the hall. Sitting in the warm sunlight that came through the tall windows of the dining-room, seeing her roses massed out-



Coty strikes again...

GLOXINIAS

● Under shelter, they're not as hard to grow as many people seem to think



"GIERTH'S RED."

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 78



"SYMPHONY IN ROSE."

GLOXINIAS are generally regarded as delicate and temperamental exotics — hence they are admired by many but few people grow them.

Some knowledge of the plant's natural environment helps in understanding its needs.

The gloxinia and African violet (or Saintpaulia) are closely related. African violets come from the light rain forests of East Africa, and gloxinias from the more humid jungles of Brazil.

Even in Australia they are generally classed as glass-house plants, but are not essentially so. They may be grown in sunrooms and enclosed verandas, or (along the temperate to warm coastal areas) in ferneries.

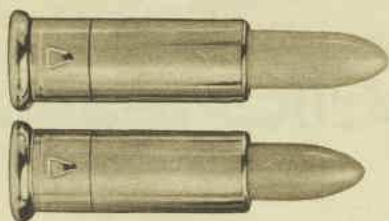
Plenty of light is needed, but not strong sun. A muslin curtain is sufficient to break sunlight. They need good ventilation, with draughts.

You can obtain the needful humidity of atmosphere by standing the plants on a tray of moist tan bark, sphagnum moss, or vermiculite.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 79

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Coty strikes again...



with lipsticks
that catch and
hold the sun

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Watering: During their summer growing season gloxinias like to be kept damp but not continuously wet. Plunge the pots in a bucket of water (with the chill taken off) about once a week. Don't wet leaves when watering.

Feeding: The potting compost suggested below (see Repotting) contains sufficient nutriment to carry the plants through until flowering time. When buds appear give fortnightly applications of complete liquid manure.

Pests: Usually pests are not a problem, but control has been difficult, as most sprays can damage the foliage. Some of the new aerosol household insecticides containing Dichlorvos should be safe and convenient with gloxinias and similar plants.

These are sprayed in an enclosed room with the plants but must not be sprayed directly on them. The chemical is very volatile and diffuses to the plant.

After-flowering care: Gloxinias are dormant during the cold months. The foliage dies back, leaving a small woody tuber. Toward the end of the warm weather, after flowering has finished, keep the plants drier than previously—just slightly damp—and discontinue feeding. When foliage dies, tubers may be stored in clean sand until spring.

Repotting: A good potting mixture would be about 5 parts by volume of good garden loam, 2 of peatmoss, 1 of well-rotted garden compost or leaf-mould, and 2 of coarse sand. To each bucket of mixture add two heaped teaspoons of garden lime and twice this amount of complete plant food.

Ready prepared potting composts are available.

Tubers are usually potted into smaller (3in. to 4in.) pots, then as

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these fill with roots, put them into 5in. or 6in. pots.

The tuber should be covered, but pressed into the soil so that the tip is showing. The top has the sunken section in the centre; the bottom is rounded.

Pots should be well drained. Water sparingly until growth starts.

Propagation: Gloxinias are propagated from leaf cuttings or from seed.

Several plants can be produced from one leaf by pressing it on moist sand and severing the main and secondary veins, or cutting the leaf into sections about 1in. square and planting each section with a vein as though it were the stem. Keep these cuttings in a warm but shaded area, preferably covered with glass or plastic.

In warm climates, or where heat is available, seed may be sown at any time; otherwise sow in spring. Using seed-raising mixture and sand or equal parts of sand and shredded peatmoss, scatter lightly and press the seed into the moist surface. Keep covered with a sheet of glass, which in turn is well covered with brown paper or hessian.

When seedlings appear, remove the brown paper but protect from direct sunlight. Prick out 1in. apart into another container as soon as possible while they are still tidy. This prevents damping off and is also necessary to keep growth moving.

By the time the leaves of adjoining seedlings meet they will be large enough to put into 4in. pots, using the mixture suggested for tubers. Again as with the tubers, these are repotted into 6in. pots after root growth has filled their present container.

Well-grown seedlings will produce some flowers in the first year, but they're better in their second and third years.

— ALLAN SEALE



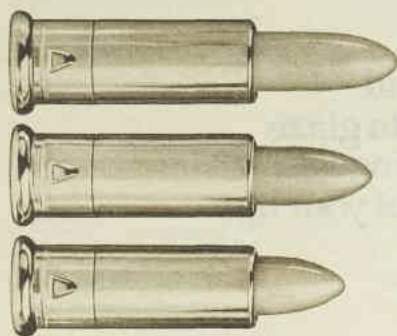
"SCHWEIZERLAND."

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg at Kretz Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 81

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Coty strikes again!



**Coty pure golds...
so strong that
they stand alone...**

**but use them as
slickers if you like**

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 25.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, yellow, red.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, pink, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, brown, black.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, lilac.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, blue, white.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

She thought that he looked troubled.

There was only one place in town where she could mail her letters, and that was the new post office, shiny with red brick and silver letters. Although Miss Strangeworth had never given the matter any particular thought, she had always made a point of mailing her letters very secretly; it would, of course, not have been wise to let anyone see her mail them.

Consequently, she timed her walk so she could reach the post office just as darkness was starting to dim the outlines of the trees and the shapes of people's faces, although no one could ever mistake Miss Strangeworth, with her dainty walk and her rustling skirts.

THERE was always a group of young people around the post office, the very youngest roller-skating upon its driveway, which went all the way around the building and was the only smooth road in town; and the slightly older ones already knowing how to gather in small groups and chatter and laugh and make great, excited plans for going across the street to the soda shop in a minute or two.

Miss Strangeworth had never had any self-consciousness before the children. She did not feel that any of them were staring at her unduly or longing to laugh at her; it would have been most reprehensible for their parents to permit their children to mock Miss Strangeworth of Pleasant Street.

Most of the children stood back respectfully as Miss Strangeworth passed, silenced briefly in her presence, and some of the older children greeted her, saying soberly, "Hello, Miss Strangeworth."

Miss Strangeworth smiled at them and quickly went on. It had been a long time since she had known the name of every child in town. The mail-slot was in the door of the post office. The children stood away as Miss

THE POSSIBILITY OF EVIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Strangeworth approached it, seemingly surprised that anyone should want to use the post office after it had been officially closed up for the night and turned over to the children. Miss Strangeworth stood by the door, opening her black handbag to take out the letters, and heard a voice which she knew at once to be Linda Stewart's.

Poor little Linda was crying again, and Miss Strangeworth listened carefully. This was, after all, her town, and these were her people; if one of them was in trouble she ought to know about it. "I can't tell you, Dave," Linda was saying—so she was talking to the Harris boy, as Miss Strangeworth had supposed—"I just can't. It's just nasty."

"But why won't your father let me come around any more? What on earth did I do?"

"I can't tell you, I just wouldn't tell you for anything. You've got to have a dirty, dirty mind for things like that."

"But something's happened. You've been crying and crying, and your father is all upset. Why can't I know about it, too? Aren't I like one of the family?"

"Not any more, Dave, not any more. You're not to come near our house again; my father said so. He said he'd horsewhip you. That's all I can tell you: You're not to come near our house any more."

"But I didn't do anything."

"Just the same, my father said . . ."

Miss Strangeworth sighed and turned away. There was so much evil in people. Even in a charming little town like this one, there was still so much evil in people.

She slipped her letters into the slot and two of them fell inside. The third caught on the edge and fell outside on to the ground at Miss Strangeworth's feet. She did not notice it because she was wondering whether a letter to

the Harris boy's father might not be of some service in wiping out this potential badness. Wearily Miss Strangeworth turned to go home to her quiet bed in her lovely house, and never heard the Harris boy calling to her to say that she had dropped something.

"Old lady Strangeworth's getting deaf," he said, looking after her and holding in his hand the letter he had picked up.

"Well, who cares?" Linda said. "Who cares any more, anyway?"

"It's for Don Crane," the Harris boy said, "this letter. She dropped a letter addressed to Don Crane. Might as well take it on over. We pass his house, anyway." He laughed.

— Titus 1; 15.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them which are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

— Titus 1; 15.

"Maybe it's got a cheque or something in it and he'd be just as glad to get it tonight instead of tomorrow."

"Catch old lady Strangeworth sending anybody a cheque," Linda said. "Throw it in the post office. Why do anyone a favor?" She sniffed.

"Doesn't seem to me anybody around here cares about us," she said. "Why should we care about them?"

"I'll take it over, anyway," the Harris boy said. "Maybe it's good news for them. Maybe they need something happy tonight, too. Like us."

Sadly, holding hands, they wandered off down the dark street, the Harris boy carrying Miss Strangeworth's pink envelope in his hand.

Miss Strangeworth awak-

ened the next morning with a feeling of intense happiness, and, for a minute, wondered why, and then remembered that this morning three people would open her letters. Harsh, perhaps, at first, but wickedness was never easily banished, and a clean heart was a scoured heart.

She washed her soft, old face and brushed her teeth, still sound in spite of her seventy-one years, and dressed herself carefully in her sweet, soft clothes and buttoned shoes. Then, coming downstairs and reflecting that perhaps a little waffle would be agreeable for breakfast in the sunny dining-room, she found the mail on the hall floor and bent to pick it up. A bill, the morning paper, a letter in a green envelope that looked oddly familiar.

Miss Strangeworth stood perfectly still for a minute, looking down at the green envelope with the pencilled printing, and thought: It looks like one of my letters. Was one of my letters sent back? No, because no one would know where to send it. How did this get here?

Miss Strangeworth was a Strangeworth of Pleasant Street. Her hand did not shake as she opened the envelope and unfolded the sheet of green paper inside. She began to cry silently for the wickedness of the world when she read the words "Look out at what used to be your roses."

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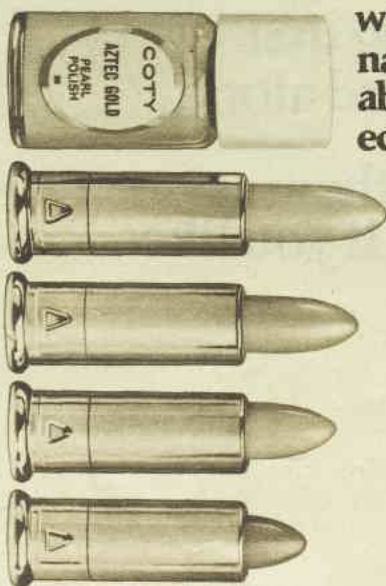
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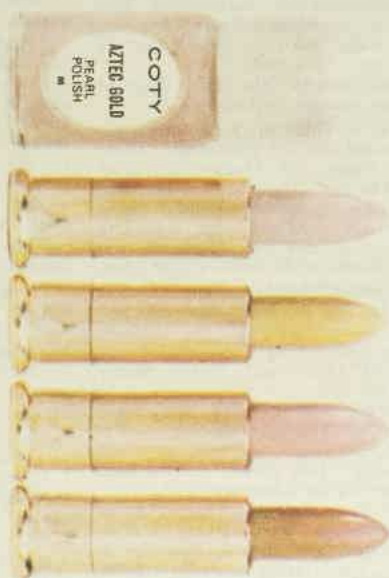
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nail enamels to glaze
ablaze your fingers...
echo the fire of your lips



The Sun itself is Coty's prisoner in these four sleek cases and two bottles of gold.

Lipsticks that are slickers if you like, but so pure they'll stand alone.

Two complementing nail enamels. Now lips and fingertips are ablaze with the gold of the sun. Watch out.

Sun-worshippers are everywhere.

**COTY
PURE GOLDS**

for day and night.





Every morning at six, the Johnstones are up and cracking. Mrs. Johnstone brings out the All-Bran summer and winter, with milk and sugar, with fruit or Corn Flakes. They find it the very nicest, most effective way to stay regular.

"We lead a great life at 60"



Busy all day with housework, gardening, visiting friends, Mrs. Johnstone also works for various women's organizations — she is a really busy person.

When you're fit, it's fun to take off on a long drive inland. The Johnstones don't think twice about it — their health's well taken care of with good food and daily All-Bran.



"Of course we're happy — we're healthy, that's why!" says Mr. Johnstone, who leaves home at 7.30 a.m. every day to work with a shipyard company.

"We've been enjoying All-Bran every day for over forty years, now," says pretty Mrs. Johnstone. "My husband would really miss All-Bran at breakfast time, and I would, too."

All-Bran, the crisp, delicious breakfast food, is just the thing to keep you brimming with energy, because it supplies the "vital bulk" so necessary for healthy regularity. Put All-Bran on your shopping list now.

See you on Thursday

BY MIRANDA G. SHORE



Judy was incredulous when she heard Skip speak to her.

JUDY gave a last look at the big room. Nearly everyone had left, after spending the last half-hour congratulating Rod and Joel. They had dreamed up the idea of the Teen Spot, raised money to rent the room and hired the Tramps to play.

In two days the Teen Spot would open for business and Riverville kids would have somewhere to go where they could dance and talk and make all the noise they liked without adult interference.

Judy Parsons hadn't a boyfriend of her own yet. Maybe because she looked so much younger than she was — she was 17 and rather shy. She would come to the opening night with Allison and Freda and the other girls who were not going steady. It wouldn't matter; not on opening night. But after that — well, she could only hope that one of the boys might think to ask her.

She was turning to leave when Skip Jordan called to her suddenly.

"Oh, Judy! See you on Thursday!" Judy's heart skipped a beat. For a moment she stood there, incredulous. This must mean something — singling her out.

"Sure, Skip," she said. She hoped she sounded gay. "See you!"

Skip, she thought. She hadn't dreamed . . . hadn't thought he'd noticed her.

See you on Thursday, Judy murmured, letting herself into the apartment. There were no lights, and Mother was lying down. The hot days exhausted her, and she wasn't too strong. After Daddy's death, four years ago, she'd had to go to work to support herself and Judy. Now she was secretary in one of Riverville's legal firms.

"Hi, darling!" Mother swung her feet off the sofa. She was small, like Judy, and absurdly young-looking for 36. "How's the Teen Spot coming?"

"Finished," Judy said. "You'll simply have to see it."

Her mother smiled. "Well, don't make any date for Thursday, darling — I'm going to need you."

"Thursday?" Judy stared. "But the Teen Spot's opening on Thursday!"

"You'll have plenty of chances to go there," her mother said. "Honey, I don't want to spoil your fun — but this is important. I'm bringing Hugh Kane home for supper. I want him to meet you, and I hope you'll like him. Because —" her voice shook a little. "Well—I do."

Judy caught her breath. "If you want me here, of course I'll stay. But won't I be playing gooseberry?"

Her mother laughed. "I'm counting on you to get supper and — well, see that everything looks nice," she said. "I thought you could make that special chicken salad."

On Thursday, Judy kept her attention fixed on preparations for supper. She didn't want to think of the Teen Spot, of Skip.

She went upstairs to change at six — and bit her lip at the sight of the pink shorts and matching shirt which she had meant to wear to the Teen Spot. Sighing, she got into her yellow nylon. It was very feminine and not the least bit casual.

When her mother arrived with Hugh Kane she was able to hold out her hand composedly and look him over quickly while she smiled. Yes, he was nice.

She tried to talk gaily through supper, but her thoughts were so far away that she actually jumped when the doorbell rang.

She couldn't believe her eyes when she saw Skip on the threshold. "Why, hello!" he said — and his voice croaked slightly. "I didn't see you at the Spot, so I came along to see if anything was wrong."

"Nothing's wrong," Judy said, hoping her voice didn't squeak. How could it be, she thought. Skip's here; he actually came after me. "I—Mother is entertaining a friend, and I sort of had to get things ready for them." She led him in, proud of the charming room, of her pretty mother, of Hugh. "Mother — Mr. Kane — this is Skip Jordan. He came to see why I wasn't at the Teen Spot."

They shook hands with Skip, and Mother suggested he join them.

"I expect," she said as they finished supper, "you and Judy would like to be off now. Hugh's taking me for a ride. We might pick you up at 11 or so, if adults are allowed to put their noses in the Teen Spot."

"Do that," Skip said.

They were at the door, on the point of leaving, when Judy paused. "Oughtn't I to change," she said worriedly. "I thought — well, everyone will be sort of casual."

"No, don't," Skip said firmly. "I like a girl to look like a girl."

Judy smiled, and her heart beat faster. Shorts might be OK, she thought. But skirts were wonderful to whirl in — and, from now on, she expected to be in a spin, with Skip!

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HUSH, it's a game

Opening instalment of our
two-part suspense serial

BY PATRICIA CARLON

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



FOR the six months of his parole, an observer would have sworn Aldan was intent on one thing only, to start a new life. He had left prison knowing that his long interviews with doctors and clergymen had been faithfully recorded, filed away with the notation that his hatred of Isobel had died away and had been replaced by shame, contrition, and indifference to her present whereabouts. He could still hear in memory his own voice, speaking solemnly into quiet prison air, slowly building up a certainty from supervision for himself once he was released. "It was jealousy you see, sirs. I thought there was another man. Maybe I was wrong. I still don't know for certain, but now it doesn't seem to matter. Funny to think I nearly killed her, put myself here, and yet she doesn't even matter now. I expect that's hurt pride in a way, would you say so, sirs? She told me, that last day, what she thought of me. You see she'd hung on to me for what she could get. Till someone better came along, I suppose. I got suspicious you see, when I was free of my wife, Greta, at last, and Isobel . . . she hedged, and . . .

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HUSH, IT'S A GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

well, you'd have thought she'd have wanted to get married straight away, wouldn't you? But no. She reckoned it wouldn't make any difference. It didn't seem . . . right to me. Would it to you? Sure, we'd been living together for three years, but that was because I couldn't get free and we didn't want to wait apart. But when I was free . . . it seemed all wrong to me when she said no to our wedding."

He had thought since that the worst part of the whole business was that he hadn't been suspicious at all. Oh, yes, he'd been surprised when the divorce papers had come and Isobel had simply said, "Well, it doesn't make any difference, does it? Not really, Frank. We're married already in our opinions and who else's opinion counts?"

Why hadn't he suspected then that she wanted a way clear and straight in front of her to shed him as soon as she liked? He still didn't know. Perhaps custom — the sameness of having her always there, working together with

her, had dulled his sense of danger, letting him think that things would never change.

He'd said simply, "Have it your own way," and the days had drifted on till the morning he'd woken and found her gone, with the money.

He hadn't known that fact at first. She'd left no note or explanation.

He hadn't understood even then, not till he had gone to the store and found she had left there, too; not till he had wondered if she was gone for good and if she had drawn any money from their joint account; not till he had been to the bank and found the account closed.

Finding her had been easy. He had sat throughout the night smoking, thinking of her likes and dislikes, where she might head, what she might do. It had come back to memory then — her almost crazy keenness on opera, her

thrill over the then current opera season, her groaning at the price of a season ticket, but her purchase of it all the same.

He had thought then of the streak of meanness in her, and that night he had been sure if she was still somewhere in the city she'd use the ticket for the final two operas of the season. He had gone to the theatre without any real hope of finding her. She was there in the middle of the crowd coming out. He'd mingled with it, followed after her, grasped her arm and dragged her to the car before she'd recovered from the first open-mouthed shock.

Jealousy had been his explanation to the police, because truth would have made his sentence the harsher. It wouldn't have gained him back a penny of the money, either. He'd found out from her, before he'd attacked her,

that the cash was salted away. He had known she could deny all knowledge of it and could claim he had forced her to help him and, when she'd finally balked and left him, he'd caught up with her and beaten her up because she wouldn't return and go on with the game.

He had left the explanation at jealousy and Isobel had stood up in court saying Frank had always been terribly jealous. There was no truth, of course, in there being another man, but she couldn't get that into Frank's head. He was always imagining things, which was why she'd refused to marry him when he was finally free of his wife.

She had had three years of his jealous scenes by then and had been tired of them. Why, he'd even been jealous of the men at work, she'd said quivering. So much so that she'd had to keep changing jobs to satisfy him.

He had admired her then, even while he'd hated her, because the lie had neatly explained her constant job changing if the police, probing into her background along with his own, had wondered about that.

He had known she'd be afraid of his release day and would seek out some form of protection — a watch on himself to see what he'd do about tracing her.

PATIENTLY, apparently ignoring her existence, he had gone through the hands of the Prisoners' Aid Society, working steadily at the job they had found for him, and taking the modest room they had also found, and he had, as a final touch that had made him sometimes chuckle in the night, solemnly paid out to Greta, his divorced wife, the alimony the Court had awarded her.

He had returned to the apparent model of respectability he had been before the night he had sent Isobel to hospital with a fractured skull, and, as he knew quite well, Isobel was behaving in a similar fashion.

It had been simple enough to get a prisoner going out, granted freedom, to take a message to contacts outside, to start a search and watch on her. When he came out he had simply phoned a number, been given all available information on her, and had sat back to work and wait till he could get her alone, without any interference.

He had long ago put the idea of the money out of his head. He had known, quite definitely, that by the time he came out, Isobel would have dealt with it in her coolly efficient manner, so that he could never touch it.

He had even been able to approve, quite calmly, her wisdom of the purchase of a North Shore home unit, and furniture, and her investment of the rest in Government bonds that brought her a steady, if small income. She had also gone back to work, apparently respectably this time. Isobel had always yearned for security — nothing more. A home, a settled income, smart possessions, was her idea of heaven on earth.

He should have known that his own plans of drifting round the world, footloose, spending as he went, till the money finally ran out, would never appeal to her; that in the end they would have quarrelled over the spending of the money that had been steadily piling up in the bank under the name of Pascoe.

They had decided on that, in case they were ever caught, so the police couldn't trace the money and confiscate it, and he'd made it a joint

account in case something happened to one of them and a sole survivor was left.

The idea had come to him years before he'd ever met Isobel, when he'd been working in the big stores himself and had seen how stock simply disappeared. The items taken were quickly noticed by the staff, because it was stores' policy never to sell the display stock — the staff went to the storerooms behind for an identical model, so that each day should end with the same display as when the store had opened. The countings and checkings at day's end were rigid routine.

It had never failed to amaze him that the same rigid routine simply became a shambles behind the scenes. The stockrooms and stock lists were often in such disorder it was never possible, even at stocktaking, to pinpoint exactly what items had vanished — only the difference between the prices paid for things to the wholesalers, and the amount of money flowing in for items bought, told a sorry tale.

Always, of course, there were checks on the staff. An assistant could never leave the stores with bags unchecked, or parcels unqueried. There was no loophole there, but there must be one big enough to earn him a small fortune, he was sure, if he could find the right partner.

He'd found that in Isobel. She had been ruthless enough not to balk at the breaking up of what had been left of his marriage. He had kept on his own modest, respectable job as a clerk. Always Isobel was just as apparently respectable. They lived modestly and the only slur that could have been cast on them was the fact Isobel had no right to the use of his name, or the sharing of his home.

Isobel had had the perfect asset, in the shape of two thoroughly respectable references, covering ten years' work in big country stores. Faced with them, with her air of thirtyish respectability, her obvious experience and commonsense, no staff manager had hesitated a second in taking her on, and when she had finally left, always within three months, they had been sorry to see her go.

No one remarked anything odd in the fact that during the peak-hour rushes in the various city stores where she worked, between one and two and just before closing time, Isobel was often in earnest talk with a man — a man who never looked the same twice running, and that she always finished in an apparent sale to him.

Electrical goods were her speciality. She was an asset to her department and no one thought anything of seeing her busily packing up yet another shaver, a mixer, a portable radio, or TV set, or similar equipment.

The fact that no docket was made out, no money passed, was never remarked in the crush, either. Wherever possible it was the display goods that were slipped into the packages, so the appearances were put down to ordinary shoplifting. Otherwise goods from the stockroom were taken. Never once had their weekly profit been below sixty dollars.

The idea and the planning had been his own and more than half the work. His had been the job of always appearing as a different person. Sometimes he had gone from his job in the lunch-hour after work to some public lavatory, and combed his thinning dark hair a different way, or used one of the two wigs — one dark, one fair — he'd bought.

Because his features were so ordinary he had discovered that a change from his usual

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"Limgoomba! Wait . . .!"



Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix* Nappy Liners

(costs about 1 cent a change)

■ Only the liner gets soiled — not the nappy ■ They're made of soft fabric — not paper ■ Medicated too, to help prevent nappy rash. Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene.

Johnson & Johnson



* Regd. Trade Mark.

rimless spectacles to frames of different sorts made an almost incredible difference to his looks and he had collected seven different pairs of assorted shapes and colorings. Hats made another big change. So did clothes.

The weeks before Christmas had been their time of greatest gains. He remembered, this Christmas Eve, as he packed his case and made ready to go, that it was just after that other Christmas, when the Pascoe account was swelled with their seasonal luck, that Isobel had disappeared, stealing everything he'd worked for, along with his dreams of footloose wandering round the world.

He wondered if Isobel was sparing a thought to that other Christmas, and how he had caught up with her afterwards.

If she was, she must now be certain, after the past six months, that he'd decided to forget all about her. Certainly there was no one watching over her. He had made sure of that by writing a detective agency, enclosing a fee, stating what he wanted, saying he would ring at certain times for the information he wanted.

He knew now she was on her own, with no real friends and few acquaintances. She was the sort of woman who would never be missed and asked after if she had been invited to some Christmas festivity and failed to turn up. He hadn't even bothered to consider the possibility she might have arranged a party of her own. Isobel had considered party-giving a sheer waste of money and time.

Four days, he reflected. Four days before she would be due back, with the reopening of the store where she worked, at her job. By the time she was found he'd be out of the country, settling into a new life.

"Don't touch that!"

She stopped halfway between stove and sink, wondering suddenly how many times she had said that same phrase already. It wasn't as though the kid was much trouble, she reflected. She was a quiet little thing, and this wasn't much fun for her. A six-year-old ought to be at a party tonight, or getting ready for Santa, not stuck alone in a quiet flat with a middle-aged woman who wasn't even used to kids and who had no idea of how to entertain them.

She said slowly, "You don't have to be so quiet, Virginia, but don't play with things like that glassware. That's crystal. It's valuable. I'll be downright angry if you break any of it, so leave that cupboard alone, and there won't be any grief to any of us. You can help me wash up in a minute. Right?"

The child, one hand against the workbench top, swayed on one foot back and forth, her long straight veil of fair hair

flopping over her shoulders. She said abruptly, "Yes, Miss Stark."

"Tarks," Isobel jerked. "Tarks, not Stark, Virginia." Funny, she thought the child never could remember—like Frank. He used to get mixed up at first, but then she'd changed to calling herself Mrs. Aidan, and there'd been no need for the use of her real name. He'd have remembered it, though, and remembered it was Tarks and not Stark, into the bargain. Unconsciously her hand went up over her pale blue eyes, touching the slight scar there.

There was another, a bigger one, under the dark hair and suddenly, in spite of the closed-in warmth of the small kitchen, she shivered.

She'd always suspected that under his quiet, smooth manner, Frank had had a temper. She couldn't remember much of that evening when he'd caught up with her. Perhaps that was a mercy. But all the time he'd been in prison she'd been frightened of the day when he eventually came out.

Over and over she'd gone into plans. If she'd been able to think of a way of getting the money out of the country she would have left.

SHE had had to settle for staying where she was. She hadn't even tried going interstate, not after she had been given a tip from someone they'd used in the past in disposing of stolen stuff—a tip that Frank had started inquiries about her through another contact. She had faced facts calmly, knowing that to run and keep running was to force herself into a lifetime nightmare.

She had finally decided to stick boldly to her own name, settle herself in the city, and simply wait. She had even gone so far as to inform the man who had tipped her off to Frank's inquiries, that she had purchased the flat and furniture and invested in long-term bonds, in the hope the news would trickle back to Frank and he would know that the money was untouchable, not simply sitting around for his violent removal.

But she was sure that once he was released it would only be a matter of days before he was on her doorstep.

The fact he hadn't come had proved more nerve-racking than any attempt at blackmailing, any threat. She had found it incredible, almost indecent, somehow, as though his ignoring her was an insult. She had even speculated, as the weeks had turned into months of freedom, if he was searching for another partner to help him build up yet another nest-egg.

The thought returned to her now together with another.

She said sharply, "Eggs!" and whipped round, frowning as she turned off the heat

HUSH, IT'S A GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

under the eggs that had been hard-boiling for tomorrow's dinner.

She had decided that not even for the child's sake was she going through the misery of cooking a boiling hot Christmas dinner and then eating it with pretended enjoyment. She'd already done a chicken. Tomorrow she and the child would have that and ham and salad and jellied fruits.

Every Christmas since Frank had gone to prison, she had told herself weeks before to do this or that, order so many things and do so many more, but when the time came she'd lost interest and Christmas Eve had been like any other evening when the store work was over and free days stretched ahead.

At least, though, this year she had had a tree. The child was responsible for that.

Arthur Segal had brought up the already decorated tree from the flat below first thing that morning.

He had nearly made her late for work, too, with his insisting on going on standing there, wanting to explain all over again just how it was and why he simply had to go north for Christmas and desert his small daughter.

"It could mean big business." The reverence in his voice had both amused and irritated her. "And promotion and maybe a better school for Ginny, Miss Tarks, I just hate imposing on you this fashion, but if you could understand all the implications of this invitation..."

She had had practically to push him out in the end, reassuring him impatiently that, of course, she understood lots of people had no relations to help out; that she knew most of the other Court

residents would be going away or having friends to stay; assuring him, trying to gild the bitterness of the words, that no, she had no Christmas plans of her own.

Although it was school holidays, the child had been at a day creche to keep her out of mischief. There'd been no need to worry about her till after work, when Isobel had collected her and brought her back.

It was a sheer relief when the doorbell rang, a relief to let thought and memories be broken. She didn't bother sliding aside the panel in the door and gazing out first—a habit she'd fallen into after Frank's release. She simply took off the chain and threw the door wide, not really seeing the caller at first, because her mind was concerned and anxious over the noise that had come from the kitchen as she'd thrust back the bolt—a sound that had been suspiciously like breaking glass.

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Advertisement

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"Close the door, the draught is bending Dad's nails."

Then her gaze focused and she was backing, while Frank came after her, into the little hall, thrusting the door closed behind him.

Temptation was there and flared up at the ring of the doorbell and the woman hastening away. A caller meant a minute or two at least — time to either get rid of them or welcome them inside and sit them down before talking of drinks or coffee or a slice of cake. She knew that quite well, and her hands darted to the cupboard knob and turned it, pulled it. Then she was reaching for the big bowl she had barely just touched before.

It had looked so frail a thing she had expected it to be light, but instead it had been heavy — so heavy it simply slid out of her small grasping hands and fell.

Into her ears came the warning

HUSH, IT'S A GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

voice again, "I'd get downright angry if you broke any of it..." and slow, burning, appalled tears welled up in her eyes. She knew quite well what the words meant — a succession of housekeepers, daily women and Lady Helps had shown her quite plainly.

She knew what was going to happen when Miss Tarks came back to the kitchen. A clip to her right ear, another to her left, and a hard stinging slap to her rear, then a tight voice saying, "All right, Virginia, if you want punishment, you'll get it, my lady. Down you get and scrub up the floor. And... no unwrapping your gifts till the holiday season's right over!"

There was always a final sting-

ing punishment, and what better and bigger one than that? Miss Tarks had said the glass was valuable. She'd look for something Virginia valued and take it off her. That was a certainty.

The tears rolled quietly down her pale cheeks.

At first she thought him merely a man, a stranger, but then she was back in the past, remembering, because though the man wasn't Frank, as he ought to be, she'd seen him plenty of times when he'd changed his appearance for their racket in the stores. She always knew him by his eyes and hands.

She knew him now even though his hair was dark brown, not grey-

ing, and he'd touched up his eyebrows, too, so that they were reddish brown.

He said, smiling at her, "Hello, Is."

She jerked in astonishment. "You've lost your teeth. I..." then stopped.

He broadened the smile so she could see the white gleaming set in his upper jaw, that took the place of his own teeth with their mass of gold fillings at the front.

Then he said softly, "They took my own in prison and handed me a complete set. They look after you well inside, Is. Funny, isn't it? Outside you can have any tooth in your head rot, but so long as you pay your taxes on time the Government doesn't care a jot. Ever think of that?"

She licked at her lips and managed. "No."

He nodded slowly. "I guess you've never had time. In prison now, it's different. You've got lots of time."

She said sharply, "Well, if you ever thought about me, Frank, I hope it was with sense to know there's nothing for you here. Why've you come? If you've come after money, Frank, you can forget it. If you've come thinking I'll turn all sentimental at this time of the year and be talked into a partnership again and let you get your hands on the money and that, well... forget that, too. And if you've come to threaten..."

"I wouldn't threaten you, Is," he said softly.

She said helplessly, "All right what is it, then?"

"Can I have a look round the place?"

He didn't wait for permission, but started moving so that she had to go backwards or have his body press up against her own. In the sitting-room his gaze flickered round and he moved across, heading for the kitchen.

She remembered the child then. The last of her fright and rigidity slid away. The child was a guarantee there wouldn't be any trouble. But she nearly cried out in surprise when he stood there in the kitchen doorway and merely said, "A nice little set-up," and turned back, with no mention of the child.

VIRGINIA must have crossed the living-room, she thought in confusion, while they'd been in the hall. She must have crossed it and entered the bathroom or one of the two small bedrooms. But in a moment Frank was crossing that way and going through the other rooms and coming back, saying again, "A nice little set-up, Is," with still no mention of the child and no sound from her, either.

He said then, "Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

She hesitated, her mind still half on the child's whereabouts. She said almost indifferently, "You can if you like. Wait, while I switch off the stove. I was cooking."

She crossed the deep pile of carpet, thrust open the door, and went into the neat kitchen.

Virginia knelt, with the tears still welling, mistily groping for the two halves of the bowl, gathering them and then, because she wanted to put off for the moment the coming of trouble, because she was praying that some miracle would happen and she'd look at the bowl when her eyes cleared and find it was all a mistake after all and the glass wasn't broken at all—she slipped sideways, still holding the bowl, and disappeared from sight under the workbench.

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OUR TRANSFER



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HUSH, IT'S A GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

She knelt there, her tears stopped, and her eyes clearing, seeing the corner of the door pushed farther inward and, then, legs appear—dark-clad legs. A man's legs.

Then she heard a strange voice saying, "A nice little set-up," and the feet turned and moved out of the doorway again.

She let her pent breath relax and sat back on her heels to think. A visitor, she realised in a moment, meant relieve.

She slid out from under the workbench cautiously, leaving the bowl, kneeling to press it right out of sight at the back. With a visitor there, Miss Tarks wasn't going to start sweeping under the furniture. She was going to be all butter-smooth voice and pleasant smiles for a bit.

As Virginia stood upright again, rubbing her hands down the sides of her dress, steps sounded and the woman came lurching in.

FOR an instant the two of them stood, simply gazing at one another, then the woman whispered, "Hush, it's a game. Hide! Till I come. It's . . . it's a secret game."

She went out and Virginia heard the man's voice say, "You've fetched out a plate to throw at . . ." then the sound was cut off by the closing door again and she was alone, puzzled, silently pondering, bewildered but satisfied that again, for the present moment, justice wasn't going to be meted out.

Isobel had whispered the first thing that came into her head, remembering her own childhood, when on Christmas Eve someone would come with parcels and someone else in the know would rush ahead, bundling the children out of the way, crying, "Hush, it's a game. Hide! Quick. Till I come. It's a secret game," and there would be a scatter of giggling, excited children.

She went out again, closing the door, twisting the key in the lock behind her so that the child couldn't edge the door half open and listen.

She answered Frank's question with a curt, "I paid good money for my dishes, Frank Aldan. I don't intend smashing them over your head," and realised she'd chosen the wrong thing to say.

"You paid my money for them, Is," he retorted coldly. "I worked for it. The main risk was mine."

"Why didn't you settle for half?" he asked quite mildly.

She didn't answer. There wasn't anything to say. The truth — that she couldn't have borne to leave the rest of it there in the bank, to be frittered away in his loafing his way round the world wouldn't have made him feel any better.

She said flatly, "Anyway, it's all tied up now, Frank, and there's no use you thinking of what you did to me! You owe me plenty for that. Don't you? I don't owe you anything now. With what you did to me we're even."

"You were always a wonderful talker, Is. But you owe me plenty, Is. Three years and ten months of my life. Where's my compensation for that?"

"That's crazy," she gave back. "You fetched that through your own fool-headedness. I didn't ask you to hit me. We've nothing to say any more. You'd better go." When he didn't move she asked, in rising irritation and panic, "Why'd you come?"

"To say goodbye. You see, Is, I've been on parole these past six months. That means reporting to the police, doing what they'd approve of. I had remission for good conduct and so on. That meant I didn't serve what the judge handed out. But it meant parole when they did let me out. But that's over now. I can go where I like and start a new life."

He touched his hair. "I'm quite grey now. Iron-grey. This is to make me look younger. And I'm taking a new name, too. And leaving the country. Tonight. Starting off fresh, as you might say."

Relief thawed her into a

faint warmth toward him, because there wasn't going to be any trouble.

He said, "But first I wanted to say goodbye, Is."

Then she saw the gun. He didn't look angry, but she half turned. Starting to move, she looked back at him, still bewildered, still surprised. He didn't look as though he hated her. He simply sat there, quite placid of face.

And shot her dead. He sighed, looked at the gun, and then simply dropped it at her side. There was no way of tracing it back to him. No fingerprints on it, either, because he had handled it

visas. To go somewhere where those were needed he would have been forced to purchase a forged passport and he had had no spare cash for that. His sole asset, when he had come out, had been the money for his old car. He had asked the solicitor who had acted for him in court to see it was sold and the money banked for him, out of reach of either Greta, his divorced wife, or Isobel. He had come out to find a little over five hundred dollars as a result. That was in his case in traveller's cheques, and was to be the means of starting him off

Miss Tarks. Virginia was quite sure of that. Miss Tarks wasn't the sort who played games. She was just pretending. There wasn't going to be a wonderful surprise when the door opened. That was nonsense. The woman simply wanted her out of the way and quiet.

Virginia sighed. For the present she was safe, but soon the door was going to open again and what . . . what if the visitor was going to have something to eat? Something that needed to be set out beautifully in the glass bowl?

She felt quite sick at the idea. Scrabbling under the workbench, she pulled out the glass, staring at it, then fumblingly she opened the cupboard where spare papers were kept, brought out a whole pile and carefully wrapped up the glass.

She wondered what Miss Tarks would say when she found the bowl had disappeared. But one thing was certain. She couldn't punish when she didn't know what had happened to the thing—whether, perhaps, it had been missing for days and days. Why, her daily woman, if she had one, might even have taken it. Virginia brightened at the thought, while carefully picking up the bundle and going to the far wall.

There was a steel plate there, identical to the one in the Segal flat below, identical to others in every kitchen in the vast tower buildings. You pressed down the catches and the plate flipped down into a little shelf and you could peer into darkness and feel a cold breath of air come whistling up to touch your bare skin.

It was frightening when she found her present parcel was too big to enter the slot. She had to sit down again on the floor and undo it, her hands trembling, terrified the kitchen door would open. In the end, because she heard a sharp, loud bang from the other room, she didn't dare wait to wrap up the pieces again. She dropped them, separately, as they were, down the chute, closed it, and slipped back the catches.

She stood with her back to it, waiting, but nothing happened. After a while she moved to the door and slowly pulled at the handle, but she couldn't open the door. She realised after a while that she was locked in.

Piqued, Virginia applied one eye to the keyhole, but she couldn't see anything. Not even light.

Puzzled, she stepped back, wondering in astonishment if Miss Tarks had forgotten all about her and had gone out with her visitor to dinner, switching off the light before she left. She decided, after a while, that it wasn't reasonable.

Miss Tarks had simply gone downstairs to the foyer of the building. That was it, she thought sagely, pleased with her visitor for working it out. She'd gone down to see him off, and she'd be up again in a few minutes. In the meantime there was no harm in making sure of being in her good graces.

With a sigh Virginia made for the sink, pulling a chair with her so she could kneel on it and manage properly. Hot water swished into the stainless steel bowl and she delighted herself with making as much froth as possible before plunging in her small hands.

After a little while she began singing. Miss Tarks and the crystal bowl both forgotten.

He should, he thought, in rising annoyance, have remembered that on Christmas Eve the roads would be choked, and five times already the taxi had simply pulled up, the meter ticking away.

Nervously he glanced at his watch, tapping worried fingers on his knee.

"Don't worry, mate," the driver said blithely. "We'll hit Mascot on time. You're for New Zealand, aren't you?"

As he hurried into the airport a hand touched his arm and he swung round, to look into Greta's round, flushed face.

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through a carefully folded handkerchief.

At the hall doorway he looked back, a long, slow look round the room, before he switched off the light and went out through the hall, closing the front door behind him.

He was thinking of New Zealand as he made for the lift. He had chosen it because the plane fare was small, yet it was a different country, while still being open to him without need of passport or

afresh, leaving the police, if they wanted him, to search for him in his own country at first.

He didn't look back as he strode out into the evening. He didn't bother to stop, to gaze up at the tower building of flats and pick out the darkened windows that were Isobel's. He simply walked away, his mind on New Zealand, on freedom, and a new life.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

WA05.66.126

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HUSH, IT'S A GAME

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He stared at her, letting the case slide out of his hand, to hit the ground, jarring against his ankle. He went on staring at her, and at the three men who flanked her—his one-time father-in-law, his one-time brothers-in-law.

She couldn't know him, he thought confusedly. It was impossible. He looked totally different from Frank Aldan. Why was she touching his arms, pulling him up?

She said, "I know it's you, Frank. You're the last passenger to check in for that plane, and I can see your name now on that case label."

He stared down stupidly and thought in amazement that the label didn't say Frank Aldan. He hadn't put that by mistake. He'd written Baring, his new name.

Great heavens, the woman was mad, he reflected.

He took a step backwards, and the four of them crowded after him, so that they formed a tight, hard little knot right in the middle of the hall.

He bent to grip the suitcase again. "My name is Baring. Not Frank. Herbert Baring," he said.

She gave a sudden shriek of laughter. That hadn't changed, either, he thought, wincing. It was an atrocious noise. That was what had drawn him to Isobel first—her quiet, soft laugh. Isobel . . .

He remembered her for the first time since he'd left Nurrung Court and the silent flat. He was instantly panic-stricken, appalled,

because now his safety was threatened—now Greta and her family knew his new name, his new appearance, where he was going.

His lips parted, but she was saying, "Of all the names to choose, Herbert's the limit! Now stop being a fool, Frank. We'd best move over into a corner somewhere. We're holding up traffic. Get your case and shift over . . ."

He said with a sudden overwhelming rage and panic, "Get out of my road!"

"You're not walking out on me, Frank. Dad and me and Foley and Lloyd are here to see to it."

He tried to get round her and

the burly figure of big Foley Timmins, but the man blocked him, thrusting him backwards again.

Greta said, "If you fancy a scene, Frank, I'll make one. I'll call a policeman and give you in charge . . . for assaulting me."

The basement was a big area, perpetually warm from the incinerator that was lit at least once a day. At Christmastime it seemed never to go out, Robbins thought disgustedly.

He stood beside it, sick of the job, sick of Nurrung Court—Court, mind you, he thought in disgust. Moodily, he reflected on what he'd made out of Christmas. One dollar. One measly dollar. There were sixty three units in the Court and he'd received exactly one tip, and that for one dollar.

To make matters even worse it wasn't one of the owners who'd tipped him, but just a chap who'd been loaned the home unit while the owner was overseas. He'd gone round knocking on doors, giving out Merry Christmas, and grinning away, expecting a tip, and nearly all of them had simply stared blankly and asked who the devil he was. When told he was the caretaker who burned their rubbish and swept the room and watered the lawn and saw the cleaning women did their jobs on stair and landing they'd just said back, "Well, I never knew, but Merry Christmas to you, too," and closed their doors. Only one had known him vaguely. He'd thought he was doing her a favor and instead she'd threatened him with the sack, the police, and everything else she could think of.

Miss Tarks! There'd been a smell of gas all right and he'd called the Gas Company and they'd come out and gone sniffing around.

He had a master key to get into the units in case of fire or emergency. He'd used it. Of course there hadn't been anything wrong in there. There'd been a little leak somewhere else. But, as he'd said, he was only doing his duty.

But no—she'd threatened with everything she could and that was plenty.



You bring the ham, salami, tomatoes, radishes, hard boiled eggs, salmon, peppers, cucumber, cheeses, spring onions and the mustard.

I'll bring the Vita-Weat!



Crunch! It's a Picnic Vita-Lunch!

Peek Frean Vita-Weat . . . helps you slim and enjoy it

VW23.6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

STILL, there was no use thinking about it, and maybe there was something worth while in the pile in front of him. He brightened at that. Surprising, shocking even, what folks threw out, he reflected. Cups that only needed a handle glued back, bits of pottery, books on which he could get twenty-five cents a time.

He bent to the task almost willingly, but stopped almost at once. He held the half bowl up to the light. Funny it hadn't smashed to smithereens coming down, but it had landed on a pile of shavings someone else had thrown down. He would have sworn it was Miss Tarks' property, too. He began to pick over the rest of the shavings and came up with the other half, holding them in his big-fingered hands. Miss Tarks' property he was sure. He'd seen the crystal when he'd been in the flat, and thought she must have spent a pretty penny on it.

But why toss the bowl out without trying to see if it couldn't be mended—a lot of the big stores could do wonders with anything.

He remembered then, and gave a cackle of laughter. The last he'd bet anything that damn ice had broken it. And shot down the pieces so the old girl wouldn't find it.

Carefully he put the pieces aside. She'd probably come down as soon as she discovered the loss and found out from the bit what had happened, but if she wanted the pieces she could pay for them.

Greta was saying crisply, "mean it, Frank. Dad and Foley and Lloyd will back me up and by the time we've talked to the police and they've taken statements or whatever they do, you won't be able to leave the country no matter how you try. Not if the case comes up. And . . . I'll make the case stick, Frank. They'll believe me, after what you did to that woman. Won't they?"

His rage went, leaving only puzzlement.

"What's the matter with you? I haven't harmed you, Greta. You wanted a divorce. You got it. And I've been paying your alimony ever since I was free."

"That's just it, Frank. My alimony. How am I going to collect with you in another country and using another name? Oh, no, Frank, it won't do. You've even got a one-way ticket. That means you're not coming back."

A voice called, "Will passengers for New Zealand, Flight 67, please go down to gate No. 4. Will passengers for . . ."

"You can turn your ticket in and get another plane tomorrow."

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COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Portable timekeeper.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their interesting and unusual antiques.



● Yi-Hsing teapot.

I WOULD like some information about two articles (pictured). The teapot (right) was a gift to my mother about 1912 and is a chocolate or terra-cotta color, unglazed pottery. Is it of Chinese or Japanese origin and were these teapots made prior to the above date?

The clock (left) is made of metal and painted. I have never seen one the same. The top above the hour lettering moves around and a pointer attached to the lower section marks the time.—Mrs. M. I. McClements, Bankstown, N.S.W.

Your red stoneware teapot is probably of Japanese origin.

Similar examples were made in China and also by many European potters, who emulated the oriental productions.

The Yi-Hsing teapot as it is known first made its appearance during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. They were even made in England by the Elers brothers between 1693 and the early eighteenth century and were sold from twelve to twenty-four shillings each. Owing to the standard method of production it is impossible to authenticate an example without personal inspection.

This unusual portable timekeeper, originally designed as a table or a desk timepiece, was probably made during the latter part of the Victorian era. Similar examples also occur during the Edwardian era. Primitive drum-shaped clocks first made their appearance during the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Peter Henlein, a clock-maker of Nuremberg, born 1480, died 1542, is accredited with the introduction of the portable timekeeper.



● George II ewer.

COULD you please give me some information about my two jugs? One is silver (above) and bears hallmarks; the other (not pictured) has the words "Doulton, Lambeth, England, 1498 V. or M.P."—Mrs. C. Melville, Lismore, N.S.W.

The elegant sterling silver cream ewer bears London hallmarks. It was made during the reign of George II (1727-1760) and bears the date letter P., representing the years 1750 to 1751. The Doulton jug was made about 1900.

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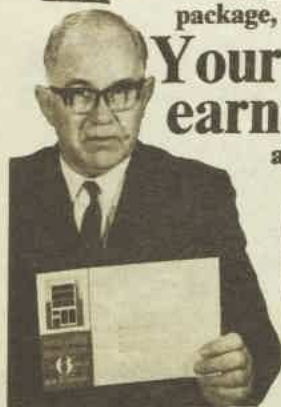
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READER'S STORY

A Victorian reader was on the point of adopting a tiny, black-haired baby boy when it was discovered that the miracle had happened: she was expecting a child of her own. Now, on the eve of her son's 21st birthday, she wonders: What happened to that other baby?

The son I almost had

TOMORROW my son is 21; and with party preparations well in hand, too tired to sleep easily, my thoughts go back not to the boy who is almost a man—he is as happy and as normal as I could wish—but to the son I almost had.

I was married at 21, my husband just a year older. We were happy, working hard to buy our own home, but after a few years we longed for a baby.

As no baby appeared, I saw a doctor. "You will never have a child," he said, but he sent me to a specialist.

After a minor operation, I was told, "You will never have a baby, Mrs. C."—and, of course, that made me want a child all the more.

My husband said, "What about adopting one?" We made inquiries, and moved slowly through the waiting,

the red-tape, and the family disapproval.

At last we were notified that a suitable child was available. We went in great glee to see the baby, quite forgetting we had asked for a girl and that this was a boy.

As I looked at the tiny head, with its black hair, my heart went out to him. My arms ached to hold him, but that wasn't allowed.

I listened as the matron of the home told me he was very small and underweight, but healthy, and would need careful feeding for another month before I could take him home.

There was also the possibility that his mother might change her mind about adoption. I prayed she wouldn't, although I felt it was the wrong thing to pray for, and joyfully went home to prepare a nursery for our son.

It was a very long month, and as it went on I began to feel ill. Symptoms of

pregnancy began to appear. I went to the doctor.

"Oh, you couldn't be pregnant, Mrs. C. But we will take some tests."

Every few days I went to see my baby, and every time I loved him more.

Then the pregnancy test came back—positive.

I was bewildered, unhappy, and sick. Now I didn't want to have a baby. I wanted the one I could see and had already grown to love, not the unknown thing that was making me feel so ill.

Difficult time

As my husband, doctor, and family pointed out, I had to forget about that baby. I wasn't well enough to care for him, anyway. It was the longest time of my life. I was ill every day. I spent three months in bed, and grew weak and thin.

I hated the baby I was carrying. I wished I could die.

At last it was all over, and, miraculously, I was looking at a lovely baby boy identical, it seemed, to the tiny, black-haired one I had loved months ago.

"A bit small," said the doctor, "but perfectly healthy. Three-hourly feeds for him till we get his weight up."

I often smile when I hear people say a mother must think good thoughts when carrying a child. I loved my baby when I saw him, and love him still, a happy, healthy young man who loves his father and me and the sister he now has.

I'm sure he hasn't suffered in any way because, for a few months before he was born, I didn't want him.

I have long ago forgotten that unhappy time but, somehow, tonight I am thinking of that other tiny baby who needed careful feeding.

Where is he? What does he look like, today? Is he happy? I wish I knew.

Funny thing about Ellie
she spends so much time and effort and money on making herself look beautiful then she puts on her one and only pair of glasses.

Ellie's only glasses have neat plain tortoise-shell frames. There's no nonsense about them, they're perfectly functional and practical at the office when the pressure is on. Galoshes are perfectly functional and practical too, when it's raining. Very few women wear them at the discotheque. The golden rule of accessories is to choose for both costume and occasion. Eyewear can be the most personal and versatile of all accessories, yet there are so many—like Ellie—who go to no end of trouble preparing for an evening out and then plant their one and only pair of old-faithfuls squarely across their nose. It's a shame, and O.P.S.M. are now showing a range of hundreds of fashion frames to prove the point. All colours, all styles, to make all occasions more significant: daytime, after five, evening, theatre. And fashion spectacles are not expensive—they average about the same price as a good pair of shoes. At last count Ellie had sixteen good pairs of shoes. How about you?



OPSM
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1967

THREE-PIECE JUMPER SUIT FOR A BABY

Sweater, leggings, and cap in smart grey-and-white combination are designed for babies up to two years. Sleeves are knitted in with the body.

Materials: Emu Scotch 4-ply or Bri-Nylon 4-ply. **Jumper:** 2 (2, 3) balls grey (A), 2 (2, 2) balls white (B). **Leggings:** 2 (2, 2) balls grey (A), 3 (3, 3) balls white (B). **Hat:** 1 (1, 1) ball grey (A), 1 (1, 1) ball white (B). One pair each size 10 and 12 knitting needles; medium-size crochet hook and 6 small buttons for jumper; elastic to fit waist, plus 8 in. for leggings; medium-size crochet hook, 2 small buttons for hat.

Measurements: To fit actual chest 20 (21, 22) in. Jumper length, 10½ (11½, 12) in. Sleeve seam, 6 (6½, 7) in.

Tension: 7½ stitches and 9½ rows to 1 square inch measured over stocking-stitch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st, stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; inc., increase(ing); dec., decrease(ing); tog., together; w.fwd., wool forward; A, grey (main color); B, white (contrast color).

Note: Use a separate ball of wool for each color section, twisting the wools when changing color to avoid a hole.

JUMPER BACK

* Using size 12 needles and B, cast on 76 (80, 84) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong-side row.

Change to size 10 needles.

1st Row: K 13 (15, 17) A, 50 B, 13 (15, 17) A.

2nd Row: P 13 (15, 17) A, 50 B, 13 (15, 17) A.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Sleeves: Keeping continuity of color sections, continue in st-st., and with A inc. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, cast on 7 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of the next 6 rows and 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. 148 (160, 172) sts. *

Continue without shaping until cuff edge measures 3½ (3½, 3½) in., ending with p row.

Cast off 61 (66, 71) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Leave remaining 26 (28, 30) sts. on spare needle.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back from * to *. Continue without shaping until cuff edge measures 1½ (1½, 1½) in., ending with p row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 68 (73, 78) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 rows.

Continue without shaping until work measures same as back to shoulder, ending at cuff edge. Cast off remaining 61 (66, 71) sts.

Slip centre 12 (14, 16) sts. on to spare needle.

Join wool at neck edge to remaining sts., k to end.

Complete to match first side of neck.

NECKBAND FRONT

With right side facing, using size 12 needles and B, pick up and k 18 sts. down

left side of neck, k across 12 (14, 16) sts. at centre front, inc. into last st., pick up and k 18 sts. up right side of neck. 49 (51, 53) sts.

1st Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. Rep. these 2 rows for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

BACK

With right side facing, using size 12 needles and B, k across 26 (28, 30) sts. on back neck, inc. into last st. Work in rib as front for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

CUFFS

Using back-stitch, join shoulder and top sleeve seams to within 3 in. of each side of neck. With right side facing, using size 12 needles and B, pick up and k 60 (64, 68) sts. evenly along cuff edge. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.

LEGGINGS RIGHT LEG

** Using size 12 needles and B, cast on 72 (76, 80) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for ½ in.

Next Row: Rib 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, rep. from * to end.

Continue in rib for further ½ in.

Change to size 10 needles.

Next Row: K 25 B, 22 (26, 30) A, 25 B, **.

Next Row: P 25 B, 22 (26, 30) A, 25 B.

To Shape Back (keeping continuity of color sections)—**1st Row:** K 16 (18, 20) sts. and turn. **2nd Row:** P to end. **3rd Row:** K 31 (33, 35) sts. and turn. **4th Row:** P to end. **5th Row:** K 46 (48, 50) sts. and turn. **6th Row:** P to end. **7th Row:** K 61 (63, 65) sts. and turn. **8th Row:** P to end.

*** Continue in st-st., working across all sts. for 18 (22, 26) rows more. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 5th row until 88 (92, 96) sts. on needle, then 1 st. each end of next 4 rows. 96 (100, 104) sts.

To Commence Leg Shaping: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 70 (74, 78) sts. remain, then 1 st. each end of every following 3rd row until 40 (42, 44) sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures 8½ (9, 9½) in. from beg. of leg shaping, ending with p row. ***

Break off B.

To Shape Instep—Next Row: K 33 (34, 34) sts., turn. **Next Row:** P 14 sts., turn.

Work on these 14 sts. for 2 (2, 2½) in., ending with p row. Break wool. Using A, join it to the 19 (20, 20) sts. already knitted, pick up and k 15 (15, 17) sts. along side of instep, k across 14 toe sts., pick up and k 15 (15, 17) sts. along other side of instep and k remaining 19 (20, 20) sts. 70 (72, 78) sts. K 9 rows. Cast off loosely.

HAAT

* Using size 12 needles and A, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit. **2nd Row:** Inc. into first st., k 1.

Continue in garter-st. (every row k), inc. 1 st. at beg. of following 5 alternate rows. (8 sts.)

Continue without further shaping until work measures 1 (1½, 1½) in. from last inc.

Inc. 1 st. at shaped edge on next and following 3 (5, 5) alternate rows. 12 (14, 14) sts.

Change to size 10 needles. *

Cast on 14 (14, 16) sts. at shaped edge. 26 (28, 30) sts.



BABY SUIT (above) can be separates. Any of the three pieces would make a delightful present for a young mother or mother-to-be. Directions for knitting are complete on this page.

LEFT LEG

Work as right leg from ** to **.

To Shape Back—1st Row: P 16 (18, 20) sts. and turn. **2nd Row:** K to end. **3rd Row:** P 31 (33, 35) sts. and turn. **4th Row:** K to end. **5th Row:** P 46 (48, 50) sts. and turn. **6th Row:** K to end. **7th Row:** P 61 (63, 65) sts. and turn. **8th Row:** K to end.

Now work as right leg from *** to ***.

Break off B.

To Shape Instep—Next Row: K 21 (22, 24) sts. and turn. **Next Row:** P 14 sts. and turn.

Work on these 14 sts. for 2 (2, 2½) in., ending with p row. Break off wool. Using A, join it to the 7 (8, 10) sts. already knitted, pick up and k 15 (15, 17) sts. along side of instep, k across the 14 toe sts., pick up and k 15 (15, 17) sts. along other side of instep and k remaining 19 (20, 20) sts. 70 (72, 78) sts. K 9 rows. Cast off loosely.

HAAT

* Using size 12 needles and A, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit. **2nd Row:** Inc. into first st., k 1.

Continue in garter-st. (every row k), inc. 1 st. at beg. of following 5 alternate rows. (8 sts.)

Continue without further shaping until work measures 1 (1½, 1½) in. from last inc.

Inc. 1 st. at shaped edge on next and following 3 (5, 5) alternate rows. 12 (14, 14) sts.

Change to size 10 needles. *

Cast on 14 (14, 16) sts. at shaped edge. 26 (28, 30) sts.

Continue in garter-st. for 2 (2, 2) in. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until 6 (8, 10) sts. remain. K 2 tog. 3 (4, 5) times.

Break wool, thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

Work another piece the same in A, 2 more in B.

Ends (Make 2)

Using size 12 needles and A, cast on 6 sts. and work in garter-st. for 14 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE-UP

Pin out all pieces to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If using Bri-Nylon, press with dry cloth instead of damp one.

Jumper: Using back-stitch, join side and underarm sleeve seams. Using B, work a row of double crochet along both edges of each shoulder opening. Work 3 button loops on each front edge, then sew on buttons to match loops.

Leggings: Join back, front, and leg seams. Cut elastic to fit waist and thread through eyelet holes. Cut remainder of elastic into two four-inch lengths and sew on to each side of instep.

Hat: Join the four sections, alternating colors and leaving ½ in. opening in both ear-flap seams for buttonholes. Sew small button to one end of each tie, then button on to hat. Using 3 strands of B, work an 8 in. single chain crochet cord, then stitch one end to top of hat. Sew pom-pom to other end. To make pom-pom, cut wool into 3 in. lengths, bind securely in the middle, fluff out, and trim.

HUSH, IT'S A GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

or the next day if we sort this thing out now. I'm not going to waste time in talking about the way you shamed me, going off with that woman and then beating her up. Let's leave it. But we can't leave the fact that when you were in prison I got nothing. The legal man I went to said that was my hard luck, and never mind. I knew when you were due out and I was all ready for a big fight to get my rights out of you and, bless me, next thing I knew the weekly sum came without a word. I found out you were on six months' parole and you had to keep your nose clean. I said to Dad, "There's the reason. He's playing at being a good boy, but once that parole's up he's going to skip."

"So I got in touch with a woman in that boarding house. I told her the full facts and that I was scared you'd skip. I asked her to let me know if you gave notice at the boarding house."

"But I didn't give notice at all."

"No, you just said you'd be away over Christmas. She told me, and I thought this is it. I asked her to see what she could find out, and this morning when you were having your bath, Frank, she went through your pockets." Her voice rose in triumph. "And she found that ticket and where it was for, and the name on it. And she rang me. Now what do you think of that?"

The washing up finished, the dishes carefully dried and stacked, Virginia cleaned out the sink, rinsed out the dishcloth, and then sat back to smile in approval, before sliding again from the chair and going over to the door. It was still locked and another look through the keyhole still only showed blackness.

She wondered if she dared eat a few biscuits to pass the time. Solemnly she debated the idea and discarded it. Biscuits before bed was something forbidden, she knew, and already it was after her seven-thirty bedtime.

And now... Virginia wondered in sudden excitement if perhaps after all it was a game; that a wonderful, wonderful surprise was coming; a surprise so lovely that bedtime could become elastic for it. She went to the window, sliding it back a little and peering out, down into the world of the courtyard far below, where Christmas lights were lit on a tree in the court, and gazing at lighted windows across the way and lights dancing on the harbor.

"It's Christmas," she said aloud, "Christmas and I'm having a surprise."

He decided to have A Back. That was a good thing to have when there was bending to do. It slowed you up considerably and you could jack up the price for the pain. He eased himself in his chair, hand to the base of his spine, rubbing, his face mournful, then swung round in dismay when a voice asked, "How bad is the pain?"

Robbins gave a snort, and said, "I've got A Back. From all this shifting and bending." He looked with interest at the tiny Christmas tree, bedded in a pot so small it looked more like a teacup than anything. "You won't get that to sit up straight. Not in that pot."

"So I realised. I came down to ask if you had something else I could put it in."

"Well, I guess so, if I look." Robbins rose quite briskly, began looking among the cartons and boxes he kept stacked into one corner, and asked, "You doing some entertaining, Mr. Warner?"

"No. I'm damned if I know why I bought the thing, except... it was the last in the shop. It was quite alone."

He flashed a sudden grin at the older man. "It didn't seem right—being alone on Christmas Eve."

"No," Robbins turned slowly. "It's not right, is it?"

"I suppose there are quite a lot of people in the Court who are alone tonight, come to that. Are there? Spinners, widows, and so on?"

Robbins blinked, came out of abstraction, shook his head. "Most of them are retired couples. There are just a few like Miss Tarks... and she's not alone tonight, either. Got the Segal kid. The father's away and the mother's dead. She's going to regret it," he nodded to the broken crystal. "The little wretch must've done that and shot it down the chute. Valuable stuff, that is."

Leigh Warner slid the potted tree into the wooden box the older man handed over. He said almost curtly, "Perhaps she finds companionship tonight more valuable still."

"Not her. Not Miss Tarks. She'd put things above people any day of the week. When she finds out all hell's going to break loose."

Leigh shrugged. The subject didn't interest him. He said, still with that same curtness, "Thanks. And... Merry Christmas."

On the fourth floor he juggled the key into the lock of the flat, went inside, switching on lights as he went over to the sitting-room window to flick up the blinds and set the tree on the sill.

Untrimmed, it looked faintly pathetic. He wished now he had never taken up the offer of the Brentwoods' home unit while they were away, during the time he was to be in the city consulting on the new bridge job. At the time it had seemed heaven-sent, a haven of privacy, but after two months of it he still knew nothing about his neighbors.

He touched the tree gently. Quickly he slid the window open so that a gentle breeze touched the small living thing. He stood gazing out, at the spurious cheer of the decorated tree down below, at the shining lighted windows all round the court.

At one window, two floors higher, a little to his left, a figure stood, gazing out, outlined against the lighted room beyond. A child, he realised. Dreaming probably.

He lifted his hand in a half salute. At the other window a small pale hand fluttered in salutation and greeting. The two hands, one large, one so small, went on waving across the night, across the court.

He started to laugh. How insane it must look to anyone watching, he thought. He wished now he had decorations—he could have sat there and decorated the tree for her pleasure, while she watched.

On impulse, he turned, went out of the place again. He'd go back to the stores—there were plenty open late tonight, get some sort of decorations, and trim it.

"I think you're crazy."

Frank answered her triumphant question with the flat, disgusted statement. He said rapidly, "To do all that, as though... I'm only going to New Zealand, to..."

"With a one-way ticket!" The loudspeaker broke into sound almost shockingly. "Mr. Baring, passenger for New Zealand. Mr. Baring. Would Mr. Baring, passenger for New Zealand, report to gate four? Flight No. 073 is about to depart. Mr. Baring, please report."

She went on talking, not heeding either the woman's

urging or his frantic attempt to get past them again. "I tell you, you can change your ticket for another flight as soon as this is worked out. I only want a settlement so I have something to fall back on. A thousand dollars."

"I don't have any money," he said wearily.

"Then you're not going to New Zealand. I'm pretty sure I can get some sort of Court order to stop you leaving till I get some guarantee about alimony. We'd have to ask a lawyer. I can't do that till after Christmas."

He was so confused, so angry, so frightened, he didn't really know what he was saying. "All I have is a little over five hundred dollars. In traveller's cheques."

Her father said slowly, "You could take the cheques, Greta. You'd be a year to the good and that'd be something."



"Don't you just adore the 'Poor Boy' look... not on poor boys, of course!"

"Yes," she agreed, nodding vehemently.

It was the only way, he thought despairingly. His plans still stood in one particular—they couldn't prove absolutely that he was the one who'd killed Isobel. Deliberately he hadn't taken a thing from the flat for fear it might be found on him, traced back to him if he sold it. He'd worked out his parole, and wasn't it a natural thing for a man released from that to give himself a Christmas present of a new name, a new life, a new country?

They couldn't prove he'd killed Isobel. That was the point. The main thing was to get rid of Greta and her impossible family so he could think clearly.

Lloyd was saying, "Those things have to be signed in front of the person who cashes them. You couldn't get a hotel to change that many. Not five hundred dollars' worth. We'll have to wait till the banks open in four days, and you can go with Greta then, sign them and she can get the money. Then you can go."

They were closing round him again. Greta was saying, "You'd best come home with us, then. After all, it's Christmas, isn't it, Frank, and maybe I've spoiled your big day. You could spend it with us—and the holiday—and afterwards we could part friends. After all, I'm only trying to hold on to what is legally mine. You must admit that."

"You're being ridiculous, Greta. I intended that money to start myself off again in New Zealand. I fully intended to keep up my payments. After all, his face twisted, "I don't fancy having warrants after me and police looking for me. I've had enough of them. But if you're going to stick out for this you

can have it. You can hold them for the moment."

"But I'm not coming with you. That'd be a farce. I'll go to a hotel tonight. Tomorrow or Boxing Day, as soon as I can, I'll contact a man I know who'll change the cheques. I'll bring him to your place and sign them then."

Christmas Eve was a cruel time to the lonely. She had never expected it to be as bad as this. When her mother had died just after last Christmas, she was suddenly thirty years old, with her friends married, her mother gone; no one interested in her and no job in the town open to her, and everyone had taken it for granted that she would head straight for the city and plunge into a new life.

She had fallen into the trap that waited for those on their own, with her first arrival on

darting after it, fell over the hands and the ball together.

Her cheeks flushed scarlet and she drew sharply back. "I'm sorry."

"No need to be. It isn't damaged. A beautiful thing. Isn't it?" Leigh held the ball to the light. "I want some like this, but perhaps they'd better be smaller. The tree's a mere babe."

She half smiled. The words hovered on the tip of her tongue, wanting to ask, "Did you buy it for your baby?" Then were left unsaid because of the lesson she'd learned that questions like that veiled eyes, blanked out expressions, brought a mumble in answer.

"There aren't many left, I'm afraid," she said, taking down boxes.

Leigh watched her. But couldn't she smile?

Leigh thought. Take an interest and pleasure in handling the spun-glass ornaments? Perhaps she was tired out, he reflected in sudden compassion, then thought that more likely she simply wanted to close the doors and go. There was probably a man waiting for her somewhere. He glanced at her hands, saw they were ringless, and she was what... twenty-six or -seven, or perhaps more, he thought.

"You said the tree was tiny? These would be the best I think. They're very fragile, though." She hesitated. "I can wrap them up well. If you have to take a bus, there'll be a crowd..."

"No, I don't take a bus."

Then, because that sounded curt, he added, "I'm living in Nurrung Court."

"Oh?" She lifted her gaze, gave him a quick speculative glance, then turned away to wrap each ornament in a twist of tissue before closing the box and wrapping that. She handed it to him unsmilingly.

"Thank you. Goodnight. And Merry Christmas."

The control that had grown threadbare throughout the day finally snapped. She said, and her voice jeered mockery at the words, "Oh, yes, a merry, merry Christmas."

He turned. For an instant they stood, motionless, staring at one another.

Another, he thought. Another who'll be alone tonight. He took a step back toward her, then a crowd of children came running in, thrusting him aside. He went on hesitating a moment, but two other people were crowding in. The place was filled and he had to go.

Virginia knew she wasn't particularly good at telling the time, but it must, she thought in something approaching panic, be hours since Miss Tarks had gone out with the man, after saying it was a game.

But a game didn't last this long. It didn't go right beyond your bedtime, for hours and hours. It didn't leave you in silence, wondering, getting frightened. Surely Miss Tarks must know she would get frightened, locked in and not knowing what was happening at all, or when the woman was coming back? Miss Tarks must know it...

And why, if she was doing this as punishment, hadn't she said, grimly, "Virginia, I know about that crystal bowl. I'm locking you in, and leaving you to think things out. When I come back I'll expect a real apology." Why not that? She was used to that sort of thing, so why say to her, "Hush, it's a game. Hide. It's a secret," leaving her to think something nice and Christmasy was coming?

Nothing made sense. She went slowly back to the window. The nice man who'd waved to her was gone. He'd turned out his light, too, so she couldn't see his dear little tree any more. She leaned out

hopefully, looking for other faces, other waving hands, but the lighted windows were curtained, blank. Only right away down in the court, by the big decorated tree there, was a human figure.

Hopefully, she waved.

It was beautiful. Really beautiful. Made you feel like a boy again. He chuckled at the thought, then looked round guiltily, thankful the place was deserted. He was getting real bad at talking and laughing away to himself. If he wasn't careful the authorities would be bundling him up and tucking him into some hospital corner with a note over his bed, "Rodney Leaderbee, aged seventy nine, Senile."

That'd be lovely, and he wouldn't put it past them. That young doctor had looked at him queerly the other day. Had as good as told him he was past looking after himself. He'd said with dignity, "I'll get my daughters to see to it," and had added as a further whopping lie, "I've got six daughters, see."

He wasn't going to let any little whippersnapper pry into his affairs, and find there wasn't even a single daughter or son or anyone else. That would have meant the authorities round, harassing him. The landlord had tried often enough to get his tenant out of the neat weatherboard cottage, anyway.

Abruptly a long shuddering sigh went through his still portly body, because perhaps even if he'd been sent to a home there'd at least have been turkey and a piping hot pudding and a Christmas tree.

His pension hadn't run to buying a tree and trimmings and these days his hands trembled so much he found it dangerous to try to cook, because he couldn't handle the pots and pans properly. That meant living out of tins. That was wickedly expensive. He'd been remembered sadly. There'd been no chance all year to save for a tree.

Which was why he'd come to the Court, to admire the one in the courtyard there. He'd come every evening since the tree was brought in and rubbed there and decorated up with lights and trimmings. It was the most beautiful one he'd ever seen, but no one else but himself ever seemed to come and gaze.

He lifted his head, turning slowly to gaze up at the tower building. He admired it, while disliking it. It was a proud thing and a marvellous creation, but there was nothing personal about it, like there was about a row of cottages. Even the blinds were all the same so that at night, like now, you were faced with a stretch of lighted windows, all covered in the same way.

Only one window... he smiled. Well, that was a treat. He hadn't known there was a child in the building. Perhaps she was a visitor, leaning out to admire the tree, and wave.

He lifted a shaky arm and waved back, lifting his head, smiling, but slowly the smile died. She was leaning too far out, he thought anxiously. He rose and went shakily round the building, seeking the button he had seen once, marked Caretaker. The middle-aged man who opened the door looked cranky. He stood with shirt-sleeves rolled up, hands on heavy hips, barking, "Well?"

"There's a little child up there. Leaning out too far if you were to ask me."

"I'm not a kid's nurse!" Then he heaved a sigh. "OK, old-timer, where is it? Let's have a look." He paced beside the older man into the court and stood staring up. "That's the Segal kid, see. Father's away, see."

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Got no mother. She's a holy terror. You take it from me. If she fell out she'd bounce up and walk off. Devil looks after his own, and only the good die young, see. Don't you worry about her, old-timer. Miss Tarks will have an eye on her; you can count on that. She won't let her lean out too far before she tans her sit-down."

He went striding away, not looking back. Leaderbee went on standing there. As he watched, the child moved backwards. Called back, he thought comfortably. Oh, yes, she'd be fine if there was a woman up there. He needn't worry. He moved back to sit by the tree again, thinking, remembering.

He'd managed to change the flight ticket for the following evening. Whether he would be on the plane he simply didn't know. If he stayed he'd have to search for a job and somewhere to live and soon — for all he knew, right now — Isobel was . . .

He thought suddenly, I've got to keep an eye on the place. Till I get that plane. I have to make sure there isn't a sudden commotion, or the arrival of the police. I have to watch it. If she's found I can't go back to the airport. Greta might have tipped them off to Herbert Baring, his appearance, all about him, by the time I get back.

He thought of the lighted tower building and the street with the harbor beyond and . . . yes, he realised, a private hotel. He was sure there'd been one he'd seen. If he could get a room there — and surely out of the centre of the city there'd be vacancies even tonight — he could watch Nurrung Court easily enough.

IT was still only thirty when he pressed his thumb against the bell of the Merton Private Hotel, and a few minutes later he was shown up a narrow stairway and into a cubbyhole of a room at the back of the place.

He was wildly resentful that the only window showed him not the entrance of Nurrung Court but the back courtyard of the place, but it couldn't be helped. He paid for the room, as demanded, shut the door behind the woman who'd shown him up, and went back to the window, trying to work out if he could see Isobel's windows.

From the lift he'd turned right, he remembered. That meant the right arm of the courtyard, and he smiled for the first time that evening because he could see the whole length of the arm. And the whole sixth floor of the arm. If a commotion began it would be centred in Isobel's flat. He'd know, soon after the police arrived at the front of the building, because lights would flare on in Isobel's windows.

He'd turned off the light as he'd gone out, he remembered, remembering, too, that three of her windows had overlooked the court—the living-room, the kitchen, and one of the bedrooms. He frowned in disbelief when he couldn't find three darkened windows together. He could pinpoint two, with lighted ones each side, but not three.

He remembered in sharp awareness going into the lighted kitchen. Isobel had gone in afterwards, but had she switched off the light or not? He didn't know, but searching the windows again, he was certain that she hadn't. So her flat was where the two dark windows together showed in the long line of light.

For a moment he was panic stricken, then laughed at himself. Who was going to comment on a kitchen window light burning all night at this time of the year? It mightn't even show up in strong daylight.

So long as a commotion didn't start, so long as windows didn't open and heads crane out, peering up at those three windows he'd pinpointed, he was all right. He'd sleep and watch, and sit and watch through Christmas Day, and if it was all right, and he'd planned out his way ahead successfully again, he'd go back to the plane tomorrow night and fly out.

HUSH, IT'S A GAME

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Megan walked slowly away, to the end of the shops, stepping into darkness pierced only by street lights, canyonised on either side by lighted windows. Nurrung Court, lighted up so it looked for all the world like a man-made Christmas tree of brick, was facing her at the bottom of the street, blocking out the harbor from view.

Walking toward it, remembering the man, the blue glass ball, the warm strong hands, she wondered if the baby tree was decorated now, perhaps placed by a baby's cot in some trim little nursery. He was possibly now sitting facing a pretty young woman, wrapping the last of their presents, filling the baby's small sock, talking

of tomorrow—or maybe he was throwing a party.

She drew in her breath as she turned, having walked past her street, because the night was so beautiful, and she was suddenly furiously angry that she had never bothered before to walk down so far, to realise the back of the Court lived up to its name and had a real courtyard, and that in it now was a Christmas tree straight out of fairytales.

Slowly she walked toward it, going up the flight of steps to the footpath, entering the courtyard to stand gazing up at the lighted windows, letting her gaze fall slowly from the glittering crown of the tree to its base.

She shifted in embarrassment, turning sharply, aware of the watching eyes.

Then the voice said, "Ah no, don't run away. I won't hurt you, you know, miss. Heavens above, I'm seventy-nine! Long past chasing young ladies in the dark!"

She said lightly, "I didn't expect to be chased, but I've no business here. I thought . . . I might be disturbing you. I'm trespassing, I suppose."

"If you are, I must be, too. I've come round every night since they put it up and no one's chased me off yet. They'd expect people to come and stand and stare and sit and think and just admire. Wouldn't they?"

"Yes". She walked slowly up to the seat and he moved to make room for her. "But tonight

everyone would be too busy. I suppose, other nights . . ."

"I expect the folks who own those home units have their own trees inside, see."

She remembered the baby tree, the man's careful selection of baubles for it. She cried out, "But there are children here! They must come . . ."

"There's only one I've ever seen and that's tonight. She leaned out the window up there and waved to me. They ought to've put her to bed long ago, but she's still up. A while back she started waving to a fellow that side. He was sitting in his window, with the blinds up, decorating a little tree, and they were waving back and forth and having a real game."

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CHRISTMAS CLUB



1967

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START HERE

for the best-tasting, smoothest mayonnaise you ever made (or bought!)

2

MINUTE

MAYONNAISE



1 All you need is: $\frac{1}{2}$ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little more mustard if you wish.) Isn't it just delicious? So quick, too.

THEN

make a platter of

DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

(Ham and chicken, crisp salad vegetables, made all the more delicious with 2-minute Mayonnaise.)



DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

Choose a fresh, crusty loaf of rye bread (or, if you prefer, white French bread or sliced Pumpernickel). Butter the slices and top with rolled-up slices of ham, chicken, corned beef or any sliced meat.

Then add slices of any (or all)

of the following: cucumber, radish, onion, tomato, hard-boiled egg. (And a lettuce leaf, too, if you like.)

Garnish with a sprig of parsley and pour a lavish helping of 2-minute Mayonnaise over the top. It makes all the tangy difference!

"Won't your family be worrying about you being out at this hour?" and her gaze was suddenly appraising the shabby suit and frayed shirt collar.

He said with dignity, "It's a fine night. And there's such a lot doing at home. At ... with my daughters, you see. Six of them. Six daughters." He straightened his bent back, looking at her levelly.

Then he saw again the small fluttering hand. He cried out, "There, look! See, they haven't put her to bed yet. There, look, you can see the child waving. And look over there," he touched her arm excitedly, "there's the chap. See? Having a regular game. I'd say he was alone tonight. Like me." He was quite unaware he'd given himself away. "And he's sat there trimming the tree and keeping her waving just to give himself a companion, like. Being alone tonight ... that's bad, that's ... his voice rose. "There, look, she's seen us! Come on now, lass, wave away!"

The man had seen them, too, and was waving to them as well as to the child now. She could see him only as an outline, and the tree was so small that ...

Small ... a baby tree ... She wondered then if it was the man whose hands she had touched — if that fluttering hand was one that had caught at a ball whose blue had reminded her of summer skies over the paddocks of her childhood — if he'd come at the last minute that way so he could trim his tree and keep the child watching, so that tonight he wasn't totally alone.

ON impulse, she turned, "Look, if you're alone tonight, alone for Christmas ..."

She saw the suspicion dart into his little eyes. He drew his bent back straight and stood up. "You have that wrong, miss. Didn't I tell you about my daughters? I've got to go now. Got to dress up to play Santa, you see. For my granddaughters, that is."

He went hurrying off, muttering a little to himself. But the girl wouldn't be around tomorrow. She'd be with her family, of course. So he needn't worry. He'd do just what he'd planned. He'd make up a pile of sandwiches and cut himself a big wedge of the cake he'd bought himself and bring the lot to the court. He was going to sit under the tree and have a Christmas party for himself.

Virginia was tired. Her eyes kept wanting to close, but she wouldn't let them. She was frightened and had already cried twice. There had been relief for a while when she had gone back to the window and seen the man across the court. He had waved to her and started to trim his little tree. She wished she could have been closer, wished the court wasn't so wide, so she could have called to him and told him about Miss Tarks and asked him what she should do.

Once she had thought of the phone. She didn't know about them. There wasn't one in the Segal flat and no one had ever shown her how to use one, but she knew you could lift the receiver and speak to people if you dialled a number. The trouble was she didn't know any numbers and she had searched the kitchen without finding a directory.

Then she saw two figures down in the courtyard by the

tree. In a minute all of them were waving — herself and the man, and the pair below. But abruptly one figure below moved off quickly, and then the other followed, not even glancing back.

Finally, the man went from his window, too.

He was going to ring up, Leigh told himself. He was going to ring the child and speak to her and wish her a merry Christmas.

He remembered Robbins talking about the child having no mother and the father being away, but — Miss Tarks. If she could afford to buy a unit in the Court she was probably an elderly spinster of private means. She'd probably ring straight down to the caretaker and complain about him.

He grimaced, remembering the man talking about her — saying she valued things above people any day. Certainly not the type who'd take pity on a lonely man, even on Christmas Eve.

Dispiritedly he thrust the directory back on to the shelf. He went back to the window, but the lighted window across the courtyard was empty again. He shot down the blinds, got out his briefcase, and settled down to work.

They were all the same now, all secretive and shaded against her gaze. Slow tears welled in her eyes again. Why had the man pulled down his blind and gone, she wondered unhappily.

Suddenly Virginia was conscious now of louder sounds than previously. Sounds right next door, she realised — right the other side of the kitchen wall, in the flat next door. Loud sounds. Music and two loud bangs and what seemed like yells and cries of laughter.

She ran to the wall and hit at it, but her small hands seemed powerless to make much noise. She went to the cupboard then, got out the broom and began to bang, as the noise next door increased, thrusting the broom handle as hard as she could against the wall.

Margot Hickens gave a shriek of laughter as the champagne cork came out with explosive force. She knew she had had too much to drink already.

She hated the crowd, she hated Christmas, she hated her job and her dyed hair and her carefully made-up face that tried to preserve the looks of forty when she was fifty-three. Most of all she hated the home unit. What on earth, she wondered, chattering on brightly and smiling endlessly, had made her and Rog think it would be heaven on earth and sign up for it with payments that meant her dyeing her hair and dieting and going back into the rat-race of office work to help cover expenses?

It had been a headache from the word go — none of their old furniture had fitted, there seemed no room for hobbies, and what with complaints ...

Her mouth stayed open, silently, in mid sentence, then slowly closed while her hands clenched tightly.

The nerve of her! Not eleven o'clock even! And Christmas Eve when Parties were going on all over the place.

She went quickly, ignoring the person she'd been talking to, into the living-room. She caught Rog's eye, gave a jerk of her head, and when he'd followed her into the kitchen she jerked her head again, toward the other wall, toward the noise.

All of the crowd in the

room were silent now, all staring toward the wall. Margot gave a sudden jerk of laughter. "That, friends, is our dear neighbor. Every time we blow our nose she rings to say we're ruining her health with noise."

Rog was heading for the hall where their phone was. She ran after him, clutching at his arm, knowing in dismay that he'd had too much to drink, and feeling sorry she'd started anything. "Rog," she tried to stop him, "she's lonely. Ask her in for a drink. Poor old thing, she's ..."

"She's younger than you!" he told her brutally.

He was finding the number, dialling, while she stood there helplessly.

Out of sheer exhaustion, Virginia had stopped banging on the wall. She sat down limply, wondering what would happen now. The people next door must know that something was wrong. She wondered what they'd do first.

Maybe get the master key off Robbins and come on in. But perhaps they'd talk a while first. When the phone rang, calling to her, she gave a cry of delight, running to it, cradling the receiver against her ear. She wasn't prepared for the angry voice that roared out into her ear, "Listen, lady, you just stop that! Stop it, I tell you. It won't do you a scrap of good. If I like it this party's going on to dawn!"

There was a sharp click and silence. She gulped, said into the mouthpiece indignantly, "But I'm locked in. Please come and let me out," but there was no answer, and in a little while all the noise began again next door, while the phone refused to speak to her. She let the receiver fall, dangling at the end of the cord.

Nurrung Court wasn't as brightly lit up now. There were long stretches of darkened windows where before there had been lights. His gaze flickered over the building, counted, picked up the windows he was interested in and concentrated there.

He stared, unbelievably.

Where there had been two dark windows together there were now three. Three dark windows in a row, and there'd been three windows overlooking the court from Isobel's flat. He'd looked through them. The kitchen one, the living-room one, and one of the bedrooms. Three windows in a row. Frantically he began searching along the line of windows. There was only one other darkened window in that row. Right at the end near the harbor.

The three dark ones had to be Isobel's, but there'd been a light before in one. In the one he'd pinpointed as the kitchen.

Sick waves of panic were muddling his thoughts, making him incapable of thinking straight. It was quite impossible someone had turned off the light, unless ... but if someone had gone in, why wasn't there a commotion, windows opening, blinds going up, heads craning out to see what was going on?

If they'd found her the flat wouldn't now be in darkness. There would have been lights in all the rooms. They'd be searching the place, photographing, looking for fingerprints, all the things they did when violence had happened.

She hadn't been found. He must have made some sort of mistake about the location of her flat. But if those windows weren't hers, which were? He stood there wretchedly, looking along

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them. He couldn't pick out three dark ones together, or even two dark ones together anywhere in that side of the building.

Turning and twisting, his mind closed on the thought it was all a trap, that they knew about him, that Greta had followed him here and told the police where he was, in case he ran, and that they'd found Isobel. Perhaps they'd wondered at his coming here with Isobel right opposite and they'd gone to warn her. Anyway, they'd found her, and deliberately, knowing he was watching, they'd switched off that light, knowing he'd see and sit there sweating and wondering till the time came when he had to go and find out . . .

He told himself cunningly he was smarter than they were. They might be in darkness, waiting, but they wouldn't ignore a phone call. If they were there they'd lift the receiver and speak. Then he'd know.

He ran downstairs to the pay phone in the hall, juggling with coins, dialling the number he knew — as he knew everything else about Isobel, memorising it all over the long months of waiting.

There was only the engaged signal. If the police had come they wouldn't have left it that way. The phone would have rung in the darkened flat and they'd have answered it.

But the light had gone off. Anxiously he went back to his room, going back to the window, beginning to count the floors again, looking at the windows and speculating, looking at the lighted Christmas tree in the courtyard.

Then he gasped. He started to laugh, long shaky breaths of relief.

That was it. The light in the kitchen had simply burned out in the globe. That was all. Just as the globe in one of the Christmas tree lights had burned out and darkened as he'd watched.

Virginia woke all at once. It had been the same way she had gone to sleep—all in a moment. She had turned off the light, after eating a biscuit and drinking some milk and carefully tidying up. Then she had curled up on the padded bench seat of the breakfast nook and had hardly finished getting herself comfortable before she was asleep.

Now she was instantly awake, remembering.

She went to the door, turned the handle confidently, then sighed. It didn't disturb her the door was still locked. She knew from the faint light it was barely dawn. Miss Tarks was asleep, of course. She had left the door locked so her visitor wouldn't come running into the bedroom crying and making a scene and waking her up.

She went to the sink and carefully washed, drying herself slowly on one of the hand towels Miss Tarks kept in the sink drawer. There was nothing she could do about her hair, except brush it back with her hands. That done, she ate another biscuit, drank a little more milk—being careful to leave enough for Miss Tarks' early-morning tea—then went to the window.

The tree in the courtyard didn't sparkle in the faint grey light of dawn. The bit of harbor water she could see was grey, too. And the windows all round the court were blanketed by blinds—faceless, shutting her out.

She slipped down from the window, went over to the door and put her eye hopefully to the keyhole. Last night there'd been only darkness. This morning the dawn light was drifting into the room as it was into the kitchen. She could see only dimly, but she could make

out a corner of a chair, a shoe . . .

It was Miss Tarks' shoe. She knew that quite well. And there was a foot in it. She could see it. And a little stretch of leg in pale nylon stocking. She couldn't see anything else, because the chair was in the road.

Miss Tarks was lying in there, in the other room, on the floor. It was so absurd it wasn't even frightening. She rattled the handle and called the woman's name.

Dead drunk. The phrase filtered absurdly into her thoughts. But she couldn't possibly imagine Miss Tarks dead drunk. Which left what? Dead, she thought instantly, appallingly. Terrified now, she remembered her mother had died all in a moment.

She ran to the window, slid it open as far as it would go, leaning out, crying out, but none of the blinds moved, and her voice seemed an impossibly frail thing that the brisk breeze took and whisked away into the sky, leaving only the sound of some radio starting up in a flat below.

Going to the cupboard, she fetched out the packet of biscuits again. Eating was something to do and it might stop her feeling sick, she thought. Perhaps if she concentrated on something else for a bit she might think better. She concentrated on the packet, spelling the letters, trying to read it properly.

The first word was too long. She ignored it and went on to the second. That was "We" and the next was "Help." "We help you feed your . . ."

SHE blinked, then laughed. How clever she was. All she had to do was put a notice in the window, saying Help!

It took her ten minutes to realise there was absolutely nothing in the kitchen to make a notice. It was the Christmas tape that gave her the idea. It was wide, red sticky-backed tape, overprinted with holly, and there was a big roll of it in a drawer, with a pair of scissors. She carefully cut it into sections, remembering the school break-up when the class had made letters on cards from fancy tape just like this. After a long while, when the day was just starting to tinge the sky with pink, she had the letters, wobbly looking, but quite clear in their outline, straggling across the glass.

Well, here it was, Robbins thought, throwing open the door and going outside. Christmas Day. He hadn't expected anything different from any other day, so it made no difference. There was a satisfaction of sorts in that. He went round into the courtyard, surveying it with another tinge of satisfaction, because his expectations were justified.

There was a litter of empty cigarette packs and bent and twisted stubs, matches, screws of lolly papers. Kicking at the litter he decided that Christmas or not, he might as well sweep up.

His gaze lifted, going up the stretch of windows. He frowned, exclaimed in outrage, as he saw the windows. Didn't she know the rules? Of course she did, though.

No decorative effects on windows. That was the rule.

He shook his head. He couldn't see Miss Tarks wanting to decorate windows. The kid, of course. She'd be messing around, but whatever she'd tried her hand at was just a mess of squiggles so far

as he could see from down here.

He turned his back on her and walked away, rigid with indignation, promising himself he wouldn't come back to sweep up till the kid was at breakfast.

Aldan's waking was a swift thing, too. Remembrance was equally swift, bringing panic. He went padding to the window, barefooted, peering out, while reaching for his spectacles.

He cried out with shock, then. What the devil was it? Squiggles on the glass? Christmas decorations, perhaps? He got his fieldglasses from his case and went on staring, wondering about it.

Not squiggles, he realised after a while. It was straggling, crooked letters. Letters back to front.

Help.

He went on staring, in amazement now, knowing that in that room beyond the glass must have put the straggling letters there, asking the world outside to come and help them. Someone too badly hurt to remember the word they'd written made sense only to someone inside the room—that outside it was a jumble of nothing, unless you puzzled over it and finally made sense of it.

Isobel, he thought.

Not dead at all, but injured and calling for help.

Why didn't they wake up, Virginia wondered. She leaned out, gazing hopefully at each window, peering down at the court. Robbins was a stupid man, she thought dispassionately. A silly, stupid man. Or maybe his eyes were funny. How else could she explain away his not seeing her notice and not answering her wave.

She had boiled herself an egg, and cut some bread and butter.

She was washing her dishes when the phone rang. She had replaced the receiver when she had carefully straightened the room that morning and now she nearly dropped it in an eager snatch.

Then her father was saying, "Ginny? Merry, merry Christmas, Ginny love . . ."

"Oh, Daddy," her voice rose shrilly, "come let me out! I'm locked up, Daddy!"

"Oh, Ginny," his voice was overriding hers, sorrowful, tired now, "you naughty girl. She was doing such a favor, Ginny, and . . ."

"But I'm not naughty. Daddy, Daddy, come let me out! She's just lying . . ."

"Oh, no," his voice was loud, drowning hers. "She wouldn't lie. Say you're sorry and the door will open, and then there'll be Christmas dinner. No, no, Ginny," his voice drowned hers completely now, "I can't come. You've been naughty. I can't come. Goodbye."

She threw the receiver down, went running to the window, screaming, leaning out, seeking desperately for a face, an eye looking into her own.

Blank glass windows faced her. She stood staring into the empty court, at the Christmas tree, waiting till someone came, someone who'd see her wave and look up and see she needed help.

He had brought the glasses with him, slung by their strap over his shoulder.

He stared. The small, fluttering hand was barely visible against the sun-washed brick and glass. He moved closer against the tree, flicking the glasses out of their case, lifting them, and focusing.

He went on staring while

he remembered every action of that fifteen minutes of the previous day. He'd gone through the glass doors into the foyer, he reflected.

The lift had been empty. He'd gone smoothly up. To the sixth floor. He'd turned right. He'd pressed the bell. He could clearly remember the look on Isobel's face as he'd forced her back into the hall.

And . . . he remembered the quick turn of her head. Toward the kitchen that had been and her startled eyes had made him wonder if she had a visitor.

That was why, he remembered now, he'd made straight for the room, to make quite certain they were alone in the place. But had he made absolutely sure? Of course not, he realised grimly. He hadn't expected a child. A child could have darted out of sight, under a table . . . could have been playing some game, meaning to jump out on Isobel and cry, "Boo!"

And then . . . he was remembering again Isobel's expression when he'd come out again. She'd been . . . yes, puzzled.

He could see her coming back from turning off the stove, standing, facing him with her back to the door, her hands behind her so he'd thought for a minute she'd brought out something to throw at him and he'd accused her of it. She'd jeered at him, bringing her hands into view, smoothing her apron, putting one hand into the pocket of it.

It was as plain as the nose on his face, now—that she stood there, turning the key, lifting it from the lock and slipping it into her apron pocket so he wouldn't wander back in there without her knowing.

The child was locked in and unable to get help. She was doing the only thing she could think of, putting a cry for help on the window, only she hadn't realised it wouldn't show as Help on the other side.

But soon someone was going to read it properly. He was sure of that.

He focused the glasses again. A child, he reflected. Who was she? Isobel must have been minding her for Christmas. It didn't seem like Isobel to take on a child, but it must have happened. How long before she was missed? If her small hand didn't flutter there, if her appeal for help was gone, how long would it be before she was missed?

She was nothing but a child. Nothing but a child . . . but a child who could talk . . . and condemn him utterly.

Was everyone in the world stupid, Virginia wondered in exasperation. She had waved and waved, but the person half hidden by the tree had gone without glancing up at her.

She straightened as she saw Robbins. She watched him going round the courtyard, sweeping. She waved to him, but he never once looked up. She'd make him look up. She'd get out the newspapers from the cupboard and tear them into bits and drop them, all over the courtyard, so he had to look up and see where they were coming from. Then he'd see her waving and see her notice and he'd come running.

It was wonderful how the idea had come. One minute he had been in despair, the next the idea was there, fully planned.

He knew now it had been for the best and he had nothing more to worry about not after he'd finished the job ahead. It would all be written off as an accident.

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It wouldn't be hard to get into the flat, he was sure. He hadn't examined the front door lock, but he knew enough about locks to know how to force it without any tell-tale signs of damage afterwards.

He was going to open the lock and go in, closing the door behind him.

He'd get the key from Isobel's pocket, where it must still be, and he'd insert it in the lock and turn it. The child wouldn't have a chance to fight.

He'd move Isobel to the kitchen carefully. Then he'd fetch the child and press her small hands round the gun and drop it near Isobel's body.

No. First he'd deal with the door. He'd gently work and loosen at the handle. That first, then he'd deal with the gun and drop it.

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The child wouldn't fight. One swift blow to her neck, in the right spot and she'd drop down unconscious and never know a thing.

He'd take her to the window then, make sure no one was about, and drop her out.

He'd go swiftly through the door then, slamming it. The loosened handle would simply fall off inside the kitchen. His departure would be unnoticed. Even if anyone heard her descent to the hard courtyard, attention would be on the court itself, not on the front entrance. He'd be gone long before any uproar started.

It was so simple, really. When the police came to investigate

things the whole story would be easy to read.

The whole set-up would look like a child guest, prying where it had no right, coming on a frightened spinster's protection against trouble. The police, looking into the dead woman's background, would realise she might well get hold of a gun when her one-time attacker was due for release, and keep it by her for a time, forgetting till late that it was loaded, ready for trouble.

It would be so easy from that point to picture an accident—the woman turning in horror and making a grab for the gun, and the child's hands tightened in defiance and fright. There would

be a shot and Isobel would fall.

A frightened, terrified child would run for the door, then, yanking at the handle, and if that happened to be loose, it would simply come off in her hand and fall to the floor, so that the door stayed closed and she couldn't possibly get it open.

And then . . . of course she'd try to get help. Her straggling, pathetic message on the window fitted in beautifully, he reflected. Even her waving fitted in. What more likely she should lean out, trying to attract attention, and overbalance and fall?

Rapidly, easily she pulled the newspapers apart. She could see Robbins still going slowly along with his broom, his head bent. She let the first sheet of paper go and cried out in a sharp annoyance

because the breeze instantly caught it and lifted it upwards, not downwards towards Robbins and the court. She watched it scudding away, to drop past the tree a little while later.

She balled the newspaper sheet roughly before throwing it. It fell behind Robbins and well to one side, but she wasn't discouraged. She went on balling the sheets and throwing them till the courtyard below was littered and Robbins was up to the area where the sheets had fallen.

She saw him lift the broom, shaking his head. She threw two more balls, and he lifted his head, looking up.

He mouthed and then he went between walking and running, pausing at the corner of the building to shake his broom again.

She realised he couldn't have seen her notice after all. But he was going to come up. He was so angry she was sure he wouldn't be defeated till he had his hands on her and made her stop throwing paper.

She sat back, folding her hands in her lap, waiting placidly till he came.

Leaderbee was glad it wasn't going to be a really hot day. He'd decided he'd take his late breakfast as well as his lunch, to sit under the tree. He hoped some birds would come along. He'd bought some stale crusts for them if they did. He was excited at the whole idea and had dressed carefully in his best suit. It might be pretty shabby, but he felt the day and the tree deserved it.

His steps slowed as he entered the courtyard. He was looking up at the windows, knowing he was hoping to see a small fluttering hand.

HE

was disappointed there was no sign of the child, but perhaps later on she would look out. He hoped so. He hoped she might even be allowed to come down, when she saw him picnicking there and bring her Christmas toys and show him.

He settled his basket beside him on the bench, looking at the tree, his faded eyes searching the windows for signs of life.

He saw the blind go up, saw a tousled dark head stuck out, and he smiled. The young chap with the tree, he thought. There he was looking across the court at the child's window.

Leaderbee waved. For a moment he thought he wasn't going to be seen, then the head came out a bit farther, bending a little. A hand shot out, waving.

Leaderbee smiled. Nice young fellow, he thought. Perhaps later on, if he was going out to Christmas dinner, he'd stop in at the courtyard on his way and say Merry Christmas.

Robbins was breathing again as he slammed inside, into his own flat, reaching for the phone.

It was a surprise and shock when the child's voice abruptly cried out into his ear at his barked "Miss Tarks." "Come and let me out. She locked me in and I can't get out! I can't make her hear and she's . . ."

So that was it, he thought. Miss Tarks knew about the bowl and she'd locked the kid up and now the little wretch thought if she annoyed him enough he'd come up and make the old girl have to let her out . . .

"Oh, no, my beauty," he broke in aloud. "I know. I know about that crystal and I know you broke it and pushed it down the chute! I got the pieces right here to show her."

At the other end of the line Virginia was so startled she forgot Miss Tarks wasn't answering anything, was maybe dead.

Then his voice was snappier at her. "You stay locked up and good riddance to you!" and she was, speaking, crying, screaming into a silly dead thing that made no answer.

To be concluded

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

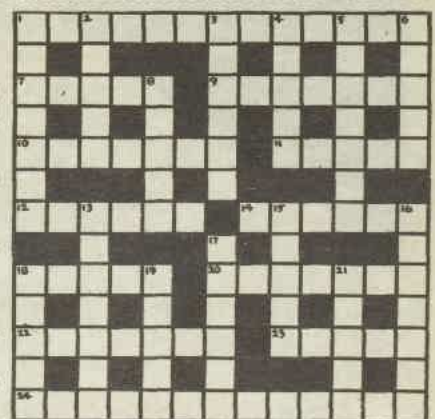
THE Astro-Pirates prepare to blow up the plane. But one of the thieves is attracted by Narda's pretty face and throws the bomb away. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- For the start a melody to Nimrod who would marry only a rich girl (7, 6).
- Cuts I make with metrical stress (5).
- Beat soundly a wager with a hunch on the back (7).
- Destructive encroachments (7).
- Searched minutely with a drake (5).
- One of the planets (6).
- Cosmetics (4-2).
- Old-fashioned playing card (5).
- Old Testament patriarch and founder of the Hebrew people (7).
- Inauspicious with commonsense ending (7).
- Broad and slow musically speaking (5).
- This machine was one of the factors involved in producing the page you are reading (8, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Supernatural beings, but, as the name indicates, cannot be dark ones (7).
- Decay or revolving part of a machine (5).
- It turns me to the master to ornament with raised work (6).
- Pronounce what is mostly true (5).
- To move on rollers (7).
- Quick as a drip (5).
- Holy air in a set of fixed steps connecting different floors (5).
- Remit in boundary stones (7).
- One of the months (5).
- Dog dogs guns (7).
- Clergyman who can give no raps (6).
- A particular call of drum as signal for marching (5).
- Fish set to music by Schubert (5).
- She or a solid-hoofed ungulate (5).

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